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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



SPORTING LIFE
ON THE
NORWEGIAN FIELDS.

SPORTING LIFE

OF THE

NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY

SPORTING LIFE
ON THE NORWEGIAN FIELDS,

WITH A MAP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF

I. A. FRIIS;

WITH

JOTTINGS ON SPORT IN NORWAY,

BY W. G. LOCK.

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PREFACE.

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AFTER a sporting excursion into the wilds of Nordland and Finmarken, in the year 1876, I was staying for a few days at Harstad-havn, an important trading station on Hindö, the largest of the Loffoden Islands.

On the western shore of the inlet forming the haven is quite a little town, with a telegraph office, a resident banker and doctor, and several stores; the Lensmand (sheriff) for the district also resides on his estate, about a mile up the harbour. In Harstad, as the place is usually called, as in most of the towns and in many country districts in Norway, there existed at the time of my visit, and probably still exists, a rifle club, "The Harstad Rifle Forening," the members thereof being the *élite* of the residents in the town and neighbourhood. I had visited Harstad the year before, when, as I stayed some time, I became acquainted with many of the inhabitants; and a more hospitable, pleasant lot of people I have never met with. Of course, upon my second visit I called upon my former acquaintances, and whenever I found two or more together, the principal

topic of conversation was the forthcoming annual contest of the Rifle Forening. I expressed a wish to take part in the contest if it could be arranged. Two of the officers of the Forening thought it could be, as a meeting of the members would take place before the contest, and they would propose me. To cut a long story short, I was admitted a member, took part in the contest, and won the second prize, a money one of a few dollars; the banker winning the first. I expressed a desire to have some article of native manufacture, in the place of the money, which I could keep as a memento that I had been a competitor in an Arctic Wimbledon on a small scale, Harstad lying in lat. $68^{\circ} 47'$ north, or nearly 140 miles north of the Arctic circle. This was agreed to, and upon my return from an excursion among the Islands, the secretary handed me, as my prize, a handsomely-bound copy of Professor Friis's then recently-published book, "Tilfjelds, i Ferierne, ellir Jæger og Fiskerliv i Höifjeldene," and the Amtkarts (county maps) of Tromsö and Senjen Amt, in which Harstad is situate.

I was very much pleased at receiving a copy of "Tilfjelds," as I had heard both the book itself and the author very highly spoken of, the first as the best work extant on sport in Norway, and the latter as one of the most accomplished and successful of Norwegian sportsmen.

On my seven days' journey down the coast, I amused myself by translating "Tilfjelds," succeeding beyond my expectations, owing to the pleasant, easily intelligible style of the Author. As the work not only gives genuine pictures of sporting life in Norway, but also tells the

sportsman where to go after reindeer, willow-grouse, and ptarmigan, and the angler where he can get excellent trout-fishing, and, moreover, contains a map printed in colours, showing the various parts of the country where elk, red-deer, and reindeer are now to be found, I thought it a pity that so much valuable information to English sportsmen visiting Norway should be a sealed book to all save the few having a knowledge of the Norwegian language. Therefore, believing that an English version would prove acceptable to English sportsmen proposing to visit the Norwegian fjelds, lakes, and streams, I resolved to write to Professor Friis, and ask his permission to publish my translation. He very courteously gave me his unconditional consent, and last winter I amused myself by revising my MSS. for the printer. An additional incentive to the publication of my translation was the favourable review in the *Field* of "Tilfjelds" as a Norwegian work. I append an extract:—

"The author would appear to have, at some time or other, extended his search for game over all the principal fjelds in the south of Norway, and to be nearly as much at home on Dovre or on the Lessje fjelds, in Jotunheim or on the Hardanger-vidde, as he is on the hills which he regards as more peculiarly his own.

"The traveller who has more time at his disposal, or is content to leave something to be seen upon a second visit, may, with the author's help, discover many a lake where there is even yet trout-fishing far superior to any open to the general public in these islands, and will find Herr Friis's book written in simple language and an easily

intelligible style, well worthy of a place among his baggage, whether it be regarded merely as a guide-book, or also as a pleasant resource in times of unavoidable idleness."

Presuming upon my six autumns' sporting experience in Norway, I have ventured to give a few hints that may prove useful to sportsmen visiting that country for the first time. I have also given a chapter on the rental of shootings, one on salmon-fishing, and a synopsis of the Norwegian Game Laws, and also briefly, and, I believe, clearly explained the present position of English and other alien sportsmen in Norway.

I will conclude my preface by expressing a hope that many English sportsmen will, under the guidance of one of the best native sportsmen, if not the best, Norway has known, have good sport on the Norwegian fjelds in the forthcoming and subsequent autumns.

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TILFJELDS.

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CHAPTER I.

TO THE FJELDS.

COME with me and visit the fjelds !

Art thou weary of the winter's toil and drudgery ? If so, accompany me ! Tear thyself loose for a short time from studious exertions, or forget for a while the cares and anxieties incidental to business, from which thou who residest within the busy town, art never rightly free, retiring often to bed to worry over the business transactions of the day in place of finding strengthening repose ! Think no more on the solution of problems, or of profit and loss, but come and accompany me high above town and settled district ! Lay thyself " on the shelf " for a short time, as the barber lays aside a " sleepy razor " that it may recover its edge, and thou wilt quickly feel thy mental powers again restored.

If thou art sick, Come !

Try whether thou canst not crawl up to the first mountain brook, hastening, bubbling merrily, down the

mountain-side. Drink a beaker of its crystal-clear water as thou retest by its margin, inhaling the pure fresh air which is wafted towards thee !

Refreshed by the brook's clear water and the pure air, thou wilt shortly feel a desire for life re-awakened and thy strength return. Perhaps it chiefly lies in the air, yet certain it is that already, even at a height of a thousand feet above the inhabited valley, you feel that thy chest respires more freely. What a difference, then, must there be between the mountain air and the oppressive smoky-fog of the towns !

If thou art depressed in mind, tired and weary of the disputes and worries of thy ordinary daily life, Come !

Thou wilt become easier in mind as thou speedest upwards, leaving intrigues, and designs, and a variety of petty troubles far below in the misty deep.

On sæter pastures under "Höifjeldstind,"

Thou wilt again be merry and happy in mind.

There thou wilt shortly feel thy soul, upon which during the year the dust and rust of worldliness has weighed heavily, by degrees cleansed and purified.

Art thou afflicted with sorrow ? Then, Come !

Thy grief will probably abate, when thou reachest a higher, lighter, and purer atmosphere, where thy attention cannot otherwise than be occupied by the many new and always varying sights which will there be seen. Think not that all up there is barren, wild, and dreary. Nay, in the midst of the wildest tracts of the high fjelds thou wilt here and there come across extremely beautiful and fertile little spots

hidden amongst the barren rocks like forget-me-nots in the densest thickets of the forest. Yea, thou may'st come to places which, till then, no human eye had seen, where, before thee, no one had ever set foot, from which neither prayer nor sigh have ever ascended to the Throne of the Almighty, and where every thing remains as from time immemorial, still unsacrificed to human cupidity. Thou wilt soon feel the elevating tendency of living for a while in the presence of our Lord amongst the mountains, and thou wilt appropriate to thyself some of the peace and rest which are found in the surroundings.

Come, therefore, all who can escape from the depressive air and confinement of the towns, and accompany me to the fjelds. I will act as guide, being old and accustomed to mountain life ; a life which I have lived with delight, finding the time pass much faster than was desired, and so pleasantly that a month seemed but a day, and that one's annual vacation would never suffice to carry out all his grand projected plans. Even to this day, old as I am, I still long, as when a child I longed for Christmas, for the time when I, during the summer vacation, can again visit the fjelds.

When I become so aged as to be no longer able to wander about on the mountains, I will travel southward, "see Naples, and die."

Come only this once, and with me visit the fjelds !

Thou wilt not regret it ; thou wilt long to repeat the tour again ! Thou wilt yearn to return once more to some sæter, whose small houses stand amidst the mountain pastures, sheltered by the rocky cliffs of some tower-

ing fjeld; to the mountain lake with its holms, sounds, and headlands; to the sæter brook rushing down the slope, incessantly babbling to the willow-bushes fringing its borders; to hear again the song of the birds in the birchwoods, the twittering of the swallows as they hover above the sæter door, and the sound of the cowherd's horn by the lake; to the view from the fjeld behind the sæter, and to the marvellous peace which reigns over the whole.

Moreover, shouldst thou be a sportsman and an angler, so much the better, Come! I will act as guide over tracts where I have roamed for more than twenty summers; where I know every precipice, stream, and lakelet; every reindeer run, and tract where ryper* are plentiful, and all the waters in which fish abound.

I will introduce thee to all these without reservation, concealing nothing whatever for the exclusive benefit of my companions or myself, notwithstanding that I am connected with a sporting club, whose members for many years have held together and had joint interest in all things appertaining to sport on the fjelds. Thou wilt become acquainted with my sporting companions, the members thereof, in the following descriptions of what we have seen, experienced, and accomplished, hunting and fishing on the high fjelds.

No mention will be made in this work of sport had in the forest, or down by the sea-shore.

As a preliminary, I will introduce my comrades as

* Scov-ryper: willow-grouse (*Lagopus subalpina*, Nils.); Fjeld-ryper: Ptarmigan (*Lagopus alpina*, Nils.)

Harald, Halvor, and Herman, and remark that the first is especially distinguished for his foresight and his love of order and regularity, wherefore he has always acted as steward to the club.

Halvor is remarkable for his good nature, and has been appointed our "Reconciliation Commissioner" in the event of any disagreement; but his assistance has not, as yet, been required, and we, consequently, do not know whether he has any especial fitness for the office.

Herman possesses the most talent as a diplomatist, and therefore to him we entrust the making of all arrangements—the hire of men, horses, boats, &c.

I have hitherto acted as secretary or journalist, but I have never received any particular praise from my comrades.

I trust that the public will be lenient in their judgment, and that they will find that some, at least, of the following descriptions of holiday-life on the fjelds are worthy of perusal.

CHAPTER II.

AAMODTSÆTER AND THE REINDEER BUCK IN ELAADALEN.

The Steamer.—Mjösen.—The Steward.—The Diplomatist.—Iver.—Hallands-hut.—Pasop.—In the Mist.—Lyngkampen.—A “Tilfælde.”

OF all the wild sports peculiar to this country, I think the finesse of reindeer-stalking is best known to me ; and with the habitat and habits of this noble game I am well acquainted. By degrees the perusal of the following narrative will initiate the reader into the sport, and finally, in the concluding chapter, he will have the advantage of the united experience of myself and companions collected in the form of a lecture on wild reindeer, delivered one Sunday at our shooting lodge by Halvor. But, as it will be best to begin at the beginning, I will relate how I shot my first buck by an utterly undeserved piece of good luck. As is frequently the case with beginners in shooting and fishing, likewise in card-playing, I owed my success to my good fortune rather than to my own skill.

On the 30th July, for many years past, Harald, Herman, and I, with two dogs, Chasseur and Diana, have left Christiania for Eidsvold. All three being but scantily provided with money, we travelled third-class by railway between these places, and first-class by the steamer running on the Mjösen, to Lillehammer.

Upon this occasion there were a large number of passengers, native and foreign, on board the steamer.

Amongst them were two Swedish ladies and an elderly English gentleman, who attracted our attention by a very remarkable coincidence. The ladies also were both somewhat in years, and, as afterwards appeared, very religious. By what they said, this religious feeling arose principally from the perusal of the writings of the celebrated English lay-preacher Newman Hall, whom they therefore mentioned with the greatest respect. One of these ladies and the English gentleman amused themselves sketching, the other lady busying herself writing up her journal. The two first-named retired to the saloon to finish their drawings, sitting opposite to each other at the table. Whilst sitting so, the lady took a fancy to try to sketch a likeness of the Englishman. She did not, at the time, know who he was, but was induced to do so, probably, because he had a more interesting countenance than common. When the drawing was finished she rose and laid it before the Englishman, who, visibly surprised at its excellence, exclaimed (in English) "Oh, that is very good," and seizing the black-lead pencil, he wrote his name underneath. Who should it be, but just Newman Hall himself. When the lady received the drawing back, and read the name underneath, she exclaimed, quite pale and agitated, and nearly sinking down in surprise, "God in Heaven, Newman Hall! You, sir, whose portrait I have taken are Newman Hall, the man to whom in this world I owe more than to all others, and whom I never expected to see. God, how fortunate I am to have met you! How singular are the ways of the Lord!" Her sister

was then informed of the glad tidings that their dearest friend N. H.'s own living self was on board, and during the remainder of the passage we observed that the three were inseparable.

We did not stop in Lillehammer, but proceeded the same evening as far as the posting-station Holmen, where we arrived about half-past eleven. Even from here a visit can be paid to the fjelds, as one has to go but a short distance before reaching both Rensfjeld, Ryperlænde, Fiskevand, and really good sæters.*

Some years since, when the members of our club first visited the fjelds, travellers and sportsmen were welcome guests at every sæter, and any one for a reasonable sum and civility could be certain of obtaining lodgings everywhere, either good, bad, or indifferent.

Now, on the contrary, it is not by any means always the case. One may come to a sætar where the milkmaids and servants are forbidden by the owner to provide tourists with lodgings, or sell them food, or the sæter visited may be occupied by the owner's wife or daughters, who, in reply to all requests for lodgings for a few days, bluntly answer No ! notwithstanding the request being made in the most courteous language and an offer of liberal remuneration.

* Rensfjeld, tracts frequented by reindeer. Ryperlænde, districts or parts of the fjeld where willow grouse (Skovryper) or ptarmigan (Fjeldryper) are abundant. Fiskevand, a lake abounding in fish. Sæter, a hut or huts built on or near the mountain pastures, and which are usually inhabited in summer and autumn only.—*Translator*.

Moreover it is but right to say that a sætar is not an inn, and that the owner is at liberty to please himself whether he will derive some pecuniary benefit by providing accommodation for tourists, hunters, and fishermen, or be entirely free both from the trouble and profit of so doing.

During the last few years, the number of travellers on the fjelds has largely increased, and now, before visiting any particular spot with the intention of residing there for several days, or weeks, it is advisable to make an arrangement with the owner of the sæter where it is proposed to stay, for lodgings and what food is required, and the sum to be paid for the same. Shelter for a single night, however, is refused nowhere.

We came, as stated before, to Holmen late at night, and resolved to sleep there, and apply to the postmaster, in the morning, for the hire of pack-horses to convey our luggage the next day up to the fjeld. We were at this time inexperienced, and our equipment consisted of many articles which could easily have been dispensed with, and others but ill-adapted for transport on packsaddles or on horseback. Having, in addition, a tent with us, we found that we could not do with less than three horses.

For these, we—or more correctly speaking, our diplomatist Herman—applied in vain to the postmaster. He replied that he could not permit his post-horses to go to the fjelds, neither would he allow them to go for any sum that it was probable we were able to offer.

Upon this the steward went to his trunk and took

therefrom a bottle of Guava rum and gave the man a bumper, hoping thereby to render him more tractable and willing. But the dram disappeared smoothly down the fellow's throat without our diplomatist being able to perceive that the thermometer of his benevolence had risen a single degree.

We were accordingly compelled to abandon the attempt to ascend to the fjeld from Holmen, and to proceed to the next station, which at that time was Løisnæs.

On the way the steward grieved exceedingly that he had made a hole in his Guava rum flask, and given away, for no earthly purpose, a large dram of this expensive nectar, which in case of accident or indisposition on the fjeld would have served us as medicine.

Harald drove first, and, owing to his vexation, much faster than usual, and his poor nag undeservedly received several severe blows of his whip.

At Løisnæs we were more fortunate. Iver, the stationmaster, being himself a "Renjæger," was at the time of our arrival thinking of proceeding to the fjeld. Thereupon ensued a long chat or conference between him and the diplomatist respecting the hire of three horses and an extra man to act as gun and rifle bearer, cut wood, grease our boots, and otherwise act as servant. As the steward and I were inexperienced in dealing with the farmers, Herman would not permit us to take any part in the negotiation. He and Iver sat down side by side on a large stone slab in the courtyard, in a forward bowed posture, with their elbows on their knees, and conferred as to payment

and other matters for a good half-hour. Every now and then we saw the diplomatist pull up a long grass, which he twisted into small pieces, but neither Harald nor I ventured to approach near enough to hear what passed.

It frequently happens, when both parties are up to their business, that one abates somewhat in his requirements, whilst the other slightly increases the amount of his proffered remuneration. Possibly it was so in this case, as at last they rose up from the stone, having come to an arrangement without Harald, this time, considering it necessary to resort to the rum bottle, although here, perhaps, it would have had more effect than at Holmen, as from our after experience we found that Iver was a great lover of a glass of raw spirits.

The agreement being concluded, Iver went at once in search of the pack-saddles and to make the necessary preparations for the journey. We, in the meanwhile, descended to a stretch of level sward below the post-road and shot at a mark with our respective rifles. I had recently obtained one from Kongsberg a "Kammerladnings" rifle,* one of the first which came into

* A rifle loading at the breach, with loose powder and ball, which are placed in a small chamber, detachable from the barrel by means of a side lever. The Norwegian soldiers were formerly armed with these, but they are now superseded with Remington rifles. The Kammerladnings were sold by the Government for a mere song, and nearly every peasant and farm labourer possesses one, and when at the sæters they devote every spare hour at their disposal, in and out of season, to scouring the fjeld in search of reindeer. The sale of these rifles has done more to diminish the stock of reindeer than all other causes together.—*Translator*.

the hands of private individuals. Harald and Herman were each armed with muzzle-loading rifles with barrels three feet long. At this period we were of opinion that it was absolutely necessary to have rifle-barrels of great length.

I have always had a great propensity to practise at a mark when and wheresoever there occurred a fitting opportunity, and as a natural consequence I, as a rule, expended far more powder and lead than my companions. Fortunately, the rifle used by me for many years was of the same calibre as Harald's, so I have been able to use his ammunition when my own was expended, though usually, I not only shot away all my supply, but his also, at stones and stumps, walls of rock and walls of houses. Harald, being somewhat economical, never failed, when this happened, to express his dissatisfaction at my shooting away, in waste, all our ammunition before quitting the fjeld.

Upon this occasion, only Herman and I shot with our rifles. Harald, having the year before shot a reindeer, and being also our senior, conducted himself towards us with an air of superiority. He laid down in the shade, and looked on while he smoked his cutty. His rifle, after his success the preceding year, was, naturally, accurate in its shooting without further trial, and besides, was securely packed away in its bag, and was on no account to be disturbed before we arrived at the sæter.

Early the following morning we started with one saddle and two pack-horses. The former Herman and I rode alternately, Harald walking the whole way, not

exactly because he was better able to walk than us, or that a spell of riding would not have been an agreeable change, but because he had adopted certain principles to be observed on his sporting excursions on the fjelds, one of which was never to ride, either up or down.

It was all very well for milkmaids and such idle fellows as Herman and me to ride, but no real mountaineer or sportsman would do so, he observed.

He always bears his heavy ten-pound rifle himself. To lay it on the pack-saddle would be highly dangerous, a long rifle being liable to catch in the bushes and branches of trees, and besides, it not infrequently happens that the saddle itself slips off.

The way from Løisnæs to the sæters leads first up a narrow valley with, as is always the case, a mountain brook running through it, and steep but picturesque mountain slopes on both sides. When the Bakkesæter is passed, the inhabited district is gradually lost sight of, and the wastes of the fjelds become visible as one ascends. The distance from Bakkesæter to Løisnæs—or Aamodtsæter—where we proposed to take up our quarters for a time, is about three and a half English miles, going direct. Having the day before us, and fine weather, we determined to go round by Guldhaugsæter, in the neighbourhood of which excellent ryper shooting is to be had, and there are several small lakes well stocked with fine large trout.

In one of these lakes we saw two lom and some black ducks. Herman and I had an undeniably boyish desire to practise at these with our rifles, but we abstained

from doing so, somewhat against our will, upon Harald requesting us to leave them in peace.

At Aamodtsæter we were, of course, well received, the owner himself, Herr Iver, being with us. The milkmaid had been informed of our proposed visit, and all within the sæter was scoured clean, and in excellent order, and at the time of our arrival she was still very busy tidying up. Neither Iver said good-day to her, nor she to us.

"Are the 'home folk' coming?" enquired the maid of Iver.

"Yes, they will be here soon," he answered.

"How are they at home?" she next enquired.

"Oh, yes; we left them well."

"You have strangers with you, I see."

"Yes; they are some strangers who wish to see a little fjeld life."

"Oh, yes; they will find it pleasant enough when the weather is fine."

The milkmaid then went out, returning almost immediately with a large bowl of milk, which she handed first to Iver, with the remark, "May be you are thirsty." At supper she introduced a pan full of milk, with "finger thick" cream, which, to us townsmen, naturally tasted superb. Directly we had finished our meal, the steward arranged his tent-bed, and turned in. Herman and I took possession of the milkmaid's bed, Iver laid himself down on the floor near the hearth, and the milkmaid and our boy retired to a neighbouring sæter.

The next morning, Harald, Iver, Terge, our boy,

and I, set out for "Hallandshytta," a small hut about nine miles to the east of Aamodtsæter. Here we proposed to stay some days, on the look out for reindeer. The hut lies almost in the track or way used by the reindeer, when proceeding northward and southward. Excursions can be made from here, in the first direction to the Kvienfjeld, and in the latter to Lyngkampen, both of which are known to be excellent finds for deer. The reindeer do not go farther south than from seven to ten miles to the southward of Lyngkampen. The same herds, during the prevalence of northerly winds, travel, at times, about the same distance to the northward, or as far north as the wild mountainous region known as "Rondene."

When reindeer-stalking, it is, as is well known, absolutely necessary to know from what quarter the wind has been blowing for some days past, to enable the sportsman to decide in which direction he shall go, as the herds usually travel against the wind. Upon this occasion, unfortunately for us, the wind had, for some days, been northerly, and it was, therefore, probable that the south part of the tract ("Terræn," No. 6 on map), where we were, was tenantless. However it sometimes happens that a buck or two, especially old deer, will ramble about by themselves the whole summer through, in the most unaccountable places, regardless of wind and weather, and if we were fortunate, Iver thought, we might fall in with one of these. Herman, who made these excursions chiefly for the benefit of his health, was seldom willing to undergo the fatigue inseparable from reindeer-stalking,

so he remained at Aamodtsæter with the dogs. He proposed to pass away the time fishing for small trout, or "Kjö," as they are called, in the Tromsen river, close by, and in visiting the neighbouring sæters. When he paid these visits, it was his custom to sit by the fire, smoke his cutty-pipe, and chat with the milkmaids while they scoured their milkpans, or otherwise busied themselves about the interior of their dairies. When so occupied, the girls are always more chatty than when they sit down on the rough wooden seats to talk with strange fellows.

The day turned out very wet, the rain coming down in torrents. We brought the tent with us, intending, when we arrived at Halland's hut, to pass the night therein, as the hut, by what Iver had heard, was a very poor one. However, the ground was so wet that we could not use it, and were compelled to seek the shelter of the hut. In the interior we found a rude bed-place, containing a little old hay, which Harald and I appropriated to our own use. Iver and Terge laid down on the floor, in their wet clothes, with the pack-saddles for pillows. Harald lay next to the wall, I on the outside of our bed-place. In the night I awoke, feeling very wet and cold, and found a stream of water trickling through the roof down upon me. I expected in consequence to catch a severe cold or sore throat; fortunately, however, I felt no ill effects from my nocturnal soaking. This was owing, probably, to my having been, for some time past, in the habit of taking a "Grefsen" bath, and so becoming seasoned to the wet and cold. I have since noticed that up in the

mountain air, one can expose himself in a manner that would probably prove fatal in the air of the towns.

Early in the morning of the 5th August, Harald, I, and Iver, with the latter's deerhound, "Pasop," started in search of reindeer. The steward and myself, being utterly unacquainted with the ground, of course, left to Iver the selection of the direction we should take.

Terge remained at the hut, with orders to collect a goodly heap of juniper bushes for firewood, so that, upon our return, we could have some coffee, and warm, and if necessary, dry ourselves after our day's exertions.

By Iver's advice, and on account of the direction of the wind, we went towards Elaadalen, which runs in a south-easterly direction from Halland's hut.

Iver asserted that the solitary old bucks, before alluded to, were frequently found in that valley, particularly when there was an abundance of cloudberries (*Möltebær*) on the muirs. Elaadalen is tolerably broad, and the bottom consists of large stretches of moorland, more or less boggy, overgrown with cloudberries, intersected here and there with low, dry ridges, overgrown with thickets of low scrubby birch.

We sat down on one of the highest of these ridges, from which an excellent view could be had over several of the muirs, and partook of a little food, as I began to feel I required it. I am one of those who are unable to eat early in the morning; Harald, on the contrary, has the gift of being able to munch three or four slices of bread-and-butter, an inch in thickness,

directly he quits his bed, even as early as five a.m. At intervals, during our repast, we examined the vicinity carefully, through Harald's excellent field-glass.

"Do reindeer really often visit these muirs?" I inquired of Iver, very much doubting the possibility of any ever being found there.

"What did you say? Do reindeer come here? Yes, that you can rely on; they are found here sometimes," he answered. Iver was in the habit of always saying, in answer to a question, "What did you say?" as if he required the question repeated, although he heard well enough what was said, and did not require any repetition.

"Have you ever shot any here yourself, then?"

"What did you say? Shot rein? Oh, no, not just here; but the Erdölene (men from Storelvdalen) have shot many bucks hereabouts."

In the meantime Iver had laid himself down flat on his stomach on the top of the ridge, and with the large field-glass carefully examined the neighbourhood, with which he was well acquainted, and consequently knew where it was likely deer would be found. I have met several reindeer-hunters who have an almost instinctive gift of discovering deer, just as a clever botanist readily finds the plants he is in search of. Of course success, in both cases, is chiefly owing to the individuals possessing an accurate knowledge of the kind of ground where what is sought is usually found; so that no time is wasted seeking at random, only those spots being examined where, by experience,

it is known there is a likelihood of finding what is sought.

Iver kept the glass continually moving, closely examining the nearest ridges and the muirs beyond, until finally I saw that he kept it still pointing in one direction.

"Well, do you see anything?"

"What did you say? Yes. Now, I tell you I am certain I see rein."

"Are there many?"

"No; there is but one buck, which I believe is the same big buck that Perlineus and I were after for three days without being able to get within shot."

Harald and I were naturally very eager to see the deer, and Harald took the glass first.

"It is there to the right of the little lake, near the hill covered with birch," observed Iver; but Harald was unable to see any buck. Then I took the glass with no better result.

"Can't you see it?" inquired Iver. "No? I can see it with my naked eyes now. I think he will lie down."

"Lay the glass straight for the deer," said I, "and hold it firm in the right position, so that we have only to look through it."

Iver did so; looked through and exclaimed, "Now he moves; he is going to graze; now we shall have no difficulty in shooting him."

We were now also able to see the buck, and when we knew exactly where to look, we could see him with our naked eyes. We were naturally in high

glee at our good fortune in falling in with a reindeer on the first day, and that a large solitary buck, who are usually not so difficult to stalk as a herd of hinds or small bucks. Iver thought it would be advisable, before attempting to approach nearer to the buck, to sit down and partake of a little food, as it was doubtful when we should again have an opportunity. I have also, since, seen old hunters do the same. Directly they discover reindeer at a distance, they pay a visit to their provision-bag before starting in pursuit. My own experience, however, has taught me that it is safest, when deer are discovered, to stalk them at once, as other hunters may be afield, or the deer may be scared by "winding" or seeing some one crossing the fjeld; or the deer, when first seen, may be on ground favourable for stalking, but from which they might quickly take their departure to a spot not so favourable. Should the deer be lying quietly at rest, a meal can be taken with equal safety as near them as it is possible to approach unseen as at a distance.

As Harald coincided with Iver, I, being the youngest, of course gave way. We took our time over our meal, lit our pipes, and sauntered off in a north-easterly direction, so as to get to leeward of the buck. Through the middle of the valley, as before stated, ran a rather large brook. We followed this until we arrived within several thousand alen,* dead to leeward, of the spot where we believed the buck to

* Alen, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet English.

be. Harald, who is always caution personified, began already to speak in a whisper, although the distance was so great, that it was doubtful if he would have been heard had he shouted loudly.

"Here my acquaintance, Perlineus, shot three deer last year," Iver informed us, pointing to a little moss-covered ridge close ahead of us; "first, he shot a buck standing a short distance off there, on the muir; he then took my rifle and shot another there, on that hill; he next seized the rifle out of the hand of an 'Erdöl,' who was with us, sprang after the herd, and shot the third through the neck, the other side of the brook."

"Yes, that is all well enough, my dear Iver," observed Harald; "but it would be as well now to try and approach *our* buck, or he may go away from us."

"What did you say, go away from us? Oh, no; I think he will lay down now, it is about twelve o'clock," Iver answered.

In the meantime we had changed our position a little, so as to get more to leeward.

"There, look at the dog," suddenly exclaimed Iver; "see, he has scented the deer." Pasop, who had hitherto gone quietly, all at once rose on his hind legs, with his nose in the air, and would have darted off, had not Iver taken a turn of the cord, with which he was leading him, round his hand. It was possible to advance some distance over the muir, under cover of a ridge, without being compelled to crouch down. Upon reaching this ridge we could see the buck

quietly grazing ; and shortly afterwards, to our great satisfaction, we saw him lie down for his midday siesta, as Iver had predicted. These deer always lie down head to wind, with their head turned a little to the right or left, to enable them to scent any danger approaching from windward, and also so that they can see in the opposite direction. By the position of a deer lying down, it is always easy to see exactly how the wind blows just at the spot which the animal has selected for a resting-place. A horse, when lying down, or standing at rest on the fjeld, also takes up a similar position with respect to the wind.

A little to the left, and farther out on the muir, was a low ridge, which we unanimously agreed to reach, if possible, while the deer lay still. Iver bound Pasop fast to a stone, and he lay quietly down by the side of our provision-bag. To cross the open muir and reach this ridge, we were compelled to crawl on all-fours along the bottom of a small trench, through which ran a small stream of water. It was one comfort that the muir was covered with splendid ripe cloudberries, so we proceeded leisurely, halting at intervals to indulge in these delicacies. With our elbows and knees thoroughly soaked, and our boots full of water, we ultimately reached the ridge, from which we expected to be able to fire at the buck. Harald, before venturing to peer over the summit, turned his hunting-cap round, so that the grey flap which, when in its ordinary position, sheltered his neck, came down over his forehead to his eyebrows. I, of course, adopted the same cautious mode of procedure.

The buck still remained lying in the same place, which, however, was farther from the ridge than it had appeared to us when seen from a distance. We, therefore, could not think of risking a shot, at least while the buck was lying down. About fifty paces off there was a low, bare ridge, from the shelter of which it would be possible to fire. At the moment we were about to attempt to reach this the buck rose up, thus greatly increasing the difficulty of crossing the intervening flat moorland unseen. Iver and I, notwithstanding, made the attempt, lying flat down on our bellies and dragging ourselves forward, while Harald remained under cover of a bush, and signalled to us whenever the buck raised his head and gazed around. In this cautious manner we ultimately reached the ridge unperceived, but it seemed a desperate long shot. I laid my rifle, full-cocked, within reach, on a dwarf, thick-set juniper-bush, and waited, hoping that the deer might approach nearer. But no, on the contrary, he increased the distance between us. Harald, in the meantime, had also made his way to the ridge.

"I think I had better chance it," I whispered to him; "it is no use lying here and waiting any longer, the buck is going from us."

"Oh, no; it is much too far," replied Harald.

"It is not farther than 'Langflænga,'"* as we had named my Kongsberg rifle, "will carry," said I.

Instead of making any verbal reply to this, Harald silently placed his thumb to his nose and stretched his

* Literally, long finger.

little finger towards me, intimating by this far more distinctly than he could by words, that it was utterly absurd to think of firing.

Somewhat vexed over this mimicry, I watched my opportunity while the buck had his head lowered to the ground, and raised myself up, so that I could look over the muir and estimate the distance. This appeared to me to be about 350 alen. I lay down again, adjusted the sight for 300 alen, aimed at the buck's spine, and fired.

The buck fell immediately, and rolled over on his back with his four feet in the air. "Hurra!" shouted all three. "Load again," said Harald. I did so, but a second shot was unnecessary. The buck only shook his head once, and then lay quite still.

Iver then went back for Pasop and led him to leeward of the deer, so that the dog might catch the scent, and advanced with him in a leash direct to the carcase, Harald and I following with our rifles at full "cock," in case the buck should attempt to rise.

When the dog was about fifty paces off from, and could see the buck, Iver discharged his rifle, "for the dog's sake," he said, and Iver then let him advance and lick the blood.

This, we are convinced by our experience since, was a great mistake on the part of Iver. When training a dog for the pursuit of reindeer, it should never be permitted, immediately after the shot, to lick the blood or bite the stricken deer. For this reason: it will ever afterwards, when left fastened up, while the sportsman stalks deer, upon hearing the report, exhibit

the utmost impatience to make its way in the direction of the shot, and will probably either tear itself loose or set up howling.

It should be early taught to know that upon hearing the report, it has to remain perfectly still, until the sportsman ascertains whether or not his shot has been successful. A deerhound ought never to be permitted to see living deer while the hunter is stalking them or following up their spoor. If this is permitted, the dog will acquire the bad habit of using its eyes instead of its nose.

The bullet from "Langflaenga," which had proved so instantly fatal, had struck rather high up under the spine, passing through the lungs, and also "cut up the liver" as Iver remarked. The latter was the fatal wound that caused the buck to fall dead in his tracks.

We measured the distance from where I fired to the place where the buck lay, and found it to be exactly 350 alen. From the after experience of my companions and myself, I am convinced that to hit a single deer in the shoulder at a greater distance than 200 alen must always be by chance, no matter what description of rifle is used. This, therefore, was not only my first, but also the longest and possibly the most fortunate shot at reindeer that I have ever made, or shall ever make.

He was not one of the very largest, but still he was a very fine animal, about four years old, and had beautiful antlers. He had during the day gorged himself with cloudberry to such an extent that the

mashed half-digested berries ran out of his mouth as he lay on the ground.

“While you flay and cut up the buck I will go back to Hallandshytta for Terge and the nag,” said Iver. As it was early in the afternoon, and there was plenty of time for him to go there and return before dark, we consented to his proposition.

This was the first time Harald and I had ever attempted such a job, we were consequently very awkward, and found our task somewhat unpleasant. When about half-way through with it, we stopped and walked a few paces off over the muir to a spot where möltebær were abundant, of which we eat to satiation, then lit our pipes and returned to our work. An old reindeer hunter would have flayed the buck in half an hour. Not so with us. Harald inadvertently stuck a hole in the gut, and I forgot to knot the gullet; and the smell of the contents, which, in consequence, ran out, was well-nigh intolerable, but we heeded not the unpleasantness in our joy at having killed a large buck the first day out. We completed our task at last, and only awaited the return of Iver with the horse and hampers. We waited and waited, but no Iver came.

We wished for his appearance most sincerely, as the weather had turned very cold, with an unpleasant drizzle, particularly so to us sitting out there on the open muir without any shelter. To add to our comfort, the mist which we had before noticed stationary, like a wall, down in the valley, came driving rapidly towards us in thick, close, white masses. It appeared as though all the ball-like seeds of all the cotton-plants

in the world had been suddenly riven asunder, and their contents unrolled and blown in our direction. As the mist came nearer we could observe how it was forced everywhere, through bushes, up precipices, amongst huge boulders of rock, and over the mountain-peaks; all filled up, covered, and hid with its enormous white masses. Heeding us no more than the inanimate nature around, it shrouded us in its white veil as it drove up the valley.

There we sat, because we could not do otherwise than remain sitting. It was useless to think we could find our way back to Hallandshytta in such a dense fog, and if Iver did not return, of which there did not seem much probability, we should be compelled to remain where we were all night.

"We must try to make a fire and warm ourselves," I observed. So we forthwith set about collecting some turf, and cut down a quantity of dry dead branches of birchwood.

After a deal of trouble we induced the wet birch bark to ignite, and when at last we were successful in making a blaze, you may be sure we were not economical with the fire-wood, heaping it on until we had a fire large enough to roast an ox, whole. Harald attempted to roast a steak or two from our deer, but as we had no salt, we could not relish it. Pasop, however, eat it with evident satisfaction.

At last we saw Iver emerge from the mist. He was a big man, but then, when seen advancing over the wild muirland in the semi-twilight and the mist, he appeared gigantic.

We left the meat to be brought down by Terge the next day, as we had quite enough to do that evening to find our way back to the hut in the dark, and a desperate long distance it seemed we had to traverse before reaching it.

The next day, in delightful bright sunshiny weather, we made an excursion to Lyngkampen, from which there is an excellent look-out in several directions. Notwithstanding the rarity and clearness of the atmosphere, which enabled us to see for miles around, nothing else, alive, was visible but some cattle and horses. Neither did we fall in with any fresh spoor or sign of deer that Pasop would notice.

While we were discussing as to which direction we should take, Iver proposed that we should cook ourselves a cup of coffee. He had with him, as is the custom of the "Österdölene," or natives of the eastern valleys, a coffee-kettle with all other necessities, not omitting a half-pint flask of cream, in his provision-bag, and also some sticks of resinous wood to boil the water in it with, so that at a pinch it would be possible to do so with these and a little dry reindeer moss.

We did not have to go far before Iver discovered what the before-mentioned Österdölene call a "Til-fælde," that is, a cosy warm spot sheltered from the wind by a rock, with sun and shade at pleasure, a stream of running water, "clear as the dew-drops," close by, and a sufficient growth of wood to make a fire.

"Have you any fish-skin with you to clear the coffee with, my good Iver?" inquired Harald, as we lay at our ease complacently gazing at the fire.

"What did you say? fish-skin; no, that I have forgotten, but I know four other ways of clearing coffee, and if they do not succeed, I am acquainted with a fifth which never fails."

"What is the fifth then?" I inquired.

"Why, that is to drink it as it is. Coffee made with such clear running water as we have here is sure to be good."

"Do you know why water always runs downwards, Iver?" Harald enquired.

"What did you say? Why water runs, no, that I do not. I have not studied why water runs, or the wind blows, or the rain falls, but I know it is well that they do."

"Yes, it is well," said Harald, and he narrated how, in olden times, there was a man who studied hard to find out the reason why water always ran downwards, and who finally, in his despair at not being able to discover the reason, threw himself headforemost down a hole containing water, by which he was sitting, and was drowned.

"His water study was far too deep," Iver observed, which it most certainly was.

Upon our return, later in the day, to Hallandshytta, Terge had arrived with the horse and the carcase of our deer. The next day we returned in triumph to Aamodtsæter with the meat in panniers, suspended one on each side of the horse, and the head and antlers

conspicuously placed on the top of the packsaddle. On the way we met two men, who naturally stopped for information, although they would not immediately ask any direct questions, as to do so would, according to the "bondes"* notion of decorum, be neither sportsmanlike nor gentlemanly.

"Well met and good day," said both.

"Good day again!" answered Iver.

"You have come from the fjeld?" inquired one of them.

"Yes," answered Iver, "we have come from Hal-landshytta."

"You have had fine weather to-day on the fjeld," remarked the other, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, the weather has been fine to-day for the crops on the farms," Iver remarked.

"You have shot a reindeer," observed the man who spoke first.

"Oh, yes, we shot a buck yesterday in Elaadalen," Iver answered.

"It was a fine animal, I can see by the head," said the other.

"Yes, he was truly a fine buck," Iver remarked.

"Eight days ago," said the one who spoke first, "when I was on the fjeld looking after a stray horse I saw a 'hop' (small herd) of thirty deer to the southward of Lyngkampen, but they seemed to have been frightened, for they were going as fast as they could in a northerly direction."

* "Bonde," a farmer who owns his own farm, a yeoman, a well-to-do country gentleman, &c.

"Yes, then it is likely they have gone to the Kvien-fjeld or Breijordet," said Iver.

This was welcome tidings to us, as we were thinking of going northward to the Aasdalsæter.

In the afternoon we arrived back at Aamodtsæter, where Herman had, during our absence, passed the time in ease and comfort amongst the milkmaids, although, by the bye, it must be confessed, he had found it rather dull, and that he was evidently pleased at our returning so soon.

It had been a mere outing for Chasseur and Diana, who had had nothing to do. They welcomed our return with every sign of joy, but their violent demonstrations of delight were suddenly checked when they caught scent of the venison in the panniers. Little Diana gave me to understand, by a glance of her eye and a wag of her tail, that a slice of the same would meet with her unqualified approval. All dogs have an especial liking for the flesh of reindeer, and prefer it to all other meat. Chasseur attempted to approach the panniers to have a sniff, but Pasop the "renhund," who was lying down close by, would not let him come near, and a lively fight, in consequence, ensued between them.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE RYPER AND SNIPE SHOOTING.

The Sæter Pasture.—Snipe.—Ryper Ground.—Chasseur and
'Diana.—The Hen Ryper.

THE next day we observed as a day of rest. In the morning we bathed in the brook, and afterwards basked in the rays of the sun on the grass, near the sæter, where we had erected our tent.

After dinner, which consisted of rein-steaks, followed with cloudbberries and cream as dessert, the milkmaid, "Omjör," brought the coffee-kettle out to us, as we lay at our ease before the entrance to the tent. The view over the wastes of the fjeld was magnificent, and the dogs chasing each other over the grass enlivened the foreground. All of a sudden, we saw Diana pause in her play with Chasseur, and advance in a serious manner with her nose projected forward, and her tail moving to and fro sideways, as though she had caught scent of game of some kind. Chasseur followed, and when they came to some willow-bushes, a short distance below us, they both came to a point. Harald would not believe there was anything there but field-mice, or a nest of small birds, and Herman was either too little inclined for sport, or too lazy to move, so I sprang into the tent for my gun, and walked down

to the dogs. A double snipe rose, and flew in the direction of the sæter. I followed it with my gun, and Harald and Herman, when they saw the barrels pointing in their direction, sprang up, as though each had been suddenly bit by a snake, and hid behind the sæter wall. I fired, but the bird was then too far off, and I missed. It, however, wheeled round again in my direction, and fell to the other barrel. I afterwards bagged two others, which lay a little farther down the slope.

This was a "fingerpeg" for us, or hint, not to omit in the future to try the immediate vicinity of any sæter which we might hereafter visit. Many times since, owing to this, we have found snipe, and occasionally a covey of ryper on the enclosed ground surrounding the sæters, especially when, as is frequently the case, there were a few willow-bushes growing within the enclosure.

On the 9th of August we went out after ryper. At that time there was no law for their protection, neither was it required. The members of our club were almost the only sportsmen who owned sporting dogs then, and we, upon our sporting excursions, always made it a rule never to shoot more feathered game than we required for our own consumption.

Ryper are found spread over an extraordinarily wide stretch of country, which is being year after year increased in extent by the felling of the large timber, whilst the habitat of the blackcock, and other game found only in the woods, is being proportionately diminished. Ryper are not only found, more or less

numerous, on all our large mountain wastes, but are also usually found on every bare knoll or hill rising above the forest growth. Anywhere in the Guldbrandsdal, and other valleys, upon ascending the mountain slopes to an elevation where the pine and fir cease to grow, the sportsman will find ryper. Forest Inspector Barth estimates the "Feldt," the proper habitat of the dal-ryper, or where these birds have fixed their home, at not less than 1,600 Norwegian land (3,600 Norwegian geographical) square miles, (78,400 English square miles), or three-fifths of the superficial area of the whole country. Only a very inconsiderable portion of this immense "terræn" has been hitherto visited by sportsmen with dogs; and the number of ryper shot by their help is disproportionately small compared with the enormous quantity that is annually snared. In the "good ryper year," 1875, there were snared in the Foldal alone, between the 15th of August and Christmas, not less than 36,000 ryper.

In summer but few of these birds are to be seen, as they lie close, and, for fear of hawks, do not readily take wing, but when approached, hide themselves amongst the heather and brushwood, so that it is difficult to find them without a dog.

Being unacquainted with the locality, we went in the direction of north Gopolsæter. This was our first visit to this sæter, and upon entering, we were invited to partake of "Møltesold," or cloudberry and cream, which was excellent. We afterwards shot over the ground attached to the sæter, and bagged four double snipe.

From Gopolsæter stretches, in a northerly direction, right to the Kvienfjeld, an immense waste, over seven miles long, overgrown with willow, where ryper are plentiful, the northernmost part of which is called Breijordet. In the southern part the willow-bushes are so high that it is almost impossible to shoot, but as you proceed in a northerly direction these diminish in height, and, fortunately, during the early part of the shooting season, the ryper prefer a residence amongst the low rather than the high bushes.

A smaller but excellent tract for ryper exists along both sides of the large Tromsen River, between Thorshögden and Høitinden. Here, in a good ryper year, two sportsmen would find sport for several days, though latterly we have found that the best ground for ryper is further to the southward, about Kaldorsæter, Nysæter, and Nyskaalen, to the south of Lyngkampen. Here the mountain wastes are so extensive, that several sportsmen could ramble over them for many days without hearing the reports of each other's guns. The willow-bushes there are, as a general rule, of no great height, and sæters lie in the midst of the ground, and one has not to go many paces from the doors of these ere he will see his dog stand, and a covey of ryper take wing, with "paterfamilias" at its head, giving utterance to his well-known "arrakaka-ka-ka!"

Upon this occasion we only shot six ryper and one mallard, though these would be sufficient for our wants for a couple of days.

Upon our return journey to the sæter, as we were

proceeding along a small path, both dogs suddenly came to a point in the middle of the track. Immediately after we saw a hen-ryper fluttering along it, in full view of the dogs, behaving as though she was injured in the wing, and unable to fly, endeavouring thus to entice the dogs to follow her, and attract their attention away from her young, and so give them time to make their escape. The dogs, however, were staunch, and stood with sparkling eyes, and each with an uplifted foreleg, watching the movements of the hen. Chasseur stood as immovable as a rock, but Diana, who was quite young, began to tremble all over. When the ryper perceived that her artifice was useless, her maternal love was so great that she flew close by the head of Chasseur. He even then stood staunch, but with Diana Nature was too strong for education, and she dashed off after the bird, who fluttered away over a wet, boggy muir, with Diana floundering and spluttering after. At the same moment the young flew up chirping from the heather, and took flight in the opposite direction. When the mother thought she had decoyed the dog away far enough, her wings suddenly became all right again, and she flew off after her young. Meanwhile Chasseur still remained standing in the centre of the path. I advanced up to him, and right under his nose, crouching as flat as possible down amongst the heather, lay another young ryper. I stretched my hand gently towards it, taking it with a sudden snatch, and let it creep up inside the left sleeve of my coat. When Chasseur moved off, I threw it up in the air, and let it

fly away after the others. Shortly afterwards we heard the hen with her ak-ak-ak ! calling her chickens together. I hoped that she would not only gather them all safely together again, but would also be commended by her husband for the contempt of death she had exhibited by fluttering close to the head of Chasseur, and in enticing young Diana after her.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM AAMODTSÆTER TO AASDALSSÆTER.

Imsdalsvand.—“ My Dream ! My Dream ! ”—Echo.—Fishing-hut.—Old John.—Ragnhild.—Little John.

THE next day, in beautiful sunshiny weather, we left Aamodtsæter just as Ömjör, the milkmaid—after saying farewell, and wishing us “ Lukke paa Reisa ! ” (literally luck on our tour)—let the cattle out of the cowhouse.

She had been liberally rewarded by us for the trouble she had been put to, roasting ryper and preparing our food, and the porridge for the dogs, and in consequence she not only coaxed out the cows in a more cheerful tone than usual, but she lightheartedly ran with them down the slope fronting the sæter. At the head of the cows ran Liakoll, jingling her bell, then Morikoll, Timekoll, and Venekoll, then Gulros, Leikeros, and Mairos, then Kranselin and Lovelin, and last of all came the large bull, sauntering leisurely, evidently a little cross at this giddy behaviour so early in the morning.

Our intention was to go to-day to Iver's fishing-hut at south Imsdalsvand, the way to which lay over Midthögden and along the east side of Bölhögden. When we reached the small lakelets, called “ Samkjen-

nene," we halted, lit a fire, had our dinners, and a cup of coffee after. In these lakelets there are splendid fat trout. That they were also inhabited by several ducks we could see, and that snipe were to be found in the sedge and rushes around, Diana discovered, and she, in consequence, was unable to keep still near us while we were eating, but restlessly ran sniffing about, finally standing at the margin of the nearest lake. "Let her stop, the good-for-nothing wretch," said Halvor, "since she never can keep her nose still while we rest." Chasseur, who was far fonder of his food, lay quietly at our feet. Diana remained standing by the water's edge, merely turning her head towards us every now and then, as though she would give us to understand that she really had found something worth shooting, and we must come down to her. Harald, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, thinking that little mother Diana had stood there long enough, got up, and walked down to where she stood, with his heavy, clumsy-looking gun—"Dobbeltstyggen" we had dubbed it—loaded, of course, and was rewarded for his trouble by the rising of a single snipe. The bird fell, as a matter of course, not only because Harald is a first-rate shot, and knew full well the right instant to fire at this description of game, but because, as he himself said, at a distance of forty or fifty alen, it was simply impossible, if the gun was aimed within six inches of any bird, for it to escape the immense circle of shot which issued from Dobbeltstyggen's muzzle. Moreover, the report of this gun was always far louder than that of any other gun that I ever heard, and upon

this occasion caused an unusually thundering echo amongst the mountains.

The way down from Samkjennene, along the brook of the same name, to the end of the Imsdal, is almost as bad as the worst bridle-path in Bergens Stift. It is not only steep, but it is covered with loose boulders of rock ; it is also narrow, crooked, and closely overgrown with trees. Only pack-horses, well accustomed to the mountains, are able to pass along it without falling over or breaking their legs between the loose blocks of stone and dead stumps. Both we and the horses, however, accomplished the journey with whole limbs.

From "Imsdalsend" we proceeded by boat up to Iver's fishing-hut, which stood at the upper end of the lake. There are two Imsdalsvands, upper and lower, connected with each other by a river. The shores of both lakes are steep and high, and the echo, in places on the upper lake, is so remarkably distinct, that the whole word "Ims-dals-vat-ten" (the Imsdals-water), shouted loudly, can be heard distinctly repeated.

Iver's hut, by the lower lake, was tolerably roomy, with two bed-places. The fire-place, in the old-fashioned manner, was situate right in the middle of the room, directly under a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. Iver every summer came up here on a fishing excursion, staying from eight to fourteen days, enjoying his ease, lounging about, basking in the sun, and fishing a little. His tackle was wretched. At the time of our visit he had up there only a wooden covered cup, containing the

shrivelled-up remains of what were formerly worms, and his sole fishing-apparatus consisted of an old fishing-line which had lain in the boathouse since the preceding summer, and had been gnawed through by the mice in many places. Fortunately at that time, and for many years afterwards, it was possible to take more fish with the rudest than can now be done with the very finest tackle. The lakes and rivers were not then flogged to exhaustion by fly-fishers, or swept by lines attached to "otter" boards, as now, but were full of eagerly feeding trout, who rose greedily at the rudest of artificial flies.

We were speedily glad to enter Iver's hut, partly on account of the depressive aspect of the narrow valley, hemmed in on all sides by precipitous mountains, and the deep, dark, smooth lake, death-like in its stillness. Even the river did not seem to run with the wonted cheerfulness of a mountain stream, but silently, like a criminal, as though flowing over a rocky bottom, overgrown with black, slimy, slippery moss. This involuntary, anxious, depressed feeling that something unlucky had happened, or was about to happen, which came over us, and which all have experienced at times, was partly owing, perhaps, to the cheerless look of the unfurnished interior of Iver's hut.

The vegetation in the neighbourhood of the lake was by no means scanty. On the contrary, round the hut, and in several places near the water, there was a rich growth of grass, and on the mountain slope, between the *débris* and the birch-tract, wild currant-bushes grew in profusion.

Every summer there is generally one or more of the neighbouring farmers up here haymaking, who stay until they have cut and dried sufficient grass to form one or two barns "en miniature;" the contents of these being taken down to their farms in the winter.

Being desirous, as before stated, of proceeding higher up "tilfjelds," we sent a messenger up to the Ormsæter to request the people there to send a man and two horses to meet us at upper Imsdalsvand, from which there is a horse-track up to the Aasdalssæter.

The messenger sent was a young, bare-legged, fair, and unusually pretty lass, aged seventeen, who, in company with her father, was then staying at a neighbouring hut, haymaking. Her father was a large, stout man, tall and broad-shouldered; but, although still in his prime, his hair was already besprinkled with grey, and his countenance and demeanour were remarkably sorrowful and melancholy. There was likewise a sorrowful look in his daughter's face for one so young, who apparently had every reason to be light-hearted and cheerful.

"What is the matter with these people?" I inquired of Iver; "have they recently met with any misfortune, that they seem so sad, both of them?"

"Misfortune?" said Iver. "Yes; John has had plenty of trouble in his time; first, he lost his old woman, but that is many years since; and then he lost his son 'Veslejohn' (little John), and him he cannot forget."

"Was it here?" I inquired.

“Yes; but I will tell you all about it on the way up to the sæter.”

When Ragnhild, the daughter, returned from Ormsæter with the intelligence that a man had agreed to meet us with two horses at the upper lake, she brought with her a bunch of sprigs, laden with ripe currants, which she presented to us with such a bashful though graceful mien, that Herman completely lost his equilibrium, and, by mistake, nearly kissed her hand.

We sent our luggage up the lake by boat, in charge of Terge, and we ourselves walked along the shore. On the way we found an abundance of beautiful ripe cloudbberries; and in the path, at several places, we saw fresh signs of elk.

Whilst we rested for a time on the way, Iver narrated the following:—

“Three years ago I was staying, as usual, at South Imsdalsvand, fishing. At the latter end of August John came up to cut the grass, and took up his quarters in the hut by the river, which you saw a little while since. John had with him his daughter Ragnhild, his son little John, and another boy, a little younger than the latter. These two youngsters were that year permitted, for the first time, to accompany him ‘tilfjelds.’

“Old John was very fond and proud of his son, because he thought the boy more like his mother than his daughter was. A fine, sharp, handsome little fellow he was, therefore it was not to be wondered at that his father was so proud of him. He was well on

to twelve years of age then, I think. Little John, and his companion Hans, were often in the habit of coming to me for worms as bait, and with two fishing-rods, which I had given them, they used to fish in the river for small trout, and you may be sure these two youngsters had fine fun together fishing, and afterwards salting down the fish they caught in a bowl which I had lent them. They did not cook what they caught, but endeavoured to slightly salt them, in the same manner as they saw me do with the fish I caught.

“We were in the habit, John and I, of going out on the lake by turns, and one day old John was out taking up his nets and lines, and I was sitting in the boathouse, mending an old net. In the morning old John thought of taking his son in the boat with him, but when he saw him lying fast asleep, he thought it a pity to wake the little fellow, so he left him behind, bidding Ragnhild, as he went out, look well after both boys, and not let them go down to the river alone.

“A little before midday, however, the youngsters managed to evade Ragnhild, and, notwithstanding they had been told by her not to do so, made their way down to the river with their rods.

“It had rained during the night, and still rained a little, so the river was swollen, and then you know the small trout bite eagerly. Just as I sat there in the boathouse, thinking to myself what sport we should have with the drag-net when I got it in order, Ragnhild came rushing in, and inquired if the boys

were with me. 'She thought she had heard a scream,' she said.

"'Are they not with you, then?' I answered, feeling ill at ease.

"'No, they were with me a short time back; but in Jesus's name, come with me; they must have rushed off to the river, although I told them they must not go there.'

"We had not gone far before little Hans came running up to us, screaming, 'That John had gone with the river.' I ran quickly along the side of the river, but was unable to see the least sign of little John. At first, when I reached the mouth of the river, I fancied I saw something which looked like a little arm thrown up in the air amidst the foam and spray of the last rapid, there, where the river flows into the lake.

"I rushed for the boat instantly, but when I rowed back to the spot, I could not see any signs of little John, you may be sure.

"Alas! that day I had another use for the net which I, during the morning, had indulged in such pleasant anticipations of using. We had nothing but this to drag with, you see; so I ran and got it, and brought it to the mouth of the river. I and Ragnhild dragged away with this as well as we could, though it was dismal to drag it to land. We persevered, however, until we saw little John in the net. We did all we could to restore him to life. But God help us, it was far too late. All our exertions were in vain. I then carried him up to my hut, and laid him on the

bench behind the chimney. Very beautiful he looked as he lay there with his light golden hair, pale face, and eyes closed, as though he only slept.

“Ragnhild, poor girl, then began to weep and lament so pitifully that it was a misery to see and hear her. She knelt down beside the bench whereon I had laid her brother, with his head resting on her arm.

“‘Oh, Lord God ! Oh, Lord God, when his father comes home again !’ the poor girl moaned ; and I was not light at heart, either, you may be sure, when I thought of how I should disclose the sad event to John when he came back.

“Little Hans afterwards informed us how it happened. It appeared that little John waded out to a large stone, so that he could cast his bait into a hole, where he thought it probable there would be some large trout. Little Hans said to him, ‘He had better not go, the river would take him ;’ but John, who had always been a bold, daring boy, making use of his fishing-rod to steady himself, waded out to the stone, and had no sooner cast into the hole than he had a bite. He jerked the trout, a fine, large fish, on to the stone, but it slipped off the hook ; and John, making a grasp at it as it floundered off into the water, slipped himself into the river, which at the spot was deep and rapid, and swiftly swept him away. Hans, who was younger, did not know what better to do than to take to his heels, and run up to the hut, shouting for help.

“In the afternoon when John came ashore, he fancied

as soon as he landed that something had happened, as the youngster was not there as usual to meet him and help him home with his fish.

"Therefore, when he came into the hut and looked round, his first inquiry was, 'Where is my son little John?'

"I rose up from the bench where I sat, advanced to him as he stood in the middle of the floor, and laid both my hands on his shoulders to prepare him for the sorrowful news, but he looked at me in such dismay that I could only utter, 'Thy son little John—is with our Lord—in Heaven!'

"'My dream! my dream!' he groaned, and fell suddenly to the floor as though shot through the heart with a bullet.

"'Father, father,' shrieked Ragnhild, 'it was my fault; it was my fault.' But it was no more her fault than mine. It was the will of the Lord.

"When John came to himself again, and was more composed, he inquired how it had happened, and where we had placed the body. I led him in silence to my hut.

"When he saw the boy lying there, looking so handsome, with his hair hanging down over his little pale cheeks, John groaned again, 'My dream! my dream!' and fell upon his knees, with his hands clasped and his head bowed down on his son's breast. He stayed a long time in this position, weeping, and praying to our Lord, and when he rose up again he was more resigned, and said, as a good Christian should, however heavy their grief may be to bear, 'The Lord

gave, the Lord has taken away ; the Lord's name be praised.'

"Early the next morning John bore the body of his son down to the valley. In the course of his life he had borne many heavy burdens, but this was far the heaviest of them all. Possibly, it was as great a trial for him to carry his dead son as it was for Abraham to part with Isaac.

"That night he stayed at Gopolsæter—the same sæter that you stopped at—and the people there said he would not go to bed, but lay on the floor the whole night through with his son by his side and wept. When he, two days afterwards, stood by the side of the grave, those present noticed that his hair was besprinkled with grey.

"The year after, I asked him what he meant by the words he uttered when he fell down on the floor in his hut.

"‘Yes, you see,’ said John, ‘the night before my son was drowned, I had such a strange dream. It was like a warning.’

"‘I thought I stood at the outside of my hut-door and saw, as it appeared to me, my son sitting up on a golden cloud which was driving before the wind. He beckoned to me with his hand, and in my dream I distinctly heard him call ‘Far ! Far !’ Then I seemed to spring after the cloud, but although I ran at my utmost speed, it was all no use. I could not get near the cloud. On the contrary its distance from me seemed to increase, and the farther I went the smaller the boy appeared. Then I saw that he, by degrees,

began to sink down into the cloud, beckoning to me all the while with his little hands. Oh, how I ran, and ran, fearing the cloud would escape me! Ultimately, when I came up with it and caught with my hand at the boy, I grasped nothing. Finally I saw only a little hand uplifted from out the cloud, and then this also disappeared. Then I seemed to fall suddenly, and at that moment I awoke, and you can be sure I was pleased enough to see the boy lying safely in bed asleep by my side.'

"The next evening he was a corpse, but it was strange that the last I saw of him was his hand uplifted amidst the spray of the rapid before he was swept into the lake, in the same manner as John in his dream saw it uplifted from the cloud.

"Old John will never be cheerful again until Ragnhild becomes a wife and he beholds a grandson whom he can call 'Veslejohn,'" Iver remarked at the conclusion of his narrative.

At the upper end of North Imsdalsvand there is a dense growth of rushes, wherein we thought it likely we should find some ducks. Harald and I accordingly approached them cautiously, with Diana and Chasseur "to heel." Upon reaching the rushes the dogs dashed suddenly into their midst, when up flew two mallard, one of which fell to my shot and Harald ought to have stopped the other, but upon this occasion he aimed, probably, more than his six inches from the bird, and missed. I sent Diana to retrieve the duck, but I nearly had cause to bitterly repent having done so.

The bottom, where the rushes grew, consisted of soft, deep mud, where the dog could neither walk, swim, nor wade. She disappeared amongst the rushes, and after waiting some time for her reappearance, as I could not perceive any movement therein, I became alarmed at her long absence and whistled shrilly for her to return. I could not go out to her, even with a boat, the rushes being too dense and the mud too thick. I began to seriously apprehend that the poor beast would be smothered in the mud. At last there was a movement amongst the rushes. I whistled again to guide the dog in our direction, and soon saw Diana, to my great delight, emerge, covered with a dark grey coating of mud up to her very ears, with the mallard in her mouth. I internally vowed to be more cautious for the future in allowing any dog of mine to go into such places.

At the end of the upper lake we parted with our friend Iver and our servant Terge. We bargained beforehand as to the remuneration they were to receive, which, compared with the sums that have to be paid at the present time for similar services, was very moderate, viz.: Iver, two marks (about 1s. 9d. English) a day, to find his own food; and Terge one mark per day and his keep. We also gave each a small sum as a present, and in addition presented Iver with a half-pound of our best powder, and Terge with some of our excellent percussion caps. We accordingly parted the best of friends, as far as we could perceive.

The way from the Imsdalsvand up to the Aasdals-

sæter is both narrow and steep. According to the Amtkart (map of the district) the distance is three-quarters of a mile, but I am certain it is a good mile (seven English), because, even if one walks sharply, the ground is not to be got over in less than three hours.

CHAPTER V.

AASDALSSÆTER.

The Old Sæter.—Evening.—Calling the Cows.—Names of Cows.
—“Haugaku.”—“Barbro.”—“Haugafolk.”

HIGH up above the pine-forest stands Aasdals-sæter, quite alone by itself in the midst of excellent ryper ground and mountain wastes frequented by reindeer.

It is widely known to the hunters and inhabitants of both Guldbrandsdal and Österdal, being situate midway between these two valleys, about twenty-one miles distant from each. It is consequently frequently used by wayfarers as a shelter for the night, and by sportsmen, anglers, and tourists as a temporary residence.

Many years ago we by chance came to this sæter, and since that time we have made it one of our headquarters on the fjelds.

I retain many pleasant reminiscences of the visits of my companions and myself to the spot, of the many happy days spent shooting there, and the pleasant evenings around the hearth, where, upon our return after the day's sport, we narrated and discussed the events of the day. Some days we would go out together, on others each individual would go by him-

self and each in a different direction, but we always made it a point to return and spend the evening together.

In olden times the sæter stood on the west side of the stream which runs through the Aasdal into the Imsdalsvand. This stream is named "Aasta," and from it the valley derives its name. The present sæter, however, is on the east side, and here we have erected a small dwelling-house for our exclusive use when shooting on the neighbouring fjelds.

From Harbakkene, the declivity leading directly down to the sæter, there is an enchanting view over the little chalet below and the valley. Though we were both hungry and thirsty, and longed to reach the sæter and have a good pull at the pan containing the best milk in the dairy, we paused and sat down for a moment on the slope to enjoy the beautiful view of the mountains, wooded slopes, and valley, presented to our gaze. Every individual with the least particle of real love for beautiful scenery would have done likewise. My ideal of a summer evening at a sæter is to ascend an adjacent hill, and sit and gaze around just as the setting sun gilds the mountain peaks.

The reddish tint of the sun's last rays lingered on the sæter at our feet. Ragnhild, from Imsdalen, who was now milkmaid here, stood before the cow-house door calling the cows coaxingly down the slope. The sheep and goats had already come home, and the girl tending the latter was just milking the last, whilst the young goats were dancing about and jumping up on the low roof of the little cattle-shed. The sheep-

dog was sitting by the side of the milkmaid watching the cows arrive. A horse stood licking some grains of salt from a large stone slab outside the sæter door, while a man, perhaps its owner and a local reindeer hunter, was chopping firewood and gossiping with the maid, hoping by these little attentions to secure her goodwill. The swallows inhabiting the nests under the eaves of the sæter's roof had finished their day's work and were collected in a flock, like a large swarm of mosquitoes, high aloft, wheeling round in happy enjoyment. In the background, to the left, a little of Hestknappen was visible, and to the right Vesle-graahö, the nearest mountains on which we expected to find reindeer; indeed we have, even from the sæter, through our field-glass seen them there.

Some of the cows turned back and were going up the slope again, and we could distinctly hear Ragnhild calling them to her.

"Come, 'Uxe,' come, 'Litendreng!'"

"Come, 'Gjyldeneng!'"

"Come, Sieta, Sieta, Si-e-tä!"

She coaxed the cows in that manner, but the calves she coaxed with "Sidē, Sidē, Si-dē-vesal!" and the goats with "Kette, Kette, Kette, Ke-tēē!" or "Kre, Kre, Krē-e!" and the sheep with "Tiksa, Tiksa, Tik-sa da!" All cows, and also goats, have names. The names given to the cows* and those given to the

* Here, in the original, follow nearly a whole page of names given to cows, which, to the English reader, would be uninteresting and unintelligible, therefore the translator has taken the liberty to omit them. This is the only omission in the whole work.

goats differ in a most unmistakable manner in sound and tone.

The sheep and pigs have no names. The bullocks are frequently called "Potifar." Some of the names given to cows are "Hauga"* names, such as "Liarn," "Vaaroln," "Kryplinghodn," and "Dagros." It sometimes happens that the cows stray away amongst the mountains, and the milkmaids of course have to go and search for them. Occasionally, at such times, the maids hear the "Haugafolk" calling their cows, which are invisible to mortal eyes, by name. The names heard are not forgotten, but when the next Maundy Thursday comes, upon which day the calves are always christened, some of them receive the same names as the maid heard the "Hauga" cows called by, and usually the owners have extraordinarily good luck with the calves so christened.

There was once, many years since, a milkmaid at Aasdalssæter named Barbro. The Haugafolk liked this milkmaid better than any other who had ever been at this place, and during her stay there not a cow was lost or met with an accident. One night when she was quite alone at the sæter, one of the cows calved and was bellowing with pain in the cowhouse without Barbro hearing it and going to its assistance. Suddenly the maid heard a knocking at the window of the sæter, and the following words sung: "Hear, Barbro, get up now, get a light, go to the cowhouse! Kryplinghodn has borne a calf, which you ever, on

* Haugafolk, mountain or hill sprites, trolls, &c.

fjeld and home pastures, shall call by the name of Dagros ! ”

Accordingly, when Maundy Thursday came, she took a willow-wand, as is the usual custom of milk-maids, and gave the calf three strokes, uttering at each blow the name “Dagros,” and never before or since was known such an excellent cow, both for milk and as a bell-cow, as this was.

One evening Barbro saw a fine large red cow come into the cow-pen with her cows. She wondered to herself which sæter it had strayed from, and thought she might as well milk it when she had finished milking her own cows. However, it was late before she was ready, and when she turned round to look for the stranger, she saw it far away up the slope. When she looked again it had vanished. Shortly afterwards she inquired of the people at all the neighbouring sæters if they had such a large red cow ; but no one had seen or heard of one answering her description.

Then for the first time it struck her that it must have been a “Haugaku,” and that the Haugafolk would have made her welcome to the cow, had she only had the sense to have quickly thrown a piece of steel over it.

People also said that she had a milk-tub, which, if placed empty in the dairy in the evening would always be found full in the morning. This milk-tub she obtained in the following manner. When they brewed beer home at the farm, everybody noticed that there never was so much beer or wort as there ought to have been from the quantity of water poured on the malt,

scarcely the half. This was owing, according to popular belief, to the Haugafolk, unseen, bearing off the missing quantity. Once when Barbro was brewing, the Haugafolk came as usual to carry off some of the wort, when one of these invisible thieves sang out to its companion, "Sille, here's a misfortune, both our huts are on fire!" Upon hearing this the Haugamother, "Sille," became so alarmed, that she flung the milk-tub containing the wort which she was carrying from her, down in the farm-yard. The tub at that instant became visible to mortal eyes and was picked up by Barbro. However, one evening, the under-milkmaid, either not knowing the peculiarity of this particular tub, inadvertently, or if she knew, purposely, filled it with milk and set it in the dairy. The next morning a large black cat was found drowned therein. It was this cat who brought the milk from the Haugafolk, and the tub was never found filled from that source again. Ever afterwards it was necessary to strain and pour milk into this, as into the other milk-tubs.

CHAPTER VI.

HARALD'S FIRST REINBUCK.

Hans.—“Turkjennet.”—Judging Distances.—The “Varsimle.”
—“Skarvola.”

HANS was the name of a lad who for many years accompanied us “tilfjelds.” He was but a youngster when he went with us the first time, and understood no more about reindeer-stalking than we did at the same period. Now he is an experienced hunter, married, and the owner of a farm at Elstad, as his father was before him.

Hans was not exactly one of those whom it would be desirable to select or hire as a constant, steady workman. His proper element was on the fjelds. There he could be trusted to perform any task that might be required of him, either to find his way in a mist, lead up horses, find reindeer, or catch ryper.

One year, he could not get permission from the farmer, for whom he was working at the time, to accompany us on our sporting excursion. Hans, after our departure, longed so to be with us, and for “fjeld-life,” that he, out of desperation, went on the drink, became quarrelsome, fell out and fought with his fellow-workmen; the farmer finally bidding him go

to "Bloksbjerg."* Hans was not slow in taking his departure. He ran home, got his rifle, and started off after us. To our great surprise, the next morning early, he walked with a smiling countenance into the hut where we slept, and made up a fire on the hearth. During the whole of our excursion he proved a most indefatigable and willing attendant.

He was, moreover, always on good terms with the milkmaids at the various sæters visited by us; not solely because he was a smart, active young fellow, but because he was very obliging, and, for a kind word, would frequently of an evening help them with the milking, when we had nothing more for him to do, or chop up firewood for them in the morning, before we were about.

Ragnhild's father, John, was often at the sæter while she was milkmaid there. He looked after the horses, and drove them home to the farm, laden with cheese and butter, and brought back meal, salt, &c., for use at the sæter.

Although somewhat in years, John was still a gigantic fellow. I have never, in the whole course of my life, seen a man broader in the shoulders and more strongly built than him. His clothing, though, was usually of the most wretched description. Trousers so patched that they seemed composed entirely of rags; shoes bound round with strips of birch-bark; and his waistcoat so incohesive, that a broad strip of his huge hairy breast was always visible.

* The name of a hill in the Black Forest, inhabited by sprites.

John, however, went about in all weathers, winter and summer, in defiance of everything, and although he began to stoop a little in his walk, hardly any in the valley could carry the burdens with which John still ascended and descended the mountains.

When John was at the sæter, we frequently divided into two hunting-parties; he going with one, whilst Hans accompanied the other.

In this manner we arranged, one evening (the 24th August, 1857), that the following morning Harald and I, in company with John, should go on the east side of the valley after reindeer, and Herman and Hans should go in a southerly direction, on the west side, towards Graahögden, after ryper.

In the morning both parties started at the same time, but Harald and I had not gone far up the slope before Hans came running after us.

"Well, what is the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh, I have come to tell you," said Hans, "that we, from the slope there, can see a rein up on Hestknappen. We think you had better come and go up there."

There were many reindeer on the Ringebo fjelds in those days. Once, even, we saw from the sæter a herd on the declivity under Graahö. At this time there never was any doubt about seeing deer when one went in search of them, but we were then but indifferent hunters, seldom getting within range, and missing very frequently. Of late years all is changed. The sportsmen have increased, while the reindeer have decreased in numbers, and we are able now, if we can

only find deer, to approach within range without alarming them, no matter what kind of ground they are on, or whether they are on the move, or standing, or lying still. We have, in the course of years, fully mastered the art of approaching deer unseen, which is the principal thing in shooting reindeer; and have attained such a degree of proficiency that no old peasant hunter can surpass us.

Directly we arrived at the summit of the nearest eminence we saw a single reindeer roving quietly about, close to Turkjennet, a place where formerly, in the spring and early part of the summer, there was a little lake, but latterly this has disappeared, leaving in its place a bare, brown hollow. The water now, in all probability, flows through other channels, and filtered as clear as crystal by passing a considerable distance through fissures, crevices, and sand, issues as springs further down the declivity.

We were able, under cover of the inequalities of the ground, to approach so close to the deer that Hans and I became eager to fire, asserting that it was not more than two hundred alen off, and we could easily hit it as it stood broadside on. But the prudent Harald emphatically answered, No! "We had the day before us," he remarked, "and it was possible we should be able to get much nearer."

We accordingly attempted to get nearer, but whether the deer—whom we now perceived to be a buck, about three years old—saw, heard, or caught scent of us or not, he suddenly raised his head, trotted a short distance away, then paused, and looked back

in our direction. Harald sent a bullet at the buck the instant he stood still, though, apparently, without doing him the least injury, as the animal darted off at the top of his speed. Most likely Harald shot high, because when we paced the distance up to the spot where the buck stood when Hans and I were so anxious to shoot, we found it a bare two hundred alen. Harald, at that time, believed it to be much more.

Upon open flat land one is very often apt to think the distance between objects far greater than it really is. On rough, uneven ground, one is very liable to err in the opposite direction. Therefore, to judge distances accurately is one of the greatest difficulties the reindeer-stalker has to encounter. It is an easy matter to hit a deer at two or three hundred alen, when the range is known to a nicety.

If it were possible for the sportsman to raise himself up when stalking, and examine the ground between him and the deer, the difficulty would be diminished, but it frequently happens that he is compelled to lie flat on the ground, the deer alone being visible, all the intervening ground being hidden from view. Also, when the ground is different to that where one has been accustomed to sport, the eye, unaccustomed to measure distances thereon, is very apt to be deceived. Sometimes when several sportsmen are together on the fjelds, the most incredible and ludicrous mistakes are made in estimating the distance which objects are off. One will assert that a boulder is distant two hundred alen from the spot where they stand ; another, that it is only one hundred and fifty ;

the third, perhaps, that it is three hundred; while in reality it is not more than one hundred and twenty. Upon another occasion, the light may be so clear at the moment that a deer appears to be only about one hundred and fifty alen off, but, on firing, the bullet is seen to strike the ground long before reaching its intended mark, and afterwards, upon pacing the distance, it is found to be a good three hundred alen.

It is not to be wondered at that beginners often miss, and that old, experienced hunters advise the loading of rifles with a large charge of powder in proportion to the size of the bullet, in order to lessen the trajectory of the latter, and to always aim low, and never by chance aim so high that the foresight is above the spine of the animal fired at.

We also began the day with a miss. However, there was no lack of reindeer then, and we had not gone far in the direction of Skarvola before old John, who was in advance, stood still, and shading his eyes with his hands, exclaimed:—

“What do you think that is there, those dark places under Imsdalsvola?”

“Where?” I inquired.

“Don’t you see, there, to the right of those birch-trees, a dark stripe on the moss and grass? I do not recollect seeing it there before.”

“Yes, now I see it also,” said I. “I believe it moves.”

John then took our glass, sat himself down, and steadied it against his alpenstock. He looked through it a moment, and exclaimed:—

“Yes, there are rein ; a big herd of hinds and small bucks, and I think there must be at least fifty head. They are going up Imsdalsvola. Now, I tell you, it would be as well if we try and get up the mountain before them, as I think they are going to take their midday rest on the muir at the top.”

The sight of game, especially a herd of reindeer, reanimates the fatigued limbs of the sportsman, be he ever so tired, and he starts in pursuit as fresh as though he had but just left the sæter door.

We quickly reached the foot of Imsdalsvola, where we were out of sight of the deer ; but the mountain is steep, and its ascent took us some time. It was necessary we should reach the summit before the deer, to enable us to advance a little way out on the moor, and get under cover behind the boulders, as the wind was not as favourable as it might have been. While we, sweating and puffing, were climbing up one side as fast as we could, the deer were ascending the other, and the same instant that we were high enough up to peer over the moor, the “Varsimle’s” * uplifted head became visible opposite. Had we been only a moment sooner, she would have been dead to a certainty, as she would have advanced direct towards two rifle muzzles. But too late is too late. She saw us at the same instant that we saw her. Young hunters as we were, we had yet sufficient sense to

* “Varsimle” is the name given by Norwegian sportsmen to the hind who acts as leader of a herd. An interesting account of the selection of a “Varsimle” will be found further on in another chapter.

stand as immovable as statues, because to suddenly move and lie down when detected by deer would have been folly. It is always advisable under such circumstances to remain quite still, as, if suitably clothed in a light grey suit, and the nature of the ground and the wind are favourable, it frequently happens that the sportsman is taken for a stone.

The "Varsimle," suspecting immediate danger, wheeled round instantly and vanished down the declivity. We rushed across the moor as quickly as we could, to get a shot if possible at the herd before they observed their leader's sudden flight. When we came in sight of them they were trotting briskly down the slope, but when about three or four hundred alen from us, they halted for a moment. I could not refrain from firing at the nearest, though it was utterly useless. The whole herd made off again, apparently without any of them being the least injured.

The herd then proceeded in the direction of Skarvola, and we thought it not impossible that the deer might halt again to rest, as, although they had heard the reports of our rifles, they had neither seen nor scented us, and the Varsimle, who alone had seen us, had not rejoined the herd.

What frightens these deer most is the scent of man. The sight of a human being does not alarm them near so much, and the reports of guns least of all. They are accustomed to hear similar noises amongst the mountains, caused by the cracking of the ice and the falling of avalanches.

We ascended Skarvola after the deer, but when we

reached the summit the deer were nowhere to be seen, neither on the mountain itself nor by the "Aasdals-kjennene,"* where herds were frequently in the habit of resting, both on their journeys northward and southward.

We were about to turn back again, when John suddenly exclaimed :—

"See ! see ! there come the deer," pointing in a north-westerly direction ; and sure enough, advancing towards us up the declivity, in the direction indicated, came nine deer, who halted upon reaching a level spot, and began to graze. Harald and I were unanimous that it was useless to attempt to stalk them while they remained in that open place. Therefore we sheltered ourselves behind a stone on the declivity of Skarvola, and waited to see where they would ultimately move off to. After waiting some time, the leading buck took a fancy to advance obliquely in our direction, towards a track very much frequented by deer, which ran near a knoll at the foot of the declivity up which we lay hid. The other deer also advanced, gradually heading their leader, and nipped a blade of grass here and there, until finally they began to recede from us again ; when perceiving they would not come any nearer, I took aim at the buck going last, and fired. The animal wheeled round instantly and took two paces backward, while the other deer scampered off. He stood and shook his head as though he was hit, but it appeared afterwards that this was not the

* Kjennene, lakelets.

case. In all probability I shot too high, as I thought the distance was more than one hundred and fifty alen. Most likely it was the whizzing of the bullet close past his ears or eyes that caused him to be a little bewildered and pause. My shot, however, caused the buck's death, as this pause gave Harald time to take steady aim and fire. The animal instantly fell to his shot, but recovered himself again sufficiently to rise on his forelegs. He, however, was unable to stand, as his hind-quarters were completely powerless. It was evident he was hit in the loins, and that the bullet had been driven from the line of aim by the wind. I shot again, but with no better result than before. Harald thereupon took careful aim again, and sent a bullet which put the poor beast out of his misery, as when we approached the buck he was stone dead.

While we were flaying it, I sought all over the skin in vain for the least sign of either of my two bullets.

It was a fine three-years-old buck, which is now preserved in the University at Christiania, where any person having the desire to do so can see it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST DAY'S RYPER SHOOTING.

Fjeldryper. — Hawks. — Our Kite. — Ryper Shooting in Windy Weather. — Feeding Time. — “Breikjennet.” — “Graahögden.” — The Old Shooting Hut. — “Breistulen.” — “Marit.”

ON the fjelds around Aasdalen both fjeldryper (ptarmigan) and scov, or li-ryper, are to be found. By ascending Hestknappen and Skarvola on the north side of the valley, or Graahögden or Kvien on the south side—though the last-named is to be preferred to all other places hereabouts—numerous coveys of fjeldryper are to be found, even without a dog, every year. Of course, with a dog the birds are to be found with greater ease, and a well-broken, staunch dog, who will cautiously follow running birds, would largely contribute towards the making of a good bag.

Some years the fjeldryper will be very plentiful, while but few scovryper are to be found, and *vice versa*. Sometimes, especially when the weather has been dry for a considerable period and water is found but sparingly amidst the stony wastes of the high fjelds, which is the proper habitat of the fjeldryper, these birds descend the mountains, and are found amongst the uppermost willow-bushes, in company

with the scovryper. At such times the former lie as close as the latter, but when found in their right "terraen," on the contrary, they seldom lie close, but run before the dogs.

In perfectly calm weather the fjeldryper are frequently so exceedingly tame as to render it an easy matter to bag the whole covey, those birds sitting on the ground, five or six alen from the one shot by the sportsman, being often so little alarmed by the report of his gun as to remain still on the spot. Hans, who is an expert at casting stones, and has a perpetual desire to bag all the game seen by him, has frequently knocked them over dead with his boyish missile.

In windy weather, on the contrary, the fjeldryper are so shy that they absolutely will not lie to a dog, and can only with difficulty be approached within shot.

Should a hawk have recently visited the neighbourhood it is with the utmost reluctance that they take wing, and one can then shoot them down with ease. This gave Herman the idea to construct and take a paper kite, painted and shaped to imitate one of these predatory birds, up to the sæter with him. One fine day when we ascended Graahögden we took this with us, and when the dog found the first covey of fjeldryper, Herman and Hans flew the kite aloft to induce the birds to believe that a monster of a hawk was on the look-out, and by its means frighten the ryper into lying close. As it blew rather strong, the kite rose up and darted twice suddenly and violently down on to the stony *débris*, being nearly shivered into pieces,

before it rose quietly aloft. When we took our eyes off the kite, and looked for the birds, they were nowhere to be seen. The kite was certainly larger than any natural hawk, and, with its long tail and violent darts downwards, probably caused the fjeldryper to anticipate such terrific danger that they not only were afraid to take wing, but hid themselves so securely amongst the stones that we were unable to find them again; although the dog went from place to place and stood sniffing before the entrance to the hollows where they probably were, and we did all we could to force the birds to come forth. Thus it was with some show of reason Hans made the following observation on the result of Herman's idea: "Your invention of a kite isn't good for much!"

On the 20th August, Harald and Herman returned to Elstad. I accompanied them on their return journey as far as Breistulen, where I remained, as it was my intention on the morrow to have a grand day with the ryper, and shoot as many as possible to take back to town with me as presents for my friends and acquaintances.

I and Hans started early in the morning with Diana, who was then in her prime, and took with us a large quantity of ammunition.

I first sought for scovryper along "Breia," but everything seemed to go wrong, and I missed more frequently than usual. Birds were certainly tolerably plentiful, though, perhaps, not so numerous as in the best "ryper years." Neither was Diana herself; she ranged too wide, and also made several false "sets"

where young ryper had deposited their "klods" amongst the bushes. Generally, when one is alone he shoots better than when there are two or more in company. Possibly my ill-success was, in some measure, owing to the strong wind which blew direct in my face, and I was consequently compelled to work up wind, and my shots, especially where the willow bushes were high, were either very difficult ones, as the birds wheeled round with the quickness of lightning before the wind, or very long ones when I waited, turned round, and fired a "back shot" down wind, after they had passed me.

When eleven o'clock came, and the best part of the morning was consequently gone, I did not have more than eight ryper. As, with most other game, ryper are on the move after food early in the morning and during the evening, but between eleven and three the coveys generally collect together and seek shelter; the fjeldryper amongst the rocks, and the scovryper amongst the willow and birch bushes. Naturally they are then more difficult to find than when dispersed about. Hans opined that things would go better with us after we halted and had our dinner, and lit a fire and made, and partook of, a cup of coffee, by a small lake named Breikjennet, which we were then approaching. But, just before reaching this, Diana came to a point in amongst some very low bushes. I advanced with both hammers at full-cock, and up rose eight of the grey or fjeldryper, one for each barrel falling down again. A little way on I found the birds again, and could see the six survivors running along the

ground a short distance off amongst the low bushes. Diana saw them also, and we followed them slowly. An opportunity is frequently presented, when birds run along close together in a cluster, to bag several at a shot, if one will demean himself by shooting on the ground, which, I must confess, I have frequently done during the last days of my stay on the fjelds, when I was desirous of getting as many birds into my game-bag as possible in a short time. Upon this occasion I potted three sitting with the left-hand barrel, firing at the instant all six were close together, and, with the right, one flying, leaving but two, possibly the old ones, who took flight so far up a precipitous declivity of *débris* on Graahögden, that I was unwilling to follow them.

This aged pair must certainly have regretted bitterly having directed their flight down to the lowland that day, to visit their relatives the scovryper, as it had resulted in so severe a family loss. At the moment they could not have any precise idea of the magnitude of the loss they had sustained. This they would ascertain later on, though possibly not before the evening, when the twilight had fallen, and all was hushed and still, when they would probably fly down, and with their ak-ak-ak! endeavour to coax their family together again. But they would listen in vain for an answer from even one of their numerous children. I regretted I had not shot the old ones too, but their sorrow, I hope, did not last long.

When Hans went to pick up the last ryper I had killed, by a very long shot, he shouted to me: "Come

here! have you seen anything of this on the 'Amt-kart?' ”

I went to him, and he pointed out the ruins of an old shooting-hut. The walls were still standing, and the ryper had fallen down through the dilapidated roof. The hut was situate right in the midst of a mass of rocky *débris*, and was so hidden as to render a very accurate knowledge of its whereabouts necessary to enable any person to find it. Neither of my companions nor I had ever seen it before, and we have many times since gone over Graahögden, both high and low, without coming upon it again. But this, and the old "Rensgrave" found in places on this mountain, prove that, in olden times, it must have been an excellent "Rensfjeld."

Immediately after this discovery, we lit a fire and made some coffee, and indulged in a pipe.

Diana, who was an unusually fine and clever bitch, the best dog I have ever owned, or perhaps ever shall own, upon our starting again in search of game, quickly evinced a wonderful knowledge of the kind of places where fjeldryper were to be found that day, by seeking exclusively in those spots where low bushes grew in the vicinity of, or at the foot of, the large declivities of *débris*, and consequently, it was not long before she found. I saw, directly she came to a point, two old ryper on the ground, and, as I could not perceive any more, I drove them up and knocked over one with each barrel. These appeared to be a married couple without children.

Half-an-hour later a large covey of fjeldryper took

wing, flying up a good distance in front of the dog. These were wilder than any I had previously fallen in with during the day, but after a right and left they scattered, and lay so close that I was able to go up to and shoot them singly, bagging ten of them.

Owing to this slice of good luck, at three o'clock in the afternoon I had a total of twenty-six ryper.

It was now time to turn again in the direction of the sæter. We had full seven miles to go, and Hans had such a heavy load to carry that I was compelled to take some of the birds and carry them on my own back.

Just as we got down to Breikjennet, Diana "set" again, and I was fortunate enough to secure two double snipe. One of these I saw on the ground, a few paces in advance of me, before it rose—a very unusual occurrence, although, when one does set eye upon a snipe on the ground, surprise is felt at its not having been observed before, as these birds do not, like grouse, crouch flat on the ground, but stand with outstretched neck and uplifted head.

At the south end of the lake Diana "set" again, close to the edge of the water. Thinking it probable there were ducks there, I went down to the dog, with my body crouched as low as possible. When I reached the edge of the water, four teal swam out from under the bank; I watched my opportunity and shot two, as they sat on the water, with one barrel, and a third in the air, with the other. Diana vainly attempted to retrieve two at once, but was obliged to make three journeys for them.

Well satisfied with our day's sport, Hans and I arrived at Breistulen, where we met with a friendly reception from Marit, the milkmaid there at that time, who met us at the door with the greeting "‘Velkommin’ again." She has since emigrated to America, but it will be something very wonderful to me if she does not, at odd times, when awake, wish, or in her dreams, think herself back again at some sæter in "gamle Norge." She was a comely lass and clever dairymaid, was well liked and made much of both by farmers and visitors from town and country. She was the type of a Norsk milkmaid; hale and hearty, active and stirring, cheerful and witty, and so strong, withal, that none could take more liberties with her than she felt inclined to permit.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE REINBUCK WOUNDED, AND ONE KILLED.

Reindeer's Mid-day Rest.—Stalking.—“Stillingskuddet.”—The Buzzard.—“Tomrummet.”—Bad Luck.—Spellbound Guns.—Between 400 and 200 Alen.—The Varsimle.—Kristen and Hans.

HARALD, Herman, Halvor, and I were once more together at the Aasdalssæter. Harald and I confined ourselves principally to the pursuit of reindeer, whilst the other two devoted their time to shooting ryper and other winged game. Harald preserved the best specimens of the various birds obtained, and forwarded them to the Ornithological Collection at the University.

Our steward, Harald the prudent, when he occasionally went out in company with Halvor, always followed at the rear of the latter, who had a partiality to go with his hammer at full cock, and a propensity to inform and show people, even those who were well aware of the fact, or to whom he had imparted the information many times before, that his gun was a twelve-bore.

On the whole, though, we were all very careful, and never at any time met with an accident. How near to it we may have been, it is impossible to

say; in all probability far nearer than any of us imagined.

Early in the morning of the 19th August, Harald and I, accompanied by Hans, started off over Harbakene in search of reindeer, and immediately after reaching the summit of the hill by South Breikjennet, we discovered eight deer on the top of Graahö.

By starting early in the morning, so as to reach the reindeer-runs while the animals are roving about on the feed, it is far easier to find deer than later on in the day.

Upon sighting deer, the first consideration is to ascertain the direction of the wind. For this purpose, some, when the wind is strong enough to render the means employed certain, gather a little dry moss, and cast it aloft. Others pull a long hair from their heads, and hold it up suspended by one end. However, if the sportsman has his pipe alight, he can easily ascertain by the direction taken by the smoke therefrom. The next thing is to carefully examine the nature of the ground where the deer are, if at rest, or where it is probable they will proceed to, if on the move.

Harald and I, naturally, often differ a little as to the mode of stalking, and Hans always, when such occurs, avails himself of the opportunity to express his opinion. Upon this occasion the wind was westerly and steady, and the deer seemed disposed to remain at rest where they were, so that fortunately there was no disagreement as to the course to be pursued. We immediately unanimously adopted the proposition

made by Hans, "That we had better go round to the east side of the mountain before we began to stalk them."

It took us a considerable time to make this circuit, and when we again came in sight of the tips of the deer's horns, it was close on mid-day. Two of the deer were standing, the others lying down, and, according to their universal custom, they had chosen a spot for their mid-day siesta where it was almost impossible to approach them unperceived. In the meantime, we crawled nearer to them, first on our knees, and then flat on our bellies, Harald first and I after, and in this manner we wriggled ourselves forward like snakes, in between the stones of the "Ur."*

Our rifles were in their covers, as they should always be when stalking, to prevent the dirt, small stones, or snow getting into their muzzles, and we pushed them several alen ahead of us with our right hands, mine with its muzzle pointing to the rear, and Harald's pointing ahead, and then dragged our bodies after with the help of the left elbow.

Crawling and dragging ourselves forward in this manner, we approached within about two hundred and fifty alen of the deer, as near as we could judge, but we thought the range too far, and Harald observed that we must try to drag ourselves a little farther on, to a stone about fifty alen in advance of us. The wind still remained steady, and the deer had, hitherto, neither seen nor heard anything which could excite the

* "Ur," a declivity of *débris*, or a tract covered with loose stones.

least suspicion that there was mischief brewing. Had I been alone, I should, in all probability, have tried to approach closer, but when there are two together, either one or the other of them is sure to propose the chancing of a shot. This was the case then. When we reached the stone, I proposed "a crack" at a buck which stood in a favourable position. My proposition elicited no reply from Harald, who again began to draw himself forward. I, however, considered it unadvisable to try to approach nearer, and remained quite still, not even venturing to look up to see if the deer were still there, and thus gave Harald, who had first discovered the deer, and was, therefore, by an old-established custom, entitled to the first shot, or "Stillingsskuddet," every chance of getting it. All at once I observed, that after pushing his rifle forward, he prepared to drag himself after, but instead of doing so, relapsed into his former position flat upon his belly. He had suddenly discovered a covey of ptarmigan issuing forth from amongst the stones right before him. Harald was not twenty feet from them, and remained immovable, so as to give them time to get out of his way without taking wing. They, notwithstanding his caution, considered it advisable to do so, however, and the whole covey flew off with a rustling noise.

When we ventured to lift our heads up again, and look for the herd of deer, they had vanished. It does not take much to alarm these animals. Even a lark, soaring singing to the sky, or an ermine springing over the stones, will excite their suspicion, and a

buzzard or a raven flying screeching over them will alarm them still more. The buzzard, especially, has frequently flown up uttering its shrill screech, and scared the deer away from sportsmen. These birds are, therefore, universally hated by reindeer-stalkers.

It appeared we had approached within two hundred alen of the deer, and consequently had been quite close enough to shoot, but alas ! we had let the opportunity slip. Hans now rejoined us, having from a distance seen the deer rise up and start off, and also the cause thereof.

When we reached the summit of South Graahögd, we discovered some more deer, a long way off, down by Breijordet. These appeared, by their restless, uneasy movements, to be part of a herd which at some recent period had been scared by other sportsmen, perhaps had even been shot at during the day. We, therefore, abandoned all thoughts of going after them, for that day at least, and determined to look for a comfortable place where we could take dinner, and a siesta afterwards. Having found a suitable spot, I sat down, and began to unstrap my provision-bag, but Harald, who either did not like the spot, or thought the outlook therefrom too circumscribed, proceeded a little farther on. Fortunately, he still retained his rifle in his hand, for a reindeer-buck jumped up unexpectedly out of a hollow on the slope, just below him. The buck paused for a moment, when he was well on his legs, and turned his head and looked upwards at Harald. Harald was not slow in pulling his rifle out from its cover, placing it to his cheek, and sending a

bullet into the buck, who fell instantly, and lay on his side.

"What have you shot at?" I shouted, jumping up from my provision-bag.

"At a 'Rensbuk,'" answered Harald, "and there he lies dead." However, Harald, before he had reloaded, had reason to alter his opinion, as the buck suddenly rose on his legs again, rattled down over the loose stones which covered the slope, and was hidden from sight, I just catching a glimpse of him as he disappeared. When the buck came in sight again at the foot of the mountain, we could, with our large glass, distinctly perceive that he had received a bullet in his side, and that a stream of blood was flowing from the wound. The bullet had struck too far back, and had consequently passed through the body without touching either heart or lungs. The place where the bullet had taken effect is by the peasant hunters called "Tomrummet," and they assert that it is possible to shoot right through a deer there, without killing it.

"If you hit not the heart, or break not the leg,
Your shot it is useless, the deer you will not bag,"

is an old hunting-proverb, and in this instance Harald had good reason to believe in its truth.

We followed the buck with the glass, in the hope of seeing him lie down, but he kept on, becoming gradually indistinct, and finally disappeared from view behind a ridge. We then started in search, but, although we went far beyond the ridge where we lost sight of him, our search proved fruitless. Had we

had a "Renshund" with us at the time we could with ease have followed the spoor, and should, in all probability, have found the animal, either living or dead.

The year following we heard that a reindeer-buck had been found by a man a few days after our visit, at a spot seven miles off, but the ravens and white foxes had previously discovered the carcass, and the skin and meat were useless.

Hans was in a sad way over this mishap, and Harald also was naturally somewhat out of temper. As it was still early in the afternoon, we ascended an eminence midway between the two small lakes called "Breikjennene."

"It is my opinion your rifle has a spell on it," said Hans to Harald; "or else I cannot understand how a buck could get away shot through its body, at close quarters, with such a large-bore rifle as yours."

"Oh, it's all nonsense about the rifle being spell-bound, and having lost its power to kill," Harald answered, a little cross. "You hold straight, my good Hans, and you will kill, whether the rifle is a large or small bore."

"But there are guns that have a spell upon them; and don't you know there are some guns again which always kill, and others that will never kill?"

"No, Hans, it is not so much the rifle as those who use it."

"Look here. Last autumn, on 'Kvia,'* Lars Braekke shot at a buck at a nice easy range with his

* The Kvien fjeld.

rifle, which has such a tremendous great bore that daylight can be seen through a deer after a bullet from it has passed through. He was sure he hit the buck, but it got away."

"How did he know he hit it?" Harald asked.

"See you: old John came up on the fjeld eight days afterwards, and killed the same buck with a single bullet from his old rifle."

"But how could he tell it was the same buck?"

"Old John found the bullet-hole made by Lars, and the wound, even, was not rightly healed. Both bullets had gone right through the deer, not a hand's breadth from each other. But it's a grand rifle, that of old John's, and always 'drops' them dead, see you."

Their dispute was suddenly interrupted by my exclaiming, "I see rein!" Through the small field-glass I unexpectedly set eye on a large herd of deer to the south-west of North Breikjennet. We had, as before stated, no difficulty in finding reindeer at that time, and least of all on this day.

The herd numbered about sixty deer, who were, to all appearances, quietly grazing on the moor. After some deliberation we resolved to go north of a small eminence which lies between the lake and the moor, in the hope of being able to stalk the deer therefrom, and we thought it more than probable that the deer would graze towards the hill, as it was unlikely they would go in a south-westerly direction, there being no tracts usually frequented by reindeer in that quarter.

When we, from behind the hill, again saw the deer,

they had quitted the moor, and were lying upon a low, dry ridge. Although the spot where the deer lay was but slightly elevated above the surrounding moorland, the deer were able to see around on three sides, and had but little to fear from our rifles, as the hill which afforded us cover was not less than eight hundred alen from them and it was impossible to advance within shot of them without either being scented, seen, or heard. They had, as usual, chosen their resting-place very sagaciously.

We meanwhile had approached as near as possible, within four or five hundred alen of the herd. The greatest difficulty always is to get from four hundred to two hundred alen. It is generally an easy matter to get as close as we were to deer. Yes, one can even go upright in sight of the animals as near as five or six hundred alen, but when that distance has been decreased to half, it behoves one to be very cautious. If, fortunately, the sportsman has been able to approach them within about two hundred alen, there is usually no more difficulty in getting within one hundred and fifty, or even one hundred of them, than there is usually in getting from four hundred to two hundred, as either the deer do not keep so sharp a look-out in their immediate vicinity, or are not so suspicious of objects close to them.

As before stated, the herd was near upon five hundred alen from us, so we sheltered ourselves behind a stone, just large enough to conceal us both, lying full-length close beside each other. Harald lay in a more uneasy position than I, owing to a large

stone projecting from the ground which inserted itself persistently into either his belly, back, or side, as he alternately turned upon them.

We lay thus three hours, scorched by the sun and parched with thirst, watching by turns, and endeavouring to take a nap between whiles. We had neither bite nor sup with us, and Hans, with the provision bag, was a long way back. Some of the deer were lying down, and others standing, keeping watch. We could see that when one of the latter, after first sniffing the air, suspiciously, close to the ground, lay down, another rose up in its place—probably the one whose turn it was to mount guard next—stretched itself, and took its post as sentinel.

In a large herd it is usual for the hinds only to keep watch, and amongst these one individual in particular has this responsible duty to perform, and is for this reason called by hunters the “Varsimle.” When the sportsman when stalking has time to observe the herd, he will not, if experienced, be long in doubt as to which is the “Varsimle.” She is at all times to be distinguished by her uneasy, anxious movements, and by her position, which is always either standing or lying a little away from the herd, upon some elevated spot, where she has an excellent outlook over the surrounding district. And further, she is usually in poor condition, owing to her seldom nor ever giving herself time to graze; and also it will be noticed that, whilst all the deer in the herd have, in the month of August, generally shed their winter coat and are somewhat dark-coloured, the Varsimle is still light-haired, or

that such a ridge could easily be a shelter for a lurking enemy, for they had hurried so quickly away from it that when we reached the summit they were far out of range, quietly grazing about four or five hundred alen off.

We lay down again flat on our bellies, each behind a stone, with his rifle in readiness. Two fine bucks stood right before us. I tried to take aim at one, but his whole side was hidden by the sight as I endeavoured to bring it to bear on his shoulder—a sure sign the animal was too far to fire at, with any kind of rifle, with a certainty of the bullet taking effect.

The herd shortly after proceeded in the direction of a light-coloured mossy knoll, which lay some distance to the left of us. Upon this knoll stood a small cairn, perchance to commemorate the fact of a rein having been shot from the spot. Behind this knoll we expected the deer would quickly be concealed, and we again hoped to be able to get within shot. Half of the deer were already hidden from view, and we were waiting ready, rifle in hand, as soon as the others disappeared, to follow after, when we suddenly cast eye on what we desired least of all to see at such a time, namely, a third sportsman. Had it been a bear, or a glutton, approaching as a competitor, it would have been welcome, but, unfortunately, it was a man with a long rifle. He had in all probability been lying up on a hill we had passed, and must have seen us go by. Some of the deer were still visible to us, but the mossy knoll afforded the stranger excellent cover. We could see him creeping on all-fours, and, sheltered by

the knoll, it was evident he would get within easy shot of the deer, whilst we must lie with vexation in our parched throats and look on. When I looked closely at the strange hunter through our large glass, I fancied I recognised him by his long rifle; and I said to Harald that I should be very much surprised if it were not our acquaintance Kristen, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who was probably on his way to their sæter when he discovered the deer. To attract his attention, that he might see us and wait, I took two stones, struck them together, and made a clicking sound; but he either did not or would not hear it, and continued crawling towards the deer. When I found he took no notice, I remarked to Harald, "I should like to have a shot at the last buck there." But Harald said, "No; it was too far off, and the deer might yet pass between the stranger and us; and, further, that if the stranger was an evil-minded man, he might shoot at hap-hazard, and the bullet would be as likely as not to find its way to one of us as to a deer, we lay so exposed."

"Oh, that the devil had the fellow! Now he has reached the knoll, and is not more than one hundred and fifty alen from the herd," I observed, as through the glass I saw him take his cap off and place it in his bosom, and drag himself forward to the cairn on the top of the knoll, and push his rifle forward by the side of this. He then placed the hammer at full cock and took aim. "Now, bang," said I to Harald. We then saw the smoke and heard the report. The herd instantly split into two parties, but whether the man

had hit any or not we were unable to see. The deer did not, however, immediately rush any great distance off; each party going about fifty alen only, in different directions, and then suddenly stopped. The fellow had sufficient sense to remain quite still where he fired, and the deer, who had neither seen nor scented anything, did not know immediately which way to turn. Had we been in his place we should, in all probability, have shot a deer each at the first discharge, and I might have had time to reload my "Kammerladnings" rifle and fire a second shot. The deer now assembled together again, and it seemed as though they would pass between us and the mossy ridge, from whence the stranger was now advancing. Harald and I rushed to intercept the deer as they ascended out of a little hollow, down in which they had disappeared from view for a moment. We had not run more than one hundred alen before the whole herd issued forth again at a rapid gallop, as we could hear by the clattering of their horns as they came in contact, one with the other, in their eagerness to press on. They suddenly paused when about two hundred alen from us. I stood a little in advance of Harald, with my rifle to my cheek in readiness, and instantly let go at a buck, which stood broadside on in the midst of the row. When the deer sprang off again we could see he was hit. He separated from the herd and walked very slowly, every now and then turning his head back towards us. He was evidently badly wounded; so not to frighten him we remained standing perfectly still, not stirring a limb. The buck proceeded very

slowly about two hundred paces, and then lay down. We then ventured to move, and lay down while I reloaded.

Hans and the stranger now crept up to us, and we perceived that my surmise was correct, and that it was indeed no other than our acquaintance Kristen. He protested he had neither seen nor heard anything of us while he was stalking the deer, or he would have waited for us, so that all three could have shot at once. But Kristen had some difficulty in keeping himself to the plain truth. At the best, his assertions were usually but the "truth with modification." We, therefore, did not believe much of his protestation, and Hans believed still less, and when Kristen began to let words drop to the effect that it was he who had hit the buck and not I, Hans spat scornfully on the ground, and exclaimed:—

"Oh, so you think, Kristen, to be able to tell the milkmaids again that you have shot rein, as you have done many times before, uttering such lies!"

"Yes, I hit right enough this time, or I do not know when I shall hit," said Kristen. "It was not more than one hundred alen, and I held 'accurate'* at the buck's shoulder as he stood right before me."

"Yes, you held accurate at the buck's shoulder, and so shot accurate between its rump and the bushes behind. You have no more hit the buck than I have, though you have got that long rifle with which you say you can hit the bull's-eye of a target at four hundred alen, when you prate with the milkmaids."

* A favourite expression with Norwegian peasants.

"Oh, you haven't much to boast of; you have never shot anything with your short rifle," said Kristen.

"I have not killed a rein with my rifle, I know," said Hans; "but you, you will never hit one before you have a rifle so long that you can touch them with it."

Hans, whenever he was alone with us on the fjeld, availed himself of the opportunity to rail against Kristen, being able to speak his mind more freely there than he would venture to do down in the inhabited district.

The farmers are far more tenacious and strict in the observance of those tokens of respect from inferiors towards their superiors than the educated or fashionable classes. Therefore Hans, the farmer's boy, when at day-work on the farm, must observe a respectful tone towards Kristen, the farmer's son, but up on the fjeld and at the sæter it seemed as though Hans felt himself released from the pressure of difference in station, and dared to express his opinions without reserve.

When following up a severely wounded deer I always have a most uncomfortable feeling. The excitement felt while stalking is past, and a feeling of pity begins to insert itself into one's breast. To attempt to run in upon a wounded deer to despatch it usually results in failure, and torturing the poor animal. It will exert all its remaining strength to make its escape, and finally fall down in some place where it will be impossible to find it without a deer-

hound. We accordingly remained under cover, and watched the buck through the glass. He rose and made his way, as well as he was able, a short distance, and then lay down again. This he repeated several times, lying down for a short time in various parts of the muir whereon we first discovered the herd. It was painful to see him, and we did not feel very well pleased with the pitiless remark made by Kristen: "He doesn't like his bed much, he shifts so often."

As we had over seven miles to go back to the sæter, and it was now late in the afternoon, we were desirous of bringing the affair to a conclusion. Accordingly I went round to head the buck, so as to either kill him by putting a bullet through his brains as he lay, or turn him in the direction of Harald, Hans, and Kristen, who remained under cover in an extended line, some distance apart from each other. My elbows and knees got very muddy and wet crawling over the muir. When I at last approached within about eighty alen of the buck, and rested my rifle on a little hillock to take aim, I saw that he lay on his side, with his head on the ground. The poor animal was dead at last. I walked up to him, but it struck me to the heart to see the strange, mild expression of his large dark eyes. He had, as usual with deer, fallen over on the side which the bullet had entered. The bullet had not gone out on the opposite side, so I resolved to find it, and ascertain to a certainty who had really shot the animal.

Harald, Hans, and Kristen then came up, and we flayed and cut up the deer. The bullet had entered

the left shoulder, and remained lodged in the right thigh. I cut it out, and it proved to be an elongated bullet, which settled beyond doubt that Kristen had indeed missed, as he used spherical bullets.

Hans took the bullet, and showed it triumphantly to Kristen.

"See you this, you Kristen; did you have this in your long rifle? Perhaps you still think you shot the rein?"

"Oh, no, I have missed, I see," said Kristen.

"Yes, that is certain," exclaimed Hans. "It is not the first time, and I don't think it will be the last either. But you would like, or I am much mistaken, to tell them when you get home that you shot the deer, and that we took it from you. I see you have not even wiped the blood and hair off your knife; perhaps you think when you show them that, that they will believe that truly you have shot a deer."

When we arrived at the sæter, and were sitting down at supper, we could hear Hans, out in the dairy, narrating, for the benefit of the girls, the history of the day's sport, in which Kristen figured but poorly, both as being unworthy of belief, and as a skilful shot not yet risen to eminence.

CHAPTER IX.

A SÆTER IN WET WEATHER.

Fourteen Days' Rain.—“Sætervolden.”—The Brook.—Goats.—Sheep.—Shepherd Boy.—Mist and Sunshine.—Lost in the Mist.—Harald and Kranselin.

HALVOR and I were, in the year 1860, alone together at the Aasdalssæter. The weather was abominable—rain and mist, and mist and rain, for fourteen consecutive days, during which period we were unable to make even a single excursion to the neighbouring fjelds. We did not, however, on account of this, become disagreeable towards each other, but sought to beguile the time as well as we could. We were always in the habit of bringing up with us a quantity of “Fjeldlektüre,” or articles relevant to sporting life on the fjelds, though these were usually but little read. However, this summer they proved very welcome. This weather was also very bad for our journal, as we had no sporting incidents to record. There was nothing, upon this occasion, recorded therein, but some reflections on bad weather at the sæter.

A sæter has but a poor appearance in wet weather, especially the Aasdalssæter. The yard or enclosure around the hut, where one can usually walk in slippers,

is soaking wet, and dirty and muddy to such a degree that the dogs will hardly venture out.

The grassy slopes, which in general are as smooth and soft to repose upon as a velvet cushion, become as wet and damp as a muir. The brook in the vicinity of the sæter in fine weather is as clear as a mirror, and so beautiful that it is a real pleasure to sit by its margin and watch how merrily it rushes past, as though glad it is not doomed to toil like a slave at a factory ; but now, it is swollen, brawls like a drunken man, overflows its usual boundary, and becomes so turbid and disgusting that not a drop of its water can be used.

The smoke from the fire does not ascend the chimney, partly on account of the firewood being damp and green, and partly by reason of the wind coming down the chimney in sudden flaws, filling the interior of the hut with smoke. Hans, our boy, and the dairy-maids, every time they have occasion to enter the room, leave behind them large dirty footprints on the floor.

One night I was awakened from a sound sleep by feeling something wet and cold creeping up to me in bed. Who should it be but Halvor, driven from his own bed by the water running through the roof down upon him !

In wet and misty weather, a sæter, taken on the whole, is not the "Idylliske" it is in bright sunshine. A fowl in wet weather is a miserable sight, but the appearance of a sæter under similar circumstances is not much better.

All the live stock, also, have a very crestfallen appearance, especially the goats, who least of all can stand rain. They early return from the pastures, and range themselves close alongside of the sæter walls under cover of the eaves. The poor sheep, though, suffer most. The cows and goats, at any rate, have a roof over their heads at night, while the sheep are merely driven into a roofless pen. The ground within this is so soddened by the rain and covered with the ordure of these animals, that the whole interior is a horrid guano-like mass. Driving the poor animals into such an enclosure in such weather is inexcusable, and, moreover, sufficient to cause a plague among them. It is the more inexcusable, as it is always practicable to shift the sites of these pens and re-erect them on drier spots, but this is rarely ever done, at least at Aasdalssæter. The poor brutes naturally remain standing as long as possible, until finally, overcome by fatigue, they are compelled to lie down in the filth. In the morning, one can easily see how ill it has fared with the wool during the night.

Neither does the shepherd-boy have a good time of it. He is usually poorly clad. When out on the fjeld he shelters himself as well and as long as possible, under an overhanging crag, a tree, or a stone, but he is compelled to quit his cover frequently to look after his charge, and becomes as wet as a crow, so that when he returns to the sæter in the evening, and sits by the hearth, the water runs in streams from his rags.

Each morning when Hans came in to light the fire

in our room, he, in answer to our inquiries as to the state of the weather, predicted a change for the better, either saying, "The scud is lying in layers like shelves, and I can see the slope again to-day; I think we have seen the last of the rain"; or, "The migs fly high to-day, so we shall soon get good weather again"; or, "there is a light air from the north this morning, and to-morrow we shall have 'fjeld' weather;" but his predictions always proved incorrect. Two mornings it appeared as though it would clear up, and we were induced to venture out, but upon each occasion we had not reached the summit of Harbakkene before the mist came driving up from the south-east and drove us home again.

One morning the mist lay very low in the valley, and we were induced, by Hans' assurance, "That there was good weather higher up," to quit the sæter in a dense mist before sun-rise. After we attained an altitude of about one thousand feet above the sæter, it really began to brighten up, becoming lighter the higher we ascended, and we soon found ourselves in clear weather above the fog, which completely filled the valley below. The sun then broke through, bright and clear, and cast its warm rays over the sea of mist. It was a highly interesting and rare sight to see the huge white masses of mist on the move, streaming out through the narrow valley like an enormous foaming rapid, and then separate and form cloudlets of ever-varying form, fleeing before the rays of the rising sun.

The sun was victorious, though only for a short time, the fog coming on again in the afternoon, but the next

day fine weather set in, and we were at last able to make excursions to a distance after reindeer and ryper.

Halvor had acquired the bad habit, when alone, of frequently taking a nap out on the fjeld in fine weather. This was the cause of his non-arrival home until a very late hour one night this summer, and he would not have arrived then; had he not, fortunately, fallen in with the cows.

It happened in this manner. He and Hans had found and fired at a reindeer, but without any other result than to split the herd into two parties. The sportsmen then separated, each following one of these "dots," as they are termed by the peasants. Halvor, in the afternoon, again came up with his deer near the Aasdals-kjennene, but could not get within shot again. So he took a pipe while he lay and gazed at them, afterwards a nap, and when he awoke, the sun had set and the reindeer had vanished. Halvor therefore turned homewards. Unfortunately a fog came on, and darkness set in. He stumbled on, until at last he was completely lost, and had not the least idea in which direction to proceed.

Hans arrived at the sæter about ten o'clock, and when he heard that Halvor was still absent, he started off, like a whipped cat, up the slope again to see if he could see anything of our missing comrade.

In the meantime I piled wood on the hearth until the sparks ascended high aloft through the chimney, and then went outside and discharged my gun, in the hope of Halvor being able, by the report, to judge of the direction of the sæter.

At last, about half-past eleven, Halvor stuck his head in at the door, dripping wet, of course, owing to the fog, and that it had also been raining, yet not in the least out of temper at the inconvenience, but as placid and happy as usual. Halvor is not afraid of anything in this world, and would not be in the least disturbed should he be compelled to lie out in the open air all night, providing he has but his pipe, tobacco, and matches, with him.

"Thank God, you have come at last!" I exclaimed, when he stuck his head in at the door.

"Oh, no fear of me," he answered. "I had pipe, tobacco, and matches with me, and that is always enough to carry me over the night."

"But how on earth was it possible for you to find your way over the fjeld, and down through the wood, so pitch dark as it is now?"

"Yes, this is how it was, you see," said Halvor. "After tumbling about a long time in the dark, I at length heard a bell, and going in the direction of the sound, I came upon a 'Bjaeldeko,' and many other cows. Now, thought I, it belongs to one or the other of the sæters, and, if I drive it, it will go direct home, so I got behind the cow with the bell, and to make sure that she should not get away from me, I took hold of her by the tail. But you can believe I fared but ill, sliding behind her down through the wooded slopes. A worse beast of a bell-cow I have never seen in all my living days. She would go through all the dirtiest holes and where the willow-bushes grew thickest, making me most wet and muddy, while the

bushes scratched me severely. But I held fast, notwithstanding, and when she came down the slope to the cattle-pen, here, I knew at last where I was, so I let the beast go."

Consequently it was the bell-cow from our own sæter which Halvor had fallen in with. The dairy-maid was as well pleased that he had been the means of bringing the cows home in the fog, when it is a difficult matter to find them, as I was at Halvor's return.

"You have my thanks for driving my cows home yesterday evening," said Ragnhild, when she brought Halvor's coffee in to him the next morning as he lay in bed.

"Oh, it was more she, though, who brought me home, than I her," remarked Halvor; "but it really was a beast of a cow to travel with!"

"You might be sure," Ragnhild said, "she would be wild, when you caught hold of her by the tail. But it was lucky for you it was my bell-cow, Kran-selin, that you owe thanks to. Had it been a 'Hauga' cow, she would have dragged you in to the 'Hauga' milkmaids, and then you would have fared far worse."

CHAPTER X.

THE ROYAL BUCK.

Sunday.—The King at Elstad.—Necessity Knows no Law.—
 Diana.—Halvor and Pan.—Variable Wind.—Easy Range.—
 Large Buck with Thirty-six Tines.—Hans Writes a Verse.

UP on the summit of Veslegraahö, a mountain visible from the sæter, on the 11th August, 1860, the second year of the reign of King Karl the fifteenth, was shot a large reindeer buck, which received the name of "The Royal Buck." It received this name for two reasons : firstly, because the King ate some of the meat ; and secondly, as it was one of the largest bucks which, in the memory of man, had been shot on the Ringebofjelds.

An examination of the almanack will show that this day was a Sunday, and it therefore cannot be denied that the Royal buck was shot on a holy day, and I have been frequently annoyed by my companions calling it the "Sunday buck."

In many people's eyes, such an act as the killing of a deer on Sunday is very serious Sabbath-breaking, but when they are acquainted with the circumstances which induced the commission of such a deed, they will perhaps admit that the matter did not admit of delay, though others may even then be of opinion

that there was no absolute necessity for the deed. However, it is more than probable that most men, had they been similarly circumstanced, would have done as I did.

In our defence, I must say that the members of our club cannot be accused of making it a rule to sport or fish on the Sabbath, as it was our universal habit never to go out on that day. Neither is it the custom for the local hunters to go in pursuit of reindeer on Sunday.

We, for our parts, had intended to pass the day in question quietly at the sæter, and, as usual, observe it as a day of rest after the fatigues of the preceding week, passing our time in reading, writing up the journal, or in arranging and setting to rights our fishing and sporting tackle. Perchance one or more of us, who had left a wife and children, a friend, or a fair lady in town or elsewhere, might write a hearty letter, redolent of the fresh air of the fjelds. Letters written at such times are, in the opinion of my comrades and myself, received and read with greater delight than other letters, even though they contain nothing but nonsensical stories of the fjeld, or ordinary twaddle. It is probable this opinion is based on the fact that everything connected with the fjeld is, of course, more interesting to us than all other matters, of whatever nature. But to resume my narrative.

The King and Queen were returning from Throndjem, where the Coronation had, as usual, been celebrated, and it had been arranged that they and their suite would dine at Elstad on the 13th August. Con-

sequently, on Saturday, the 10th, an express was dispatched by Jorgen Elstad up to Halvor and me, who were at the sæter, requesting us to procure him twenty young ryper and a "rein-steak," as otherwise he would in all probability have little else with which to regale their Majesties than fladbröd, thick milk, and dry salt meat. The ryper were not at this time protected until the 15th of August, as now.

It was, as previously stated, Saturday, and the dinner was to be prepared on Tuesday. Therefore the game must be shot on Sunday to enable us to send it on Monday down to the farm, a distance of twenty-one miles from the sæter.

Halvor and I knew, should the weather be favourable, that it would be strange if we could not get two dozen ryper by each going alone in a different direction, I with Diana, and Halvor with Pan—the latter an excellent dog, Diana's brother, which Halvor had that year borrowed from Forstmester Barth, who was away in Finmarken. But with regard to the venison it was quite another matter. We had previously gone out several times after reindeer without seeing any, and it would be an extraordinary piece of good luck to find and kill a deer when one confines himself chiefly to "ryper land," and is accompanied by an ordinary sporting dog.

However, we started off early in the morning of the eleventh. It was, as previously stated, Sunday, but it could not be helped for once. *Necessitas non habet leges.* We were loyal citizens, and their Majesties must have dinner.

Halvor went westward to Kleberbakken, intending to work in the direction of Kvien. I proceeded eastward, to shoot over the tracts by Veslegraahö. I let Hans, who accompanied me, bring my rifle with him, as I thought it was as well to be prepared, in case we were lucky enough to fall in with reindeer, as one sometimes meets with them in places where he least expects to find them.

When we had attained an altitude which enabled us to see over the moorland wastes at the foot of Hestknappen, which I proposed to shoot over first, and afterwards over a part of Veslegraahö, I proposed to my companions to rest awhile and take a little food. Besides Hans, I had with me a boy whom I intended to send back to Aasdalssæter with the ryer, as soon as I had bagged a dozen, and afterwards to go with Hans over to the Helaksæter, on the Österdal side of the mountains. But this was not to be. Before commencing work on the moors, as just said, we took a little food, and whilst sitting munching at a piece of fladbröd and meat, I took my pocket telescope to have a look in the direction of Veslegraahö. I had not even got its right focus before I perceived a reindeer buck going slowly up the slope on the north side of the mountain. In all probability this deer, or the deer—I was as yet uncertain whether there was or not more than one—had been down in the birch thickets for some time, and was now ascending the mountain to take a mid-day siesta.

“Now, Hans,” said I, “I can tell you I see deer on Veslegraahö.”

"Are there many?" he inquired.

"I cannot see more than one."

"Have you ever shot with your gun?" inquired Hans. "No, I have not as yet," I answered. I had with me that day a muzzle-loading Minie rifle. I loaded this as carefully as possible. I first flashed off a little powder, and then poured in the charge while the warm smoke was still in the barrel—a sure way of avoiding a miss-fire.

Just as we reached that part of the moor where I considered it advisable to leave Hans, the other boy, and Diana, the latter, who was fast to a cord, came across fresh "ryper spor," and stood set. It was plain enough there were ryper lying close by, but I had something else to do before I should have time to see after them. When I tugged at the cord to pull the dog back to me, she would not obey. She was certain in her own mind there were ryper close to, and consequently could not understand why I disregarded her intimation of the fact. "No, Diana," I remarked, "I have positively no time to shoot ryper; come now!" But Diana, who had not seen the reindeer, could not conceive why I wanted to leave the spot. She looked at me, wagged her tail, and then turned her head again in the direction where she well knew the birds to be, saying as plainly as possible, "Here lies a whole covey right before my nose; please let me loose, and you shall see!" "It cannot be helped," I said. "I see plainly enough what you mean, but I have no time now. I will come back by-and-bye; come now!" Diana finally laid herself flat down on the

ground, and would not quit the spot until I by threats and main strength dragged her up on to her feet again, and then she with the greatest reluctance only took one step backward, looking very crestfallen, and shook herself as though she would say: "Yes, now you can have it so. I cast all the blame from me; it is wholly and solely your own fault, even if it should happen that we go the whole day without finding another rype."

Before quitting Hans, I humoured him by putting two bullets into my double gun, which I left in his charge. "The rein might rush past here when you shoot at them," he remarked, and such an event had happened ere then.

I ascended the slope of the mountain, and cautiously peered over the edge of the declivity to look for the deer, who was lost to view after I had crossed the moor.

There was not much wind, and what little there was, was unsteady. Fortunately, it was not long before I saw the upper tines of a pair of antlers uplifted above the rocky boulders in an "Ur," five or six hundred alen from me. It was, as I wished, a single deer, and I was then certain it was a large buck, who, in all probability, would not be difficult to stalk. The animal was standing quite still, and as I had the day before me, and it was a part of the country but unfrequently visited in pursuit of reindeer, I felt tolerably safe from interruption. Hans and the little boy were expressly instructed to remain quite still until they either heard the report of my rifle, or saw me coming back.

I quickly decided in my own mind how I should try to approach nearer, and had already begun to crawl cautiously forward on all fours, when I suddenly heard two reports from a gun. It was from Halvor's double on the mountain slope, the opposite side of the valley. Luckily, owing to the direction of the wind, the reports sounded but faintly, and reindeer, as before observed, are not easily frightened by such sounds. But what I had more cause to fear would alarm the buck was a terrible howl uttered by Pan, not long after the reports, which I could hear with great distinctness. I knew well enough "what o'clock it was." In the morning Pan had plainly evinced that he would prefer accompanying me and his sister Diana to going "paa jagt" alone with Halvor, but like an obedient and well-trained dog, he followed Halvor when ordered, although it may have been not in the best of tempers, and probably indemnified himself by mischievously searching but little for game. Earlier in the day, I had seen Halvor twice attempt to correct the dog for this, but Pan, who was a very strong, large dog, had on both occasions, after the first two blows, wriggled himself out of Halvor's hand, and made his escape. This time, I afterwards heard, Halvor had found a new way of holding Pan, by gripping hold of one of his hind legs, and had hoisted him up by this, and then belaboured him in earnest. Surprised by a, to him, quite unexpected move, and thrashed more soundly than he had ever been before by another than his own master, Pan had uttered such loud howls that they could be distinctly heard over

the whole valley. Anxiously, I raised my head to see if the deer was still there. Yes, the antlers were in the same place, but there were so many times visible that they caused me to believe there must be several deer. Consequently, I redoubled my cautiousness, and, when a little nearer, I took my boots off, and quietly removed first one and then another stone out of my way, so that they should not impede me when I drew myself forward in a horizontal position. All at once there came a sudden puff of wind from behind me, and I could feel it fanning the back of my neck. I instantly lay down as flat as a cake behind a stone, intending, if possible, to try and approach the deer in a slanting direction, more against the wind, but another puff came against the other side of my neck, and I involuntarily gripped my rifle and cocked it, thinking the animal would spring up. The antlers, however, remained in the same place. They moved a little now and then, as though the buck shook his head to drive the mosquitoes and flies away. I could not, and neither did I desire to see more than the tips of his horns for the present.

About a hundred alen in advance of me lay a rather large stone. Could I reach this, I should be near enough to fire; but if, on the contrary, I was not able to do so, I should be unable to take aim at the deer, unless I rose in an upright position and instantly fired, without a rest for my rifle. This I was reluctant to do, knowing from my own experience that it is not always desirable to risk a shot in that manner, although I have shot more deer "af fri

haand" than from a rest. I was hot, thirsty, and tired, and my hands and knees were sore with crawling on all fours; but I cautiously and quietly dragged myself nearer and nearer towards the stone, which, as I approached, afforded better and better shelter. At last I lay behind it, and through an opening underneath I could see an immense pair of antlers not far from me. There was no time to be lost. I had a large buck within easy range, and I desired nothing more. I drew a couple of deep breaths, projected the muzzle of my rifle cautiously and silently over the top of the stone, raised myself up until I could see the light stripe which the reindeer has just behind the shoulder over the heart, and which is called by the peasant hunters "Skaatflekken." A bullet there is fatal to a certainty.

I was not in any humour to lie and indulge in those feelings of self-satisfaction which a reindeer-hunter feels when he, after overcoming many difficulties and much trouble, has, at last, approached within range, and has his rifle to his cheek and his finger on the trigger, certain that he will kill the animal on the spot, if there is not witchcraft at work. It should be in the mood of a lover who feels himself certain that "Yes," will be the reply to his proposal for the hand of her he loves, although he has not as yet heard the word spoken; or of a student, a candidate for honours, who, having been up for examination, has been informed that he has passed, and is waiting for his own name to be read out with the addenda *Laudabalis*.

The instant the sight came down and covered the

"Skaatflekke," I pulled the trigger, and the report echoed loudly amongst the mountains on the other side of the valley. I stooped down and reloaded as fast as possible, as a second shot might be necessary. I was unable to see the result before stooping down, on account of the smoke; but when I looked up again, there was an unusually large buck lying on his back, not more than eighty alen from me. There was only this one deer. The numerous tines on his immense horns had induced me to believe that so large a number could not belong to one alone. I was not slow in making my way to him, rifle in hand, with the hammer at full cock, but he was unable to rise again.

I do not know, even now, whether he was standing up or in a recumbent position when I fired. I had only time to bring the sight down in a line with the Skaatflekke, and pull the trigger. Owing to the shortness of the range, the bullet had struck two inches above this place, and had gone right through the heart. A splendid animal he was, and his enormous antlers had thirty-six tines. It is now preserved in the Zoological Collection at the University, but it is by no means so handsome as when the blood and flesh was within the skin. Only by the antlers is it possible to tell that it is the remains of an unusually large and exceptionally beautiful animal.

In a short time Hans and the boy came scrambling up over the loose stones which covered the declivity, breathless with their exertions. "Well done!" exclaimed Hans, when he saw the buck lying there; "I thought you must have killed, as I did not hear more

than one shot. You are lucky to have got such a big buck, and such fine horns as it has too. A finer buck I trow has not been shot before on this fjeld. Was it from that stone you shot? It was a nice range, and you aimed well. Now shall Elstad have the rein-steaks he wrote for!"

While Hans examined the buck more closely, I went over the summit of the fjeld and looked carefully round, as I was still uncertain as to whether there were not more deer in the neighbourhood. But my search was unsuccessful. An eagle flew up from the most distant peak of the mountain. It appeared to be the only company the buck had had.

We flayed the buck, and Hans then set out for the sæter after a man and horse to convey the meat down to the hut.

In the meantime I went back to the moor under Hestknappen, accompanied by the little boy and Diana. When we arrived near to the place where Diana had found ryper in the morning, she apparently remembered the spot, and started off direct to it. When we came up, she had again found ryper there, and was set. As soon as she saw me she wagged her tail a little, advanced a short distance and again stood set, unwilling to go nearer to the birds. I then went closer, and up flew a covey of ten ryper. Two fell down again instantly. Later on I found another and larger covey, and out of these two, I in one hour shot twelve ryper, all that year's birds. With these, I and the little boy returned down to the sæter, where we arrived before Halvor. In a short time he also re-

turned, bringing with him eight fjeldryper, four scov-ryper, two double snipe, and two golden plover.

"Well, you did not go to the Helaksæter, then?" he observed as we sat down outside the sæter.

"No, I thought better of it on the way," I replied.

"What have you shot?" was his next inquiry. "Nothing," I answered. "Nothing! are you mad?" said Halvor, and continued: "We will go out again directly, then; there are ryper enough up the slope. I felt certain you would not have shot less than twenty, so I did not shoot more than twelve."

"We can wait for the morning, and shoot our way down with the pack-horse," I remarked.

At that instant two men approached, accompanied by a horse bearing the venison stowed in two panniers. It had been necessary to take "Storsvarten," the strongest pack-horse which Elstad owned, to bring home the carcass of such a large deer.

Halvor, as soon as he saw the antlers above the panniers, ran off to hear who had shot a reindeer. He was unaware that I had taken a rifle with me.

"Where have you come from with the rein?" he inquired, surprised at seeing Hans come with it; "and such a big deer as it is! Who has shot it, then?"

"Oh, a man from Erdöl," said Hans, who perceived I had not told Halvor that we had shot a reindeer.

"What will the man who has shot it take for the skin and horns? I must have them for the collection," said Halvor; "but where is the man then who shot it?"

“Oh, it is all the same as though you were speaking to him,” I said. “You can have both of them for nothing.”

“No, have you shot it, then? I congratulate you! congratulate you!” exclaimed Halvor, projecting his crooked finger towards me.

Early the next morning we sent a pack-horse down to Elstad loaded with venison, fjeld and scovryper, snipe, and golden plover. Upon this occasion, Hans became poetical and attempted to compose a verse, but he could not manage more than the following two lines:—

“The best obtained on fjeld and ‘li,’*
To the King and Queen send we.”

He however was so fond of this rhyme that he hummed it to a self-made tune the whole day, until finally we were compelled to order him “to shut up.” When he could no longer sing his verse, he walked round and wrote it up with chalk in several places on the sæter walls.

* “Li,” mountain slope.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMER NIGHT BY THE LAXVAND, AND A DAY'S
FISHING IN "LAXELVEN," FINMARKEN.

The Fin and his Wife in the Foss.—Quite Alone.—Midnight Sun.—Deathlike Stillness.—Great Capture of Wild Reindeer.—The Parson and the Fin Maiden.—Good Fishing.—Mosquitoes.

UPON looking at any ordinary map of Finmarken there will be seen, midway between Karasjok and the Porsanger fjord, though a trifle nearer to the first than to the last of those places, an inland lake. This is called by the Norwegians "Laxelv-vand," and by the Fins, "Lavdnjejavre," or, in Norwegian, "Torvesjöen," or the lake amidst the pastures, and one would surmise by this name that the shores of the lake would be richer in grass than usual, but this is certainly not the case. Let the reason for this appellation be what it may, the lake is certainly remarkable for the quantity of fish it contains, and the beauty of itself and surroundings, notwithstanding it lies so far to the north. Not only in Italy is beautiful scenery to be found, but everywhere, even in the extreme north of Finmarken. Every spot has a charm peculiar to itself. The appreciation of scenery depends upon the frame of mind of the individual at the

time of, and of the selection of the most favourable period for, a visit. This is especially the case with Finmarken, where, in summer, the landscapes can be seen under every change of sunlight; rays almost tropical in intensity at mid-day, and weirdly beautiful at midnight.

A sharp promontory juts out from the shore at the north end of the lake, and from the extreme point of this a splendid view is to be had, not only of the lake at its foot, but also of the surrounding mountains, beyond which, far in the north-east, Gaggagaisa elevates its high snow-capped summit.

I remained on the end of this "naes" during the whole of one of the most beautiful summer nights it is possible to conceive. The stillness was profound, and the sun emitted both warmth and light.

I had come over from Karasjok, and, with two Fins to carry my luggage and act as guides, I had crossed over the wastes of the fjelds lying between the Karasjok valley and the valley of the Lax river. In the afternoon I had arrived at the Lax-vand, where I obtained two fresh men to row me to the end of the lake and down the river running therefrom into the Porsanger fjord. However, neither of these men was very well acquainted either with the lake or the river. The latter forms several waterfalls on its way to the sea, and one in particular is dangerous to pass, unless great care is taken to avoid an accident. At the south end of the lake lived a "Fjeldfin," who, my new men said, was well acquainted with the river. This man had personally experienced how perilous it

was to go over the worst fall, although it is only four or five alen high.

It appears, the first time he descended the river his wife accompanied him in the boat. Neither of them noticed their danger until too late, and the boat went over the fall, "plump" down into the pool below, like a balk of timber in a flooded river. Fortunately, the current quickly carried them, boat and all, into a shallow eddy, where the man got foot-hold and scrambled ashore: but, for a moment, he could not see anything of his old woman. He then dragged the boat up on land a little way, and to his great delight he perceived her clinging fast to one of the tholepins. He immediately drew her ashore, and she quickly came to herself again. What did they do then? Why they first shook themselves like two wet crows, then emptied the water out of the boat, reseated themselves therein, and in the most unconcerned manner proceeded on their way, arriving at the mouth of the river without further mishap.

It was this Fin who had so practically studied the river whom I desired my men to get to act as pilot. As neither of them knew in which hut he resided, they both went in search of him, and I was therefore left quite alone, without even a dog for company.

The weather was fine and the landscape beautiful, so the loneliness caused no depressive feeling as long as there was life round about me.

However, nine, and then ten o'clock came, without either of my men returning. Eleven o'clock, and still I could neither see nor hear anything of them. Could

they have left me in the lurch? This I knew to be impossible. A Fin may have many faults, but not one has ever been known to deceive or desert a traveller to whom he had engaged himself to act as guide.

I was quite easy upon that score, though the loneliness began to be depressive. At half-past eleven silence reigned around. The trees, shrubs, and bushes were motionless, not even a leaf stirred. The little birds had ceased their twittering; not a fish rose to disturb the mirror-like surface of the lake, and not even a mosquito was visible. I almost wished to hear the buzzing of these insects, which is generally such undesirable music, as it has to be paid for with one's blood, and I believe I would with pleasure have permitted a pair of them to have rested on my hand, sting and suck my blood as much as they pleased, only to have had their company, and been able to see some other living thing than myself. At midnight all nature, animate and inanimate, had retired to rest.

And yet the sun was above the horizon and it was as light as day, except that the shadows on the north side of the lake were somewhat darker, and the contrast caused the sunlit summit of Gaggagaisa to shine more brightly.

This sunlit, deathlike stillness caused a feeling of nervousness and melancholy to come over me, which almost caused me to think that all living things had been suddenly removed from the earth, and that I, as a punishment for my sins, was left behind alone, or, that perhaps I had omitted to follow just at the right

moment when all the others departed. What a terrible existence it would be, to be left behind quite alone in possession of all the glories of the earth!

As I lay with my eyes closed in a half-dreamy state, there came a vision of times long past, when the Fins wandered about here, independent, and sole owners of field and lake, fjeld and fjord.

Far down at the south end of the lake lies an island, whereon are found the rocky remains of ancient altars. In former times large herds of wild reindeer were found in this part of the country, and many centuries ago a large number of these animals were killed in one day, in the vicinity of this island. The reindeer were driven by the Fins, "i Klapjagt," between two rough hedges which they had constructed, over seven miles long, running parallel with each other down to the eastern shore of the lake. The deer driven between these, down to the water's edge, endeavoured to escape by swimming over the lake. Reindeer, as is well known, swim remarkably well, and are not afraid to cross rivers and lakes three or four miles broad.

But under shelter of the island lay several boats, each manned by two or more Fins, who, when the deer were about midway across the lake, broke cover and started in pursuit.

In my dream I could see the deer crowding together on the sloping shore of the lake, and rushing terrified hither and thither, encountering on the outside of both fences and at their rear, the shouting Fins. Suddenly the animals rushed into the lake, and lashed the water

into a sheet of foam, which extended far and wide ; in the midst of which could be perceived a whole forest of horns swimming towards the island. Unexpectedly the deer encountered a host of boats filled with men, and then ensued an indescribable mixtion of deer and boats, with the Fins therein spearing or lassoing the poor animals, who splashed with their forelegs in the water, and struggled to escape the fatal noose. Many succeeded, but the greatest number lost their lives, and the water was dyed with the blood of the slain.

One of the largest bucks, probably the leader of the herd, managed to land on the island. By a lasso round his high wide-spreading antlers, he towed a boat after him. In the prow thereof stood a Fin with uplifted lance preparing to throw it at the animal, but at this instant, the buck getting foothold on the shelving shore, gave a sudden tug at the lasso, and the Fin lost his equilibrium and fell into the water. He did not let go the lasso though, but let the deer tow him ashore. When the man emerged from the water, he drew himself up into his skin coat like a snail, and still allowed the buck to drag him along, dangling a short distance behind like a ball at the end of a string. He was bumped and buffeted against stumps and stones by the wild unmanageable beast, until he was breathless and severely bruised, but he held fast notwithstanding until they reached the birch-trees. Around one of these he caught a turn with the lasso and brought the buck up.

The Fin then rushed hastily towards the buck ; how-

ever, he was unable to approach the animal, who stood at bay and launched out furiously with his forelegs. The Fin at last took two steps backwards, drew his long bright knife from its sheath and flung it at the deer, whose side it entered up to the haft. As though struck by lightning, the deer stood motionless, then began to bow his head forward; the death-shivers came over him, he fell first on his foreknees and then rolled over on the ground.

The hunt is over; and there ascend towards the sky thick pillars of smoke from pagan altars, around which the hunters dance wildly.

The scene is changed. It is now many centuries later, and far into the Christian era. There are no wild reindeer to be found now. They disappeared with paganism. In their stead large herds of tame reindeer are to be seen. It is winter, and the ice lies bright on the surface of the lake. Far to the south, where the river issues therefrom, is a long strip of open water, from which clouds of vapour ascend in the winter air. A "raide," or row of reindeer harnessed to sledges, come speeding quickly over the ice. It is the parson of the district, who, with his spouse and child, are on a journey from Porsanger to Karasjok. The "raide," with a Fin in advance, now proceed slowly over the ice along the edge of the opening. Owing to its slippery surface, the reindeer find it difficult to maintain foothold. No presentiment of danger enters the minds of the travellers. It is broad daylight, and the ice is safe enough even where they are driving, although but a few fathoms

from the open water. But suddenly the snow covering the hills sloping down to the lake is swept up into whirling circles by raging violent gusts of wind. The full force of one of these squalls struck the "raide," and drove men, deer, and sledges towards the opening in the ice. The poor animals, owing to their slippery foothold, are unable to withstand the blast, and should but a single deer be driven into the water, it will assuredly drag the others after it, as they are bound together, and all will be irretrievably lost. A terrified, anxious shriek is uttered by the parson's wife, as she turns herself round in her sledge towards the next, wherein her child is lying in the arms of a Fin maiden. All appeared to be powerless with fright; even the Fin at the head of the "raide" seemed to have lost his usual presence of mind, and all would have been lost had not the Fin maiden adopted the only possible means of safety. She threw the child, who was in a cradle, from her on to the ice between the sledge and the land, drew her glittering knife from her belt, and with the strength of despair she stuck it deep into the ice and brought her sledge up as effectually as a ship would be by its last sheet-anchor. The Fin instantly did likewise, and the "raide" with the sprawling deer were brought to a standstill until the squall blew over.

The party is saved, the deer are again able to keep their feet, and the "raide" is led by the Fin off the ice on to the island. The mother, immediately upon reaching the land, embraced her child, and blessed the girl who had been the means of their salvation, whilst

the parson uplifted his hands towards Heaven, and thanked God for His gracious mercy in preserving them from destruction.

He stood on exactly the same spot where, centuries ago, the shouts of heathens, assembled around their altars, ascended to the sky.

Suddenly I awoke, just as an old cock ryper took wing close to me, giving utterance to its harsh "arr-rak-ka-ka-ka-aa," and sat himself on a knoll near the water. It was one o'clock. The sun again began to ascend, and then, as though the Great Architect of the Universe again had said, "Let there be life," all animate things began to move. When the old ryper had flown his way rejoicing, first a bird twittered here, then another there, until soon, everywhere in wood and copse was to be heard their cheerful twittering welcome to the early morning of a new day, to be passed by them in busy activity, as short must be the period devoted to rest, and early must birds of passage rise, and diligently employ their time, to enable them to accomplish all they have to do in the brief northern summer; bring their courtship to a conclusion, select their abode, build a nest, lay eggs, hatch and bring up their young, ere the storms of autumn come, and bedeck all with a white mantle of snow. Brief is the existence of the young who are not then full-grown, or strong enough to accompany the others, when they in large flocks fly wildly round above the wastes of the fields, as though bidding farewell to all known places ere they hurriedly take flight southward to milder climes.

A pointed-billed duck came forth from a little holm, where she had sought shelter during the night-time for an hour, safe from surprise by the foxes, and was followed by ten young ones, who came paddling after her, to all appearances little dots of golden wool floating lightly on the surface of the water. The mother stuck her head below the surface of the lake, arched her neck, jerked water over herself, and splashed with her wings, in this manner taking a morning bath. She afterwards arranged her feathers with her bill, and thus performed her morning toilette, whilst the young ones rose and fell on the miniature billows caused by the motions of the mother.

I had a wish to see this family a little closer to me, so I silently collected some small stones, which I cautiously threw down into the calm, still water close to the shore. These caused circles, which appeared exactly as though there was a whole shoal of fish there swarming to the surface. This soon attracted the attention of the duck, who stretched her neck in the air, and after another cast from my invisible hand, she dived and came up again close to the spot where the last stone had disappeared, evidently surprised at being unable to find any fish. The young then came fluttering over the water and rejoined their mother, and the whole family lay in a close cluster only a few alen from me. But at this moment a boat came round the nearest "næs," and with a splash the duck and her young all disappeared. At last my men had returned, bringing with them the Fin who was to act as pilot.

One of the men I had first engaged returned to his home, as I only required two, and with these I descended the river. We tracked the boat past the fall, and at its foot I resolved to pitch my tent, and try for salmon. I had asked the two Fins to bring some salt with them, and a tub or some other vessel to salt the salmon down in, and had promised them that they should have all the fish I did not require for food. They had both answered yes, but when it came to the point they had brought neither tub nor salt with them. Having never seen a fishing-rod before, or indeed any other implement for catching salmon, they were unable to perceive that I had anything with which to fish. Why, then, should they take the trouble to bring salt and a tub down the river and back again for no earthly use? Oh no, you know well enough we had better sense than that; salmon are not to be caught with bare hands!

When the tent was erected, I ordered them to make up a fire and put the pot on, so that I could quickly have some boiled fish. They obeyed, but smiled at each other, and indulged in a chuckle about my having some thin fish soup.

I then took the rod out of its bag to put it together, and when the Fins saw the first joint, they peered into the ferrule.

"Lægo bisso?" Is it a gun? asked one. "No, it is not a gun," I replied. Then I put two joints together, and it was of course double the length it was before, still with a hollow ferrule at the thin end.

“Lægo kikir ?” Is it a telescope ? asked the other Fin, thinking to be very clever. “No, it is not a telescope,” I remarked.

Ultimately, when I attached the winch to the rod, and rove the line through the rings, they both exclaimed, “Voi oaggom staggo læ !” Oh, it is a fishing-rod ! and then they could see that at any rate there was a possibility of my getting fish.

I tried first directly under the “Foss,” and then farther and farther down, but, curious to relate, I did not get a single rise, and did not see the least sign of fish.

“I am sure no salmon are to be found here,” I remarked.

“Yes, there,” answered the Fins, “there stop many salmon here in this hole ; it is the best place in the whole river, and the water boils.” The last remark alluded to the pot, which was ready for a fish. I tried several flies, and displayed—although I say it myself—an elegance and skill in the handling of my rod and line which would not have disgraced an old master, but without better luck. Finally I put on a fly which I had received from Parson B——, who had frequently fished in this river. He, shortly before his decease, gave me several flies, and said should I visit Laxelven and the salmon would not rise at any of my flies, I was to try one of his. When he died, his relatives forwarded me more of these flies, which he had left me by will.

I began over again from the place where I had first started, and after three or four casts, a tolerably heavy

fish at last sprang over the fly. I struck, and found myself fast. As soon as I began to press it a little, the fish started off, not up stream as usual, but down the river, and at such a violent rate that I, to prevent it running out all my line, was compelled to follow as fast as the rocky impedimenta would allow. At last it stopped, but I had not reeled up more than half the line out, before it again dashed off like lightning down stream. This manœuvre it repeated three times, finally halting dead beat in a deep, round pool, from which I drew it towards the land. It came tail first, the hook being fast therein. This accounted for its setting off with a strength and violence which led me to believe that I was fast in a forty-pounder at the least. One of the Fins gaffed it, and we went back to the tent. Upon my arrival, I placed my rod on one side, as though I was not going to fish more at that time.

"Will you not fish more?" the Fin inquired who was attending to the cooking, and at that moment busy cutting up the salmon.

"No," I said, "we have salmon enough for supper, and in the morning I can catch another if I like."

"Oh no, then," observed the Fin; "fish more, haul up as many as you can; we would like to have many salmon."

"Why didn't you bring the salt with you," I said, "and a tub to salt them in, as I requested you to do before we started?"

"How did we know you could catch salmon, when we did not see anything about you to catch them

with?" answered the Fins. "But will you not try once more; perhaps there are more who will bite with their tails."

"I will try and show you one that will bite in the right way," I observed, and proceeded to the river again. B—'s fly again proved irresistible, and I was soon fast in another fish, which within a quarter of an hour was so exhausted as to permit me to lead it to a convenient spot where it could be gaffed by one of the Fins.

"Cast out again," they both requested with great eagerness, "and take more; there are many salmon there yet."

"Not a fish more will I catch," said I. "We have enough now both for to-night and in the morning, and we have no salt. Why did you not do as I ordered, and bring the salt with you?"

"The salt will be here sooner than you think," observed the Fjeldfin.

"It doesn't matter," I said; "salt first, and then fish."

We sat down together, and had an excellent supper off the salmon, and afterwards a chat about fly-fishing, which was an exceedingly interesting novelty to my two men.

At eleven o'clock I got my two men to brush the mosquitoes, which were now very numerous, off me with a leafy branch before I entered my tent, and when within, I closed all the openings, and smoked the interior full of tobacco-smoke, to compel the mosquitoes therein to cling to the inside of the canvas,

and then I thrashed them to death with a bundle of birch-twigs with the leaves on. By adopting these precautions I obtained peace; and how extremely pleasant it was to lie within the tent on a bed of similar materials to my thrashing-machine, and hear the mosquitoes outside in millions buzzing and whirling as though exasperated at not being able to get within and gorge themselves with human blood! Probably they could smell blood, as through the light canvas of the tent I could see that they covered it all over, densely packed, and stuck their snouts through it; some even forced their heads right through the canvas, and remained there, struggling in vain to release themselves.

I heard the Fins outside chatting together for a little while, but I soon went off to sleep, and dreamt that I saw salmon in large shoals, swimming up the river with their tails first, springing aloft also with their tails first, and taking flies with their tails. A monster, six feet long, took my fly, and dragged me along the river's bank by the line right down to the sea. I was in utter despair, owing to my winch having become set, so that I could neither wind line in, nor let any out. However, the Fins suddenly rushed into the river, and held a tub before the fish, and caught it therein.

When I, about five o'clock in the morning, went to the tent door and looked out, I saw the "Fjeldfin" just at that moment removing a heavy load from his back, consisting of a tub, made of one half of a barrel sawn through the middle, within which was a large

skin bag full of salt. It appeared he was so satisfied by what had taken place the previous afternoon that I had the necessary implements to catch fish, that he, shortly after I had retired to rest, started off home on foot, and got out of his storehouse this tub and bag of salt. His storehouse was about seven miles off, so he had travelled fourteen miles, and half that distance with a heavy load on his back, in about four hours.

"Here is a tub, and there is salt," said the Fin. "Will you fish now?"

"Yes, now I will fish in earnest," said I, "but breakfast first." This meal was composed of boiled salmon, bread and butter, and fish soup. The liquor in which two lots of salmon have been boiled is excellent "Bouillon."*

With my pipe alight and rod in hand, I went down to the river. All things were propitious: the light was good, the water the right height, and neither too clouded nor too clear, and this day I had the best salmon-fishing I have ever had. Without exaggeration, I caught altogether ten fish, great and small, the largest weighing twenty-eight and a half pounds, and the smallest over six pounds. It was a fatiguing day's work, and frequently I was so tired after a half to three-quarters of an hour's fight, that I, when the Fins had landed the fish, was fain to cast myself down on the ground by the side of the river, and rest.

I was able to use any flies I pleased that morning,

* From which the Lord preserve us! the translator takes the liberty to observe.

as the fish were as gluttonous then as they were dainty the day before, and they continued to rise as greedily during the afternoon as they had done in the morning, right up to eleven o'clock at night, when the last of the ten was landed. The tub was full up, I quite tired out, and the Fins immensely pleased.

CHAPTER XII.

FISHING EXCURSION TO VINSTERVANDENE.

Otter-Fishing.—Bygdin.—Iva Nistuen.—Waterfalls.—Hinögla.—
Different Kinds of Pools.—Approaching Pools.—Various
Artifices.—Trout, Staked.—Flysæter.—The Aakre Fishing
Hut.—The Bear under the Fall.

ONE of the best fishing-places on the high fjelds is the chain of lakes known as “Vinstervandene,” in Valdres. At all events, this was the case some years since, but as that abominable instrument the otter-board has come into almost universal use, it is possible that even these lakes are ruined to such an extent by this pernicious mode of fishing, that a fish is not to be caught there now with a rod in a gentlemanly style, except by mere chance. However, when some members of our sporting club visited these waters for the first time, a few years back, fly-fishing there was still in its infancy, and the devilish otter unknown, except to the members of the party, who scorned to make use of an implement which requires neither caution, a practised hand and eye, nor still less any study in its use. Fishing with an otter can no more be called sport than could the destruction of reindeer and ryper by means of a mitrailleuse.

Was this instrument—the otter—used by experienced fishermen alone, the mischief wrought might

not be so great; but every bungler, every peasant boy, can construct one, and procure a line and some rude flies on inferior gut from the country store-keepers, and therewith, early and late, sweep the surface of the water in all directions. It is very possible that nearly as many fish as are secured with these cheap flies break the inferior gut with which they are attached to the otter line, and make their escape with a hook and a length of this gut in their mouths, give up the ghost afterwards, and rot in the water.

On the other hand, when fishing with a rod, one is far more particular in the selection of his flies and gut, and only good flies, attached to sound gut, which will last a long time ere it is worn out, are used, and these are replaced with new as soon as any weakness is perceptible.

The injurious effect of otter-fishing has become so manifest in several places, that in some parishes the use of it is forbidden. It is very desirable that this prohibition should be extended over the whole country.

Vinstervandene are a continuous chain of lakes connected with Bygdin, another lake farther west. On the shore, at the upper end of the latter, the Norwegian Tourist Club has erected a small house for the accommodation of tourists. This lake is also abundantly stocked with fish, but is not adapted for fly-fishing, the water being too deep along the shores, and also too cold from the influx from the glaciers. Neither is it adapted for the use of nets, or seines, and consequently but little fishing takes place therein. That the lake contains numerous and large fish is evident

from the fact that at the west, or upper end, there is a large stretch of gently shelving shore, where frequently, during the spawning season, in the autumn, the fish can, in clear weather, be seen packed so closely together side by side in a large shoal as to appear as though a dense cloud cast its shadow over the light-coloured bottom of the lake. It is owing to little or no fishing being carried on in Bygdin, and the fish being left to multiply in peace, that fish are abundant in the chain of lakes connected therewith to the eastward, which are restocked by fish being carried into them by the overflow from this lake.

By the Amtkart it will be seen that Vinstervandene are five lakes, named respectively Strömvand, Sandvand, Buvand, Kalfjord, and Öivand. The four last named, and the streams connecting them, especially Bjönhölene, are the best adapted for fly-fishing, and the best time for fishing therein is from the middle of July to the middle of August. Of the lakes themselves, Kalfjord is the best for this kind of fishing, being shallow enough all over to allow of a fly cast anywhere being seen by the fish.

Vinstervandene can, if desired, be reached by passing through Valdres, and ascending "tilfjelds" from Vestre Slidre. I and my companions, however, selected the route up the Mjösen to Lillehammer. From there it is possible to go either over Brunlaug Bridge to the Espedal, and ascend to the fjelds from that valley, or up the Guldbrandsdal to Holmen, then across the Laagen, and thence up through Kvikne to Skabo. At the latter place there is no difficulty in obtaining

guides well acquainted with the locality, as several men reside there who are in the habit of fishing the Öivand, which belongs to the Guldbrandsdal.

Several years ago I went in advance of my companions up to Fosse, one of the outermost farms in Skabo, and was so fortunate as to engage as guide Iva Nistuen (Ned i Stuen), Skabo. He was both a reindeer and bear-hunter and fisherman, and was accordingly well acquainted with the fjelds, and also the fishable waters. His remuneration was to be one shilling and fourpence per day for himself, and five-pence for each whole, and half that amount for each half day on which I made use of his horse. Men and horses were to be obtained at a reasonable rate then, but now three times that amount has to be paid, and one has to be thankful into the bargain should he get a competent man to accompany him.

At Fosse, where the people were very friendly and obliging in all ways, I stayed a day to fish the Vinster river. I, however, soon found that the river below Kumsfossen was not worth fishing, there being only small trout to be found therein. But above the fall, in a lake called Olstappen, particularly where the Hinögla and Vinster rivers fall in, there is excellent fly-fishing. Trout are to be caught there over four pounds in weight.

The next day, Iva and I, with his farm-boy and Diana, started from Fosse, and proceeded, *viâ* Kamp-sæter, Holsaasæter, and Hovdesæter, on to Hinöglesæter. We selected this route as I at first intended making an excursion to the Heimdalsvand.

The shortest way from Skabo to Vinstervandene is, however, past the Finböle and Hölsæters.

When we came to the bridge over the Hinögla, a river issuing from the Heimdalsvand, we halted, and removing our luggage and the pack-saddle from the horse, permitted him to graze. The river here is almost everything that a fly-fisher can desire, and was so exceedingly inviting that I could not withstand the temptation to try and see whether the fish ran large. The whole way from the bridge right down to the lake the river winds about, and forms those large, long, and deep pools, or holes, which are so gratifying to the experienced angler.

Round holes under steep waterfalls, wherein the water eddies in circles, do not usually hold either so many or such large fish as one might think. Probably this is owing to the confused state of the water, wherein the fish cannot settle themselves comfortably, or each select and occupy its respective place at pleasure, but large and small are brought in contact, the latter being chased or devoured by the former. The constant swift circular current also renders it difficult for the fish to see and catch whatever food is kept whirling round in these places. Those deep holes, on the contrary, which commence at the foot of a fall and stretch away at some length, and where the water can flow steadily downwards, are usually tolerably well stocked. The most and largest fish are found though in pools of some length, with deep water on one side under a precipitous grass bank or steep overhanging crag, and the bank the other side a

gentle slope with a clean pebbly beach. Herein can every fish select an abiding-place or "observation-spot," and to these they invariably return after making a spring to the surface, or a dart to the side, in pursuit of any food which may come flying or drifting down. Sometimes two fish are after the same object at once, and an unlucky chase it frequently proves to the smaller, should the larger, as often happens, turn upon and seize it as well as its destined prey. But in pools of the last-mentioned description it is easy for the smaller fish to save themselves by flight into the shallow water, and when the danger is over return to their places. Usually, the largest fish lie at the upper ends of the pools and rapids, becoming smaller and smaller as the lower end of the former and the tails of the latter are reached, although right at the lower end of these pools, where the river usually narrows somewhat, previous to forming a foaming rapid, there is in general a single large fish. There are also always a great many fish at the outlet of every lake, or where rivers flow therefrom, and in such places the current is usually so strong that the water is nearly always as bright as a mirror.

In those deep parts of a river where it flows quietly along there are always fish, but in such places they are neither so large nor numerous as in long pools with a deep swift current.

Just below the bridge was a pool of the "first quality." One must not imagine that it is a very simple thing to go to such a place and fish it properly.

It is not sufficient to have purchased a good rod, fine lines, and many flies, or that you can cast lightly a good length of line. To catch the largest and many fish from the same pool, it is necessary to first study the locality, and then proceed to work in a rational manner.

Most anglers, not to mention those who use worms for bait, frequently go straight down to the margin of the water and begin to flog away as though fish can neither see nor hear, or are the least shy. The mode to be adopted is quite the reverse. Would you see fish, you must not let them see you ! And if you are desirous to catch the largest, let them see the fly ere they see anything else ! No doubt any bungler can catch a quantity of fish in a river which has not theretofore been fished over with flies; but if the water is properly clear, and has been previously fished in that manner, he may go up and down and flog away without seeing more than one or two small trout about the length of one's finger.

A bungler is far more likely to be successful with worms, even should he go straight down to the water's edge and frighten the nearest fish away, providing he has sufficient sense and patience to remain standing, sitting, or lying still for some time on the same spot, as the fish, becoming accustomed to his presence, will return. This bait is to be preferred by all anglers in muddy water, or when a river is on the rise and the water discoloured.

Fish can see extremely well, and, in clear rivers with light sandy bottoms, or in the still running pools

before described, are remarkably shy, and the larger the shier. Owing to its being far more difficult to see from the air down into the water than *vice versâ*, fish are more frequently scared away than people are aware of. But to go directly down to the margin of a clear pool, or any place whatever containing fish, is on a par with marching openly over an open space direct towards a tree whereon birds are sitting; these, perhaps, may be so tame as to permit the gunner to approach within shot, but under ordinary circumstances it is advisable to advance as much under cover as possible. When a fish frightened away from its regular quarters does not take itself entirely off, but remains in the neighbourhood, it will not rise at any fly, artificial or natural, until it returns to the spot where it is accustomed to watch for food.

Inexperienced fly-fishers, and most of the boys in the country districts, seldom fish much before the dusk of the evening and during the night, when it is not so easy for the fish to detect the nature of their flies, or observe the fishermen.

The skilful angler carefully studies the nature of the river and its banks, and selects the pool most likely to hold fish before commencing operations, and considerable pleasure is to be derived from fishing one of these pools in the way that it should be.

Practice soon enables the angler to tell at a glance the particular hole or rapid which contains fish, without seeing the fish therein or even a rise at a fly, in the same way as both sportsmen and dogs soon learn where to search for different kinds of game.

It is often amusing to see how many anglers cast their flies into pools and places where an expert would not wet a line, and omit to try those places which are most likely to hold fish—in fact, fishing at haphazard.

Usually it is best to begin from above and fish down stream, for this reason: the largest fish, as before stated, generally stay at the upper end of the pools.

The angler should always approach these pools with the assumption that fish are not blind, and can see him with ease, and he should overhaul his line previous to advancing towards the water, so as to be able to make a cast, when at a distance of from sixteen to twenty feet from the water's edge, over the upper part of the pool, before approaching nearer.

I have frequently made my first cast, sheltered behind a tree or rock, at the upper end of a pool just under a rapid, and in the shallow water close under the bank caught a finer fish than any I afterwards caught in the same pool. Had any one gone openly right down to the margin, and, as usual, begun with a great length of line, not only would this one have been frightened off, but also others would have been driven away. And in rivers which are frequently visited by fly-fishers fish become so shy, that for a long time after their fright they will not venture to rise.

A pool or rapid can be fished with greater or less economy. By fishing down stream, fish are to be taken one after another, as berries are gathered from a moor, or the fly may be quickly cast over the most likely places, as when one traverses a moor and at

first only gathers the best and ripest berries, but becomes less particular as he proceeds.

One thing, though, which ought always to be observed, if one would not lose the greater part of the fish in a pool, is, as soon as a fish too large to be whipped ashore at once is hooked, to get it up stream to that part previously fished and play it there, otherwise, should it be suffered to go down stream it will give such an alarm by its desperate exertions, splashing on the surface of the water and springing into the air, as to disturb and frighten the others, who, as yet, have not discovered how dangerous it is to take into their mouth an artificial instead of a natural fly. That part of the *Hinögla* which I saw during my tour was admirably adapted for the exercise of the niceties of the art of fly-fishing. In most places it was not more than fifteen, twenty, and thirty alen broad, so that with a sixteen-feet rod it was easy to fish the pools all over, and also those parts of the river near the opposite bank where the water ran deep.

I had already obtained six or eight trout, one over three pounds, when I, from under some huge precipitous blocks of stone on the further side of the pool, saw a large trout show its tawny side as it rose short at my fly; I accordingly made another cast, and the fish rose again, but evidently more in play than in search of food, as it only splashed water over the presumptuous fly with its tail. Trout sometimes make themselves certain of a fly by wetting it in this manner and thus rendering it incapable of flight. I cast a third time, drawing my fly close into the bank

a little way below me, hoping by this artifice to tempt the fish, as it frequently happens that trout when loth to bite, will follow after a fly quite close to the shore, and seize it at the last moment, when, in the opinion of the fish, it is on the point of escaping on land. But my artifice was unsuccessful.

"That was a fine fish," said Iva; "quick and fling out again!"

"No, Iva," said I, "it is no use trying any more now; when the fish did not take the fly the third time, it will not take it now if I hold it there a whole hour. But it is a fine fish, so we will take a sensible pipe of tobacco and wait a quarter of an hour, and then it may possibly happen that we shall see it again when it has come back and is quietly at rest in its old place where it rose the first time."

"Oh yes, you have taken in trout before this, and it is not the first time you have been fishing, I think. You will catch plenty of fish when we come to Vinster and Kalfjord," remarked Iva.

After the interval of time mentioned, I tried as fine and light a cast as possible over the spot where the fish first rose. I naturally expected to see it rise to the surface. But, no thank you, not a fin showed itself. Perhaps, though, I shall tempt you for all that, I thought, and since you still lie under a steep rock from which insects have often rolled down, which you have snapt ere now, you will shortly see a right dainty fly fall down into the water from it again. I put on a fresh fly and cast it in such a manner up against the perpendicular wall of rock that it re-

bounded therefrom and fell so naturally plump into the water that it appeared exactly as though a real fly had rolled down from the top. This artifice, which may frequently be profitably adopted by those who can cast tolerably well, was luckily successful. The trout, completely duped, seized the fly the instant it touched the water with a bold snap and was fast. Its movements, rushing hither and thither in the water, and splashing on the surface, not only increased the eagerness of Iva to use the landing-net, but also attracted the attention of Diana. She had not hitherto that day taken any interest in my proceedings, but had been walking about or sitting down near me, gaping as though weary for want of employment. But ever after this she would watch my fishing operations with evident pleasure and prick up her ears when a fish rose. When I ultimately led this trout, slowly rolling about in the water, towards the bank, Diana was as eager to take it with her teeth as Iva was with the landing-net. After Iva had taken out the hook, he cast the fish on the ground, where it lay floundering about, and Diana attempted to bring it to me, but she instantly dropped it again when the fish struck out with its tail and gave her a slap on the ear. Diana shook her head as though not liking the taste of fish-skin, and after another attempt to seize the fish by its head, which resulted in another flick with its tail, she gave vent to a loud bark at the trout, so Iva gave the fish a slash across the neck with his knife, and hung it to the bunch with the others. It weighed nearly four pounds.

Before I began fishing, Iva, after removing the pack-saddle, had hobbled the horse and turned it loose to graze, with a bell attached to its neck to announce its whereabouts. But now, as we could hear nothing of the bell, we started the boy to look after the animal. He, however, quickly returned with the intelligence that it must have broken the twisted birch-twig hobbles, and started back homewards. There we stood alone with our luggage.

So we made up a fire on a pleasant little sandbank near the river, and roasted a trout on a stake over the red-hot embers. Many people like trout cooked this way better than when boiled, as the fish loses none of its juice and flavour. The mode of proceeding is very simple, and as follows:—Cut a small stake four feet long, scrape it and point it at both ends. Cleanse the fish by opening it in the ordinary way, cut off the head, and after washing well the inside of the fish, cut a long slit *inside* along one side of, and the whole length of the spine, but not through the fish, as the object of this slit is that the fish may be opened more and the salt better rubbed in. Then cut a small hole near the tail, in which place the pointed end of the upper part of the stake, and run it along the spine on the reverse side to the slit. The fish is then fast to one end of the stake. Sprinkle a little salt in the belly, and place some butter therein also, if any is to be had; and then fix the stake in a slanting position, with the fish over the embers, by sticking the other end into the ground, or, if unable to do this and unwilling to hold it in hand, shore it

up by piling stones round the lower end of the stake, so that the back of the fish is lowest and nearest to the embers, that the butter and salt within, when they melt, may run into the slit and penetrate into the thick fleshy back without running over. After the back part is thoroughly cooked, turn the fish, keeping the tail downwards, and this must be repeated as frequently as occasion requires until every part is cooked to a turn. This, over good red-hot embers, will be in fifteen or twenty minutes. Try it in town with a mountain-lake or stream trout about two pounds in weight, and perchance you will find it even tastes better than one boiled immediately it is caught. Iva and I certainly found that ours tasted excellent.

Taking with us a little of our luggage and our bunch of fish, Iva and I proceeded on our way to Hinøglesæter. We left the remainder of our luggage where it lay, and sent the boy back to the farm for another horse, with instructions to pick it up on his way, and come on to us at the sæter. He, however, did not arrive at Hinøglesæter before noon on the following day, and his late arrival prevented us getting any further that day than the Aakrevand. In fact, we did not intend going beyond the Flysæter, where we arrived after dark, in wretched wet weather. But the girls there were extremely unwilling to give us lodgings, and were as cross and inhospitable at this place as the people at the Hinøglesæter were willing and obliging. It appeared that the people at the last-named sæter were inhabitants of the district,

whilst at the former they were people from a distance, who were in the habit sometimes of hiring a sæter in this part.

To my inquiry as to whether I could stop at the Flysæter during the night, as it was late and the weather bad, and have the use of a bed-place there, the milkmaid answered, "Bed-places in plenty you can have, but no coverings." When we went inside, we found they would not even sell us a quarter of a pound of butter or any milk; so we resolved to take ourselves off again, and go over to the Aakrevand, an English mile off, where we should find a fishing-hut, whose occupants, by Iva's account, would be well-disposed towards us. We reached this hut late at night, soaked through. And a dreadful night it was, raining, thundering, and lighting, as though heaven and earth were passing away! In this little hut—the interior was only about ten feet square—lived two poor fellows who had come up there to fish in company.

When the poor peasants, as frequently happens, cannot get any more work to do at the farms, they are in the habit, during the summer, of starting to some mountain-lake or other, and staying there a couple of months fishing. Usually two go together for companionship, as the huts commonly stand alone in the most remote places, or else one man takes a little boy with him, partly for company and partly to assist with the nets and lines. They lead then an easy, pleasant life, making excursions during fine weather in search of reindeer, should one of them chance to have a rifle up at the hut; or perchance the

hut may be so situated that it is not necessary to go far to find reindeer, as in some places deer are occasionally seen in the immediate vicinity, and even shot from the doors of these huts.

Some old fellows come up to these mountain-lakes and fish, not so much for gain as for pastime, and are so well off that they usually have nothing to call them down to the inhabited district but to hear the news and have a gossip.

We thundered at the door of the hut to awaken the inmates, who must have been retired to rest some time, and I expected no other than to see two cross faces appear, on account of being disturbed so late at night; but two more hospitable, obliging, and good-natured old men than then appeared, clad only in their shirts, I never before or since met with.

“Good evening,” said we.

“Good evening again,” they answered. “Strangers travelling?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Can I have shelter here to-night?”

“Yes, you may be certain of that,” they both answered with the most hearty good-will.

“Please to come in. You are well soaked; such weather you have had! Make up a fire on the hearth, you, Ola, so that the strangers can dry themselves, while I get some coffee under way.”

“Where have you come from?”

“Oh, we came last from Flysæter,” I answered; “but the milkmaid there was reluctant to give us lodgings, and would not sell us anything.”

“Oh, yes; they are strangers there at that sæter,” our hosts explained; “they are not from our part of the country, and perhaps the girls are not allowed to sell anything; but shelter they could have given you anyhow. We have not got much room here, in this small hut, but you are welcome, and we will make you as comfortable as we can.”

We soon had a fire, and dried ourselves while they cooked us some fish and fish soup, Diana being regaled with some cold oatmeal porridge.

Such fishing-huts are found in countless numbers scattered about on the high fjelds; one or more being found near every fishable lake. They are usually built partly of stone and partly of wood, and contain nothing but a bed-place, a hearth, a table, a long form, a stool, and a shelf. There is a window sometimes, but not always.

In the one we were at we found only a single bed-place, and I therefore made use of the table as a substitute for another. This consisted of a single, enormously broad plank, supported by very low legs, and had, fortunately, a large hollow lengthways along the middle, so that it was not so ill adapted for use as a bedstead, especially, as a general rule, one sleeps so soundly and well after the fatigues of the day, that he lies upon the same side when he awakes as when he lay down, not having had to turn and twist a score of times before falling asleep. Therefore the danger of rolling off a table when “tilfjelds” is not greater than the risk of rolling out of bed when in town. lva

and Diana took up their quarters together on the bare floor.

These fishing-huts are not by any means the most uncomfortable places on the fjelds wherein human beings live. There are three kinds of shelters which are usually far worse, viz., shooting-huts, drovers' huts, and shepherds' huts. The two latter are the worst, being run up hastily, here and there, in places where it is intended to pasture a drove of cattle, or a flock of sheep, for a single summer, in such a manner as to take advantage of any convenient hollow under an overhanging crag, or a concavity in a precipitous wall of rock; rough walls of stone and turf being run up on one or two sides, so that the wind and rain are in some measure excluded. Of course such a hole is not wind-tight, being what we townsfolk call draughty, and not the less so, owing to the frequent absence of a door, or anything with which to close the small opening through which the occupants creep in. Naturally, no wooden bunk or bed-place is to be found, only a quantity of reindeer moss raked up in one corner, to serve as mattress, whereon the occupants lie with their clothes on under a skin covering. Usually the opposite corner is occupied by a rudely-fashioned fireplace, with a hole in the roof to serve as chimney, and through which, in favourable weather, a part of the smoke escapes, the remainder doing so through the doorway.

The rudest of all, however, are the huts erected as a shelter for those in charge of flocks of sheep. Those to whom the care of the flocks are entrusted are mostly

females, generally the poorest in the parish, and not unfrequently some poor fellow's widow, who, unable to obtain better employment, is compelled to undertake this hard work, sometimes for two months at a stretch, with a poor little child with her, and they have to lie in one of these holes, night and day, whether it rains, snows, or blows. The only clothing possessed by them when they start to the mountains, in charge of from one to two thousand sheep, is frequently only a few things tied up in a bundle, carried in their hands. It is customary, however, to pay them in advance, out of their summer's pay, the sum of a halfpenny per sheep.

We were confined two days to the hut on the Aakrevand by a terrific downpour of rain. Rivers and lakes rose higher than had ever been known before in the memory of man; and after the rain abated, owing to the flooded state of the waters, it was useless to attempt to fish with any kind of tackle, the fish being surfeited with food. Even nets could not be used, as they would have been quickly clogged with the drifting rubbish. We whiled away the time as well as we could, Iva narrating a great many of his adventures when reindeer and bear-hunting. One of the last, which was fresh in his memory, happened close by, or rather in the Hinögla, where I fished on the way up, as previously stated.

Iva had been reindeer-hunting on Heimdalshö, and was on his way home. He had just loosed his dog from its leash, there being no longer any likelihood of coming across "renslag." However, as soon as the

dog ran a little distance ahead, it began to give tongue, and advanced threateningly to the border of a dense thicket between some huge blocks of stone, behaving as though some dangerous animal was therein. Iva sprang forward, and it was not surprising that he became a little nervous when he saw a bear moving about between the trunks of the birch-trees.

When the dog approached the bear, the latter sat up on his haunches, and struck at its assailant with its fore paws. Iva took his rifle from its cover in a trice, and waited until he could get a good chance to fire. The bear, though, kept retiring, but every few steps was compelled by the dog to halt on its haunches again. The bear, evidently, was not actually afraid of the dog, but was vexed and annoyed at being disturbed and plagued by it. Just as the two animals approached an opening out of the thicket, the bear at last attacked the dog in earnest, and tried to drive him off, before springing out into the open; but at this instant the bear became aware of Iva's presence, and, anticipating a serious fight, stood up on his hind legs. Now was Iva's opportunity, and he sent a bullet between the brute's fore legs into its chest. The bear fell backwards, but, recovering himself, he regained his footing and started off. Iva loaded and followed. The bear, pursued by the dog, made towards the Hinögla, and halted near the river. When Iva came up he was sitting on his haunches close to the water's edge, just above, but with his back to, a brawling waterfall and his front to the dog, who was barking before him. The brute probably was unwilling to

attempt to swim over the river, which was, just at that spot, difficult to cross, being both rapid and deep. But upon Iva approaching and placing his rifle to his shoulder, the bear took to the water. The animal then either felt the effect of the bullet he had previously received, the loss of blood causing weakness, or the current was too strong for him, as, whichever it was, he was unable to cross the river and was carried over the fall. Under this was a round deep pool, with steep rocky sides, wherein the water swirled round as though boiling in a pot. When Iva came to the spot and from above looked down, he saw the bear twirling round in the pool, unable to make an immediate attempt to get ashore. Iva then took a good large stone and threw it down on the bear, just as he was swept by the eddy directly under Iva's feet, and struck the animal on the neck. The bear ducked under, and when he rose did not seem in the least stunned or giddy, although the stone had struck with such force as to cut off a piece of skin and leave a white place, but swam over to the opposite shore and placed his fore paws upon a rock. Tired and exhausted, he paused a moment in this position, giving Iva time to put a bullet in his neck just in the white spot caused by the stone, which formed an excellent bull's-eye for Iva to aim at.

The bear rolled back into the river stone dead, and floated a short distance down stream, where Iva dragged the body ashore.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HEIMDAL.

Svend Bjölstad.—Old Families.—“Riddersprangët.”—Reindeer-hunting in Olden Times. — “Svartegrav.” — Entrapped Reindeer.—“Svend and Valderson.”—The Osprey.

THE third day after our arrival at the hut at Aakrevand, the weather set in fine again, so we proceeded up the Heimdal to the farther end, where we obtained good accommodation at a hut owned by a worthy old man, a reindeer-hunter, named Svend Bjölstad, from Hedalen. He, however, I have reason to believe, went to America several years ago.

Though Svend was even then an old grey-haired man, he was still as active as any. He was full six feet high, and must in his prime have been an unusually strong and active man. His aspect was noble, and there was in his whole mien a certain quiet dignity, and an air of superiority as compared with the other peasants with whom I have consorted during my excursions.

I did not know at the time that he was the owner of the farm of Bjölstad, also a descendant of an old and distinguished family, and that his forefathers had owned and resided at this farm for about seven hundred years.

In King Sverre's time there were, as is well known, three noble families in Vaage parish, viz., Eldjarn, at Valdbjörk; Bratt, at Bjölstad; and Gjæsling, at Sandbo (really Sundbu). The most influential families in that parish at the present time are descendants from these. The Bratts, at Bjölstad, and Eldjarns, must in olden times have been tall, powerful men, to judge by their armour, which is still to be seen, and the physique of their posterity, who reside at the farms of Bjölstad, Haagenstad, Tolstad, Lower Kvarberg, and Tofte, in Læssö. The Gjæslings, at Sandbo, on the contrary, were a short, but strong, thick-set race.

The Heimdal has a history of its own.

The Heimdalsvand and the land around, a tract over sixty English square miles in extent, belonged to the farm of Sandbo for centuries, in fact, nearly as far back as the history of the old and powerful family who owned it extends. One of their ancestors, Iver Gæsling, received the property from King Sverre by a deed of gift, and this deed was confirmed by the succeeding kings up to Christian V.

But before the Heimdal was attached to the farm of Sandbo, the manorial rights of hunting, fishing, and pasture there belonged to the family of a Knight in Valders, and the legend of "Ridderspranget" (the Knight's Leap) narrates how it happened that the Heimdal became the property of the Gjæslings.

There was a Knight in Valders who for a long time had been at feud with the Knight at Sandbo. Once, the first-mentioned Knight took advantage of the absence of the latter from his home to come, accom-

panied with his vassals, across the mountains down to Sandbo, and burnt the farm-buildings. The owner, upon his arrival home shortly after, immediately collected a large number of men, and set off in pursuit. The incendiary party, headed by the Knight of Valders, took up their quarters for the night at a sæter named the Fuglesæter, and placed sentinels around to guard against surprise. The pursuing party rode the whole night through, and arrived in the neighbourhood of the sæter towards dawn. The Knight from Sandbo halted his men in a birch thicket, and ordered them to cut down small trees, and advance holding these before themselves and horses. The sentinels on watch did not at first perceive their advance, but ultimately noticing a birch wood moving towards them, they gave the alarm. However, it was then too late. The Sandbo party fell upon the party from Valders, and cut the latter up so completely that all were left upon the field, except the Knight of Valders and his Esquire, who mounted their horses and fled. They already in their own minds believed that they had made good their escape, when they unexpectedly came upon the river Sjoa, rushing impetuously through a narrow rocky gorge. Although at the spot where the Knight and his Esquire were brought up the chasm was not more than six feet wide, the rocky side opposite was considerably higher than the side upon which they stood, and quite smooth, rendering it almost an impossibility for a man to spring over the foaming river from the lower side. Their pursuing foes were close at hand, and seeing no other chance of safety, the

Knight jumped from his horse, and, dressed in full armour, sprang over the chasm. He succeeded in making good his footing on the opposite side, and the abyss even to this day is called "Ridderspranget." The Esquire sprang after, but fell back, and was swept away by the foaming waters—a terrible warning against any thereafter attempting the feat. The Knight of Valders made good his escape, but was compelled afterwards to cede the Heimdalsvand to the Gjæslings. It was from that time until a few years ago attached to the farm of Sandbo, when, after being the property of the owners of that farm for seven hundred years, it was, with shame be it said, sold dirt-cheap to an Englishman for a few hundred dollars.

That the sport on the Heimdalsfjelds in olden times was far superior to what is to be had there now, and that reindeer were far more numerous, is evident from the writings of Schöning, who, in his description of north Guldbrandsdal, in the year 1775, states "that Heimdalen is remarkable for the richness of the pastures among its mountains, and the best reindeer-hunting."

In the autumn, he further says, at the beginning of the rutting season, the reindeer collect there in large herds, containing two, three, and four thousand in a single herd, and that a hunter in a day can shoot twenty or more.

This was done in the following manner. Each herd has for its leader a buck who has achieved the supremacy by defeating in battle all the other bucks, who remain in such fear of their conqueror afterwards, that

they fly out of his way should he only snort, or blow through his nose. These leaders are called "Hallsbukken," or "Hallaren." This Hallsbuck the hunter seeks first and foremost to slay, as the other bucks, often to the number of a hundred, following at a respectful distance the female herd, as soon as they discover the absence of the leader, select a field of battle, and fall to and fight amongst themselves to settle who shall take the deceased's place as leader. In the meantime, the hunters fire into the crowd, and kill as many as possible. The herd, terrified by this onslaught, start off, but only a short distance, where they again stand still waiting for the bucks, who are too busily engaged to care for anything at the moment but fighting, victory, and the prize. The hunters follow the herd each time it shifts, and fire into the midst of the hinds as they stand huddled together, and this is continued until one of the bucks is victorious, and with heroic and haughty mien assumes the command, and leads the remainder of the herd off out of danger.

Both in the Heimdalsvand itself, and in the river flowing therefrom, the Hinöglä, the fly-fishing is excellent. The trout attain a weight of six pounds, and, especially in the lake, are as fat and rich as the fattest summer herrings. But it is useless to speak further about fishing there, as it is now, as before stated, unfortunately the property of an Englishman.

Svend was one of the old noble reindeer-hunters, now fast disappearing, who, after the days of their youth were past, always shot bucks only, and let the hinds go in peace. He had shot many hundreds of

deer in his time, but had never demeaned himself by shooting at hap-hazard into a herd.

Svend fired only when he had stalked within easy range, and was sure of slaying a single deer. He was also one of those who preferred flint locks to the more modern percussion ones, and asserted that he once tried a rifle with the latter form of ignition, but found that the old flint rifle took more powder and shot straighter.

I asked him if he would not one day during my stay go with me after reindeer up on Graahö, or Heimdalshö, where he was as much at home as at his farm in the valley. To this he was not unwilling, but insisted that I should first fire at a mark with his old flint rifle.

I expressed my opinion that this was unnecessary, as I was certain I could hit with my own Kongsberg rifle, should I get within range.

"Yes, that is all well enough," said Svend; "but you can try a shot out of mine, all the same."

"Oh yes, as you insist upon it I will; I shall make a noise if I don't hit," I remarked.

"Yes, but you must hold it as straight as you can; my rifle is true if you only hold it straight," said Svend.

He got a clump of turf and placed it on a field of snow about one hundred and twenty alen from where I stood. I lay down and fired, the bullet knocking a piece away from the turf.

"Ha!" exclaimed Svend, "well done; you are the man to shoot. I will go with you to the fjeld one day,

and see whether I cannot bring you on to some deer. But you must shoot with my rifle."

Svend, it was evident, had determined to satisfy himself as to whether I knew how to use a rifle before he would consent to go with me "tilfjelds." He told Iva "he thought that those townsmen were no good with a rifle, and that it would be no use to take them near deer."

The next day was appointed by him for our reindeer-stalking excursion; and, by his advice, the following morning we took a boat and rowed obliquely across the lake to the Skedöla river, where we commenced our ascent in the direction of Graahö. Svend, however, predicted rain before the day was over, "because," said he, "when the sun glistens on the stones lying on the slopes of the fjeld there is sure to be rain."

"You have shot a great many deer in your time, Svend," I observed on the way up the declivity.

"Ah yes," he replied. "Although I have kept no account, I know that I have shot many hundreds. Yes, and all bucks."

"I have heard tell of a man belonging to Lom who once shot four deer at one shot. Can it be true?"

"Yes, it can be true enough," Svend replied, "as I once myself shot four at one shot. I had gone up on to Heimdalshö, and from there I saw a herd close to a little stream which ran below. I got as close to them as I could; but as I thought them too far off to fire, and as they were grazing towards me, I thought I'd wait. So I lay down under cover of a large stone,

and kept quiet until they approached within eighty paces of me, when it happened six or seven went down to the stream to drink, standing, as some were destined to die, side by side. I aimed at the shoulder of the one closest to me, and on the report, two fell instantly, one sprang over the brook, but fell down on the other side, and the fourth went with the herd a short distance, but soon lay down, and I finished it with another bullet. But it is not every rifle which will shoot as sharp as mine. It takes a charge of at least four bulletmoulds-full of powder, and the bullet is not so large either."

"What is the greatest number of reindeer you have shot in one day?"

"The most I have shot by myself in one day is four deer, all bucks; that is when I do not reckon the fourteen killed in one day by me and a man from Valders."

"How was that?"

"Oh, it was bad work. You know there are places on the fjeld so surrounded with steep walls of rock with only one inlet, so that, when the reindeer go in, they must come out the same way. There is one such place here on Graahö, called the Svartegrav—it is marked on your chart—but this is not so bad as some. At the end of Memurutangjen and Gjendinstunga (two of the Jotun Mountains, the former upwards of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea), there is such a place bounded by sheer walls of rock. Should a herd of reindeer enter this "Botn," and a party of hunters station themselves at the entrance, not one of the deer would be able to make its escape. It is, how-

ever, no use trying to drive deer into such places, neither will they enter them when alarmed. This is how it was with me and 'Valdresen.' We saw a herd of deer on Nautgarstindo quietly making their way towards a 'Botn' known to my companion, but of which I was ignorant. We waited unperceived until all the animals had entered, then occupied the entrance and began to shoot. The poor brutes at first attempted to rush past, but when they came crowding towards us we shot and shouted, and compelled them to turn back again. The more we shouted the more frightened they became. Some attempted to scale the steep rocky walls, but rolled down again. One noble buck succeeded in climbing up a little way to a place where he was unable to ascend or descend. As he stood in that position he was shot by my companion, and rolled down again amongst the others. When we had twelve deer down, I said to Valdresen I would not shoot any more; we had killed enough, and that we did not require any more meat. But he continued firing as long as he had a bullet left, and even then he wanted to shoot with my rifle. 'No,' I answered, 'not if you were to give me one hundred dollars. You kept firing after I had stopped.' There were not more than seven or eight hinds and young bucks remaining alive, so we let them pass out, and then went in ourselves. The place was like a slaughter-house, and the water of the brook running through the hollow was red with blood. But it is far worse when the deer are shot at or frightened in places where their only means of escape is by springing over precipices, or in fogs, when they

frequently, in their fright, rush over such places, and are so mangled that the meat is useless as food."

"It is odious to act so ill towards such peaceful and useful animals," I observed when he concluded.

"Yes ; but I was young then," said Svend, "and I have never destroyed any in that way since."

As we ascended the declivity of Grahö, the weather became more and more threatening, and when we reached the summit of one of the ridges of the mountain, a storm of rain came on, accompanied with thunder and lightning. We laid the guns under a large stone slab at some distance from us, partly to preserve them from the rain and partly because it was, in Svend's opinion, dangerous to have them near us, "as steel draws lightning." We took shelter under an overhanging rock, from which we had a view over several extensive fields of snow in the north-west.

"If there are any reindeer hereabouts they will soon get on their legs," said Svend. "Reindeer, if lying down, rise up as soon as they hear thunder, and, if near a field of snow, go out into the midst of it."

We almost immediately had convincing proof of the truth of Svend's observation. Something dark appeared on a snow-field three or four miles off, and, on looking through the telescope, we saw five deer crossing the snow at a rapid pace.

"It is no use our going after those deer to-day," said Svend ; "they will not stop before they reach one of the large fields of snow either on Blaakjenshögda or Steinstogonuten. We may just as well go home again to-day. In the morning the weather will be fine again."

“Why do you think that?”

“Yes, I think so, because when thunder is heard in loud, terrific peals it is a sign of showery weather; but when it rattles it is a sign that the present weather will continue, whether fine or wet.”

On the way home we followed the course of the Skedöla river, which issues from some small lakelets containing an abundance of trout; but none are in the habit of fishing there except the osprey, and, just as we were passing the last of the lakes, one of these birds flew down into the water and came up immediately with a fair-sized trout in its claws. As it flew over my head I sent it a charge of small shot from my double-barrel, and although it was rather high (about eighty or one hundred alen), it was so bewildered by the whizzing of the shot, or perhaps a few of the pellets struck it weakly on the body and wings, that it dropped the fish, which was not dead even then, but floundered about on the moor where it fell. It is possible that the bird thought the trout had bitten it, it so suddenly loosened its grasp of the fish, and flew apparently so terrified away.

“I have never fished in this way before,” Svend remarked, as he picked up the fish, a fine trout about a pound and a half in weight, and placed it in the game-bag.

Along the Skedöla river and several places near the Heimdalsvand there is excellent ryper-ground. However, it can serve no useful purpose to write about what is now the private property of an Englishman.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM HEIMDAL TO THE ÖIVAND.

Fishing.—Grey Flies.—An Old Fisherman.—Solitary Reindeer Bucks.—Ryper and Snipe-ground.

THE following day Iva and I left Heimdalsøset. We proceeded between Östhö and Oskampen, past Mærravikhalsen drovers' hut, and along the margin of the Kalfjord, arriving in the evening at Öivasøset (the outlet of the Öivand), where there are several fishing-huts belonging to the inhabitants of Skabo.

One of these had been recently erected, and was built in a superior style to any other that I saw during my excursion. It possessed two windows and three bed-places. In this hut we were granted lodgings with the utmost free-will.

Upon our arrival I stood my double-barrel gun up against a large stone outside the door. Iva removed a portmanteau off the horse and threw it so carelessly down, that it came in contact with the gun and knocked it over. The hammers being down on the nipples, as was the custom, and our practice at that time, one of them came in contact with a stone, discharging the gun, and frightening the horse, who dashed off, scattering the pack-saddle and the other

packages in various directions, but, fortunately, nothing worse happened. Since that time my companions and I have always kept the hammers of our guns, when loaded, at half-cock.

In the month of August this is an excellent place to stay at, as reindeer-stalking, ryper-shooting, and fishing are to be had. A fortnight could then be agreeably spent here. Before proceeding up to the fishing-huts, it is advisable to make arrangements with the owner of one of them for lodgings, for the loan of his boat, and for permission to fish. No permission is requisite for reindeer-stalking and ryper-shooting, as these are still free for every Norwegian subject. When staying here, milk and cream are to be had from a mountain dairy in the neighbourhood.

After a trial trip on the lake, I arrived at the conclusion that in summer, grey flies are preferred by the Vinster trout to any other kind. All others were nearly useless, and as I only had two of this description, I was compelled the next day to ascend the fjeld and shoot a brace of fjeldryper for their summer feathers, which are at that time of the trout's favourite ashy-grey hue. Several times during my stay, large trout three pounds in weight rose eagerly at flies made with these.

Late one evening, when the weather was miserably wet and cold, an old man, very poorly clad, entered the hut and begged for shelter for the night. This we willingly granted, and lent him a skin to place on the floor before the hearth to lie on.

The old fellow had been fishing in the river, and

had caught a number of small trout, which he had with him in a bag made of birch-bark. He was, of course, wet through, owing to the rain and his having waded the river, but he uttered no complaint at not having a change of clothing. When we retired to rest, he likewise went to his quarters on the skin before the hearth, and we could hear him muttering to himself as he debated in his own mind, whether he should take his wet stockings off, and hang them up to dry, or, keep them on and let them dry on his legs, by projecting these over the hot hearth. He finally made up his mind that it was safest to keep them on, as then they could not shrink, as they might do if he hung them up to dry. The old fellow must have had a marvellous constitution, since he was not afraid to lie down to sleep on the floor in his wet clothes and stockings, without any other covering whatever. I rose up from my bed and went silently to him with a good stiff dram of cognac, because, thought I to myself, if a dram has never before been applied to a proper use, one will be in this case, in the poor old fisherman's stomach.

He got up the next morning without the least sign of having caught cold ; he did not even sneeze !

The next day, upon my return from fishing in the Kalfjord, with twenty-six pounds weight of trout in the boat, I saw two strangers, who did not belong to the people staying at the huts, standing on the shore in front of our temporary abode. The new arrivals were, in all probability, two of my companions whom I expected up to join me, and when I approached a

little nearer, all doubt was removed by their firing a salute with their guns. I grasped mine and answered with both barrels, waved my hat, and gave vent to three "hurrahs."

I was very glad to meet Halvor and Harald again, and Diana was equally so to see her old acquaintances, Chasseur and Pan. During our stay here we made several excursions to the Marstenhö and the Langsufjeld, also to Skaget, after reindeer, but none of us were lucky enough to shoot any.

One day we went to several places on the Langsufjeld, where, in summer, according to Iva, large bucks were to be frequently found roaming about alone, and sometimes two or more in company. It was evident, that one or more had been there, because we saw plenty of spoor where the animal or animals had been walking about, on a spot sheltered by precipitous walls of rock, and overgrown with a peculiar summer grass to which reindeer are partial. But fortunately for him or them, no one was at home when we arrived to pay our autumnal visit. The fact is, that these large bucks, who the whole summer through go wandering about by themselves in the most remote places, frequently select a spot, and remain there quietly for several days, occasionally quitting it to take a tour round the surrounding district for exercise, or perchance to see, or rather scent, whether there is any danger afoot. It has been observed that they usually, if not disturbed, return to the same lonely spot and live quietly there until the beginning of September, when they begin to have their night's rest disturbed

by dreams of battle and of love. They then, with fully-developed and proudly-carried antlers, start off, eager for the fray, to well-known tracts amongst the mountains, where the herds of hinds are usually to be found. Deadly conflicts then take place between rival lovers, and not unfrequently between those who have been theretofore the best of comrades.

On our way down from the Langsufjeld in a thick mist, we came upon four deer, but it happened so unexpectedly, and we were so flurried, that we were unable to get our rifles out of their covers soon enough to get a shot. On another day we came equally unexpectedly on three bucks on Buöen, who saw us at the same instant as we set eye on them, and swam off across the outlet of the Sandvand.

Iva told us that a man from Skabo once shot a large buck by firing right across this outlet, which is between four and five hundred alen broad. He had followed the animal the whole day without being able to get within shot. When the buck came to the outlet, he swam over, and when the man came down to the shore of the lake, he saw the buck standing quietly on the opposite side. Vexed at not being able to follow it farther, he placed his rifle to his cheek, took a full sight and fired. The buck fell, and the next day the man obtained a boat and went over after it.

We could shoot as many ryper as we liked. They were to be found quite close to the fishing-hut at which we were staying, and were very numerous on the tongue of land between the Öivand and Indbuvand, also along the Sandvand, particularly on the

north side; and along Björnhölene, especially on the south side. The island before mentioned, named Buöen, was also an excellent place for ryper; likewise on both sides—though in greater numbers on the north—of the Strömvand. But perhaps the best shooting and pleasantest is found on Keiserflyen, a level stretch of moorland overgrown with juniper and willow-bushes, lying to the eastward of a little fjeld called “Keiseren” (the Emperor), where, in a good ryper year, fifteen to twenty coveys of ryper are to be found, and then the sport to be obtained there is, if not imperial, at least royal.

Double snipe breed here and there in places round the Vinster lakes, and one day we found a “covey” of seven lying close together near the fishing-hut at Sandvandsoset.

In the winter the ryper keep chiefly to the Langsu valley, wherein are large tracts overgrown with willow-bushes, so high, that whole herds of cattle can be lost to sight amongst them. Here, at that period of the year, the ryper are snared by the people from Skabo, and one man has been frequently known to catch as many as ten dozen in a day.

Whilst we remained at the Vinster lakes I was often obliged, against my will, to act as fisherman to our party, as none of my companions understood anything whatever about the art of fly-fishing.

Harald undertook to smoke the trout, and this, like everything else that he undertook to perform, he did thoroughly, and with exceptional care. When it was decided that he should do so, he took up his

quarters in a small deserted hut, to which none were admitted but himself while he was thus engaged. When in the midst of his work, he was so enraptured with it as to be unwilling to quit it for an instant, even to get a breath of fresh air. Once, one of us, being aware of this peculiarity, climbed on to the roof, and laid a flat slab of stone over the top of the chimney, so that the smoke could not escape; but Harald did not discontinue his employment and come outside, until he was, as well as the fish, almost thoroughly smoke-dried.

Sometimes, while I was busy fishing out on the lake, the others would be out shooting, and from the boat I could keep them constantly in sight, as they made their way along the mountain-slopes running down to the water. I could see the ryper fly up, then the smoke from the guns, and see the birds fall, ere I heard the report. Whenever I saw a covey settle close to the shore, in places where I thought it unlikely the sportsmen would find them, I landed with my gun and Diana, who always accompanied me in the boat, and took part in the sport, not a little to her satisfaction. But although she naturally preferred shooting to a passive participation in fishing, she was so faithful to her master that she never attempted to run away when I landed, and join her companions Chasseur and Pan, but followed me back into the boat without any evident reluctance.

After a stay of eight days, during which time Harald had smoked trout until he was weary of his employment, and had fed on them to satiety, and

Halvor had killed a great number of birds, whose skins he had preserved by rubbing a poisonous ointment on the insides, not however without our running considerable risk of also getting some in our insides, through his careless habit of leaving a quantity lying about after he had been using it; and I had fished or given away the most of my flies, and fired away all Harald's bullets at various marks, we started, one beautiful day, back to Skabo.

The path follows the course of the Vinster river, which flows in one place through an extensive open waste, where ryper are plentiful. In the midst of this waste stands a hill, which bears the name of "Vagthaugen" (literally the watch-hill). In olden times, when large herds of reindeer were far more numerous than now, their track, going either eastward or westward, lay through the valley of the Vinster river and past this hill, under cover of which hunters armed with firearms used to lie, whilst others drove the deer towards them.

Now it is certain a hunter might remain lying there for weeks without seeing a single deer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AASDAL.

Ryper-shooting in Wet Weather.—Hans.—Diana.—Ragnhild.—Kristen.—Reindeer Hounds and their Training.—Declivities covered with Loose Stones.—Stalking Downwards and with Side Wind.—Two Reindeer in One Shot.

UPON our arrival at Elstad, after our Vinster excursion, the members of our party separated. Harald returned to Christiania, while Halvor and I, with Hans, went up to Breistulen, where Halvor proposed to stay and shoot a few dozen ryper to take back with him fresh to the capital. I accompanied him, as I intended spending a few days in search of reindeer on the old tracks, as we had been so unsuccessful on those new to us which we had tried.

The last day on the fjeld is the most precious. The sportsman then endeavours to shoot as much game as possible to take back to town to exhibit to, and as presents for, his friends and acquaintances. Therefore, should it turn out wet, it is to the utmost degree annoying. It does not matter so much, now that breechloaders are in vogue, as it did then, with our muzzle-loaders and percussion-caps. During a stay of several days, Halvor, owing to the weather setting in wet, was only able to go out one day, so I consented to accompany him, on this his last day on the fjeld, and

assist him in procuring some ryper. We went to the Overlidal, where, some years, ryper are very plentiful. Early in the morning it again came on to rain, and continued to do so all day. Ryper were not very numerous, as it was not a "good ryper year," and as they are far more difficult to find in wet than fine weather, we, consequently, at noon only had twelve birds. On the summit of Overlihögden we separated, Halvor returning to Breistulen, whilst Hans and I went on to Aasdalsæter, where we arrived late in the evening wet through, and literally without a dry thread on either of us, or a dry hair on Diana. But this was soon remedied. Ragnhild quickly made up a fire on the large hearth. I removed some of my wet things, and hung them up to dry, sitting close to the hearth to dry those decency compelled me to keep on. Hans shifted none of his clothing, but, in company with Diana, lay all night before the hearth, on which, previous to lying down, he piled up several huge logs, which kept alight the whole night.

I went out two days after reindeer, accompanied by Hans, without once finding fresh spoor. I wished that Kristen had been at the sæter, though for no other reason than because he had a very fair "renshund." But when I mentioned this to Hans, he, as usual, spoke slightly and scornfully both of Kristen himself, his dog, and his rifle, accusing him of being indolent and incapable, and of flirting with the girls at the sæters.

I began to suspect that Hans and Kristen were rivals, not only in hunting, but also in love. It was

not to be wondered at in the least that both had a "good eye" on Ragnhild, she was such a smart, active, and fine girl, and, for the same reason, being so "crooked" towards each other. Kristen had so far the advantage in being a farmer's son, but then, again, Hans had the advantage of personal superiority. Hans was tall and well-built, always cheerful and willing, and everywhere well liked by the dairymaids. Kristen was thick-set, fat, and sluggish, but could expect to have a farm of his own in a few years. A maxim or common saying amongst the peasants, and one which is frequently uttered by parents to their daughters, is, "Look more to the farm than to the man." Thus, when all things were placed in the balance and duly weighed and considered, there did not seem much chance for Hans should Kristen court in earnest. What Ragnhild thought herself I do not know, but I noticed that she was very friendly to Hans, and was always in a more cheerful humour whenever he came up to the sæter and told her the news from the valley. In her behaviour towards Kristen she was far more serious and demure, and, as became her, her tone was more respectful when addressing him. On the contrary, with Hans she would laugh and joke, and occasionally permit him to take a mouthful out of her porridge-spoon as they sat at supper together out in the dairy. Frequently, moreover, when Hans in the evening sat by the hearth greasing our boots, with his cutty pipe in his mouth, she would, as she passed by, snatch it away, and also do so at other times just as he was about to light it with a live ember from the fire. But

Kristen could never complain or boast of such liberties, nor get an opportunity to threaten to repay a joke in some way or other, when she gave him the chance; whilst between Hans and Ragnhild there was always something or other to settle; they were constantly remarking one to the other, "Oh, yes, I will pay you for this!" especially when Kristen was not present; and we noticed that these matters were settled between them, "under four eyes," out in the dairy. Accordingly it was not with a very pleasant look that Hans, late in the evening, after I had gone to bed, came in to me in the back-room, and said:—

"Kristen has come. If you want to speak to him, I will tell him to come in."

"Yes, so," said I. "Is Kristen come? Has he got his dog with him?"

"Oh, yes, he has got both his dog and his long rifle, too, I see, with him."

Kristen then entered, and we agreed to go out together the next day, if the weather was fine.

The first question I asked Hans the following morning, after he wished me his customary "Go Morgaa," when he brought my coffee in to me, was—

"What kind of weather is it to-day?"

"It is fine, proper fjeld weather," he answered.

"Where is the wind?"

"It stands westerly to-day; the smoke drives down through the valley. We can easily go to Hiresjö-högda to-day. We are sure to shoot rein to-day, as it is the third day we have gone out."

We started early, and, as usual, made our way up

the slope on the north side of the valley, over Skarvola, past Aasdalskjennene, and through a small opening or pass which leads from these lakelets to the Remdals muirs. This opening between the hills is so peculiar that it has received the name of "Sluggen" (the gullet).

Whilst Kristen with his dog tried the low-lying moorland in the Remdal, Hans and I ascended Hiresjöhögda to get a better view over the surrounding fjeld wastes, so that while the dog used his nose, we could use our eyes and glass to the best advantage.

Reindeer-hunting with dogs has many advantages, but it also has its drawbacks. Many old and experienced reindeer-hunters will not, under any circumstances, use a dog. They maintain that the deer are scared more by coming on the footprints of one, than by those of men, and that the deer shun tracts which are continually hunted over with dogs.

It is certain, at all events, that reindeer, when they come suddenly upon the fresh spoor of a dog, will start as though they had trodden on hot iron. This I have seen myself.

Dogs, therefore, are not in general use everywhere in Norway. In Guldbrandsdal, Österdal, Sollien, the Foldal, and Lessje they are in universal use, as in the whole of those districts elk are also met with. In hunting the latter animal, one is always employed, frequently the same as is used for reindeer. In Haltingdal, Hardanger, Telemarken, Valdres, Vaage, Lom, Nordfjord, and Søndmore dogs are seldom or never used. On the western fjelds it is far easier

to track the reindeer, on account of the numerous large snow-fjelds, than it is on the less elevated and snowless eastern fjelds.

The members of our sporting club have tried both plans—with and without a dog. On open tracts a good field-glass is more necessary than a dog, but both, of course, are of use. In places where there is thick cover, more especially if frequented by the large bucks, who, before the commencement of the rutting season, roam about by themselves, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, a dog is of great assistance; likewise to follow up wounded deer. When one is employed there ought always to be two or three sportsmen together, so that one may accompany the dog while the other or others keep more on high ground and examine the neighbourhood through a glass. When one is alone a dog is frequently a great trouble, especially should the sportsman come upon a place where deer have been grazing early in the morning and afterwards taken their departure.

In this case he may follow the dog to and fro over a short stretch of ground the whole day through, and, after a great waste of time, finally discover that the deer are not in the vicinity; whilst one without a dog would, from an eminence, soon have satisfied himself as to whether deer were to be found in the neighbourhood or not. When the sportsman is in the habit of going alone, his dog must be trained to always remain quite still when tied to a stone and left behind with his master's game or provision-bag, whilst he stalks in upon the deer. And the dog must also be taught

not to attempt to break loose or begin to howl impatiently when it hears the report of the rifle.

It has happened that solitary sportsmen on strange ground have been unable to again find the place where they tied up their dog until the next day, and instances are on record where they were unable to find the place at all, and the poor animal must have perished of hunger.

There is, of course, a great difference in deerhounds, as there is in other sporting dogs, with respect to their nose, sagacity, endurance, mettle, &c. On tolerably open ground a good deerhound is able to scent deer at distances up to five miles, and those dogs are considered the best who go by scent only. Dogs which have been constantly allowed to approach and see living deer do not trust to their noses, but steal up on to the hills to look round for deer, which, of course, can be done far better by the hunter himself. These are of little use except to slip after a wounded deer, should the dog be strong enough to hold it until the hunter is able to approach.

Reindeer-hounds are, of course, always led by a leash or cord. This is better not attached to a common dog-collar, as the dog, in its eagerness to follow up the spoor, is apt to nearly choke himself, but should be fastened to a kind of harness in such a manner as to leave the throat and head free.

The smallest specimens of the race are preferred, as they are not so strong, and can therefore be more easily guided by the cord. It is no doubt very pleasant, when climbing upwards, to be assisted by the dog

pulling at the leash, but the reverse is the case when going over difficult and dangerous ground, such as over loose pieces of stone, or when descending precipitous mountain slopes, where the assistance of both hands and feet are necessary to proceed in safety. A sudden, unexpected tug at the line then by a strong, eager dog might easily cause the sportsman to lose his footing and his life. Accordingly, the dogs in general use are small ones, with sharp noses and upright pointed ears, of the same breed as those used by the Fins to guard their herds of tame reindeer. These dogs are also used for hunting bears and elk. Usually a dog specially trained as an elkhound can be used for reindeer, as they will follow the spoor of one animal as readily as that of the other. These dogs could, of course, be trained to follow at heel until such time as there is a probability of finding reindeer, when they could be attached to a leash and told to search for spoor, instead of, as now, tugging at the leash, as soon as the sportsman sets out, in a way that renders it difficult to hold them. There is no hope of this improvement, however, so long as the present system of training is in vogue amongst the peasant hunters, who are the principal trainers of deerhounds.

An ordinary sporting dog will readily follow "rein spoor" when encouraged to do so while young, and probably could be trained both to follow reindeer spoor led in a leash and to go at liberty and search for winged game.

But where, in the meantime, is Kristen, whom we

left with his deerhound seeking reindeer down in the Remdal ?

Hans and I had been for a long time sitting on an eminence watching him. Hans, who had the glass, could see with visible satisfaction that poor Kristen, who was generally rather indolent, was sweating excessively as he was dragged hither and thither by the dog, and Hans remarked maliciously :—

“Yes, you can be sure that Kristen is now dead-beat ; the dog drags him to and fro like a filly. It won’t suit his fat paunch much. After the dragging-about he has had to-day he will not be so lively this evening at the sæter.”

The dog now dragged Kristen some distance up towards us, and then quickly down to the muir again, at such a rapid rate that he had to run to keep up with the animal. Suddenly the dog darted off in the direction of a brook, which it cleared with a bound, but which poor Kristen had to wade through. He had hardly reached the other side before the dog recrossed the stream, and he was compelled to dance after. It was evident by the eagerness of the dog that it had found the fresh spoor of deer. That Kristen also saw the spoor was evident by the way in which he occasionally bent down and closely examined the surface of the ground, probably to try and ascertain how long an interval had elapsed since the deer had passed, and whether there were any large bucks in the herd. As the deer had remained on the spot for a length of time grazing backwards and forwards, it was difficult for the dog to find the “off-

leading" spoor. Weary of waiting for the result, Hans and I started in search of deer on our own account; but when we had gone some distance, and were just about to lose sight of Kristen, I halted to take a last look through my glass to see what he was about. When I brought it to bear upon him, he was standing on a large stone on the summit of Hiresjö-högdén, just where the steep descent commences to the Hiresjö lake, waving his hat. It was evident there must be something there, and that the dog had finally found the "off-leading" spoor. We immediately set off to rejoin Kristen, who came running to meet us. Directly we came up with him he said, "There is a whole crowd gone down to the lake." The dog had, he said, stood up on his hind legs when it reached the edge of the slope, and caught free scent of the deer. "He would have gone all day, see you, until he had found the deer," said Kristen, in praise of, whilst he patted, his dog.

When we came to the edge of the declivity, we saw, sure enough, a herd of about eighty deer walking quietly about far down by the east-end of the lake.

As there was no time to lose, we had no choice but to try to approach them by descending straight down the mountain-side in sight of the deer, trusting that the distance was too great for them to observe us. I knew by previous experience that it is not nearly so hazardous to stalk deer down as up hill, because, being somewhat stiff in the neck, they do not keep such a sharp eye on objects which are above, as on all which

lie below them, when they are grazing or wandering about on the mountain slopes.

We were fortunate enough to accomplish our descent unperceived, but it took a long time, as we were compelled to go very carefully to avoid an accident, the whole of the side of the mountain being covered with loose rocky boulders. Kristen went first with the dog, so that if the latter, in its eagerness, loosened any of the stones, they would roll down without doing any one an injury. When several in company are going down hill, the last is naturally in the safest position individually, but he has to be doubly cautious, and take great care not to loosen a small stone even, for its removal might cause one or more larger to roll suddenly down upon his companions, and seriously injure them, or dash them down the precipice. Reindeer are always seen to ascend and descend such places in a zigzag manner, spread out at some distance from and in a line with each other. Only when hard-pressed by hunters, or otherwise extremely alarmed, do they venture to pass up or down dangerous places where the Varsimle or leading buck is unacquainted with a run or path.

When we arrived on a level with the lake, we were invisible to the deer. Leaving Hans and the dog under cover, Kristen and I went after the herd. We soon sighted the deer again, standing just where the ground begins to slope down towards the Brettingsdal. There were both large and small deer in the herd, a large number being hinds, and "Stangere," or quarrelsome young bucks, who were already jealous of each other, and rushed and clashed their horns to-

gether with such violence as to cause echoes among the rocky gorges on Hiresjöhögden. There were also a few large and fat "Latbukke." I easily got within four or five hundred alen, but the deer were so scattered, the ground so unfavourable for stalking, and the hinds so watchful, that it was impossible to get nearer. I knew perfectly well by previous attempts how difficult it is to get within shot of animals with an unfavourable side wind. But in the valley where we were it was impossible to make a circuit, and stalk them more against the wind. For three hours we followed the deer in this manner, without daring to advance a single alen nearer. Once I was nearly discovered by the Varsimle. I had steadily kept my eye on her, as she was easy to distinguish, being of a lighter colour than the others, and, moreover, kept at the rear of the herd. Once, when I saw the uppermost tips of her antlers disappear behind a knoll, I thought, of course, she had gone after the herd, so I took advantage of my opportunity while she was hidden to advance a short distance in a stooping position, but just as I was about to raise myself up on one knee from a horizontal position, which I had resumed when I thought I had gone as far as I dared, to look round, I suddenly saw her stick up her cunning little head from behind the knoll, and look back, as though she had a suspicion that some one was following, and hoped by this artifice to induce the lurker to show himself.

"The cunning witch," thought I, as I remained motionless in my kneeling position, as though turned

into stone. "You were within a hair's breadth of fooling me ; but wait a little ! The end has not yet come ; I am reluctant to shoot a hind when there are bucks in the herd, but if you come within shot again this day it will cost you your life !"

Being well acquainted with the locality, I knew that if the herd would only continue a little further in the same direction they were then going, the ground was more favourable for stalking. This, however, was not to be, the herd coming to a halt about six o'clock in the evening just this side of the wished-for spot, on a low ridge, from which they had a clear look-out down the valley, and back over the way they had come. Probably the Varsimle was to blame for this ; she most likely, knowing as well as I that the ground further on was dangerous, had therefore uttered the command, "On this place rest !" She lay down first, but after the others had followed her example, rose up again, and rambled about hither and thither on watch.

The only chance of getting nearer to them now was to crawl back some distance to an eminence which sloped towards the ridge, and endeavour to approach them down the declivity, which, being covered with loose boulders, would afford some cover. Kristen was so used-up with running in a stooping position, and dragging himself over the ground, and his previous racing about with the dog, that he refused to go any farther, and lay down. Accordingly, I went after the deer alone, taking his rifle with me in addition to my own.

I had proceeded some distance towards the deer, winding about among the boulders at a snail's pace, when I thought it would be advisable to take a peep round, rifle in hand at full-cock. It was fortunate I did so, as I had approached nearer to some deer than I expected. The same moment that I rose, six or eight deer, catching a glimpse of me, floundered up, and paused for an instant in a close cluster. In their midst stood the light Varsimle. I took a full sight at her side and fired, and brought her sprawling to the ground, but before I could catch up the other rifle to have another shot, she was on her legs again and off. The report brought the whole herd in sight again on a ridge about four hundred alen distant. I could have fired a chance shot, but I was now too old a hunter, and had too much self-respect to bury a bullet at random in a herd. I reloaded my own rifle, and advanced cautiously, convinced that I had hit not only the light-haired hind, but in all probability also a young buck, which, at the moment I fired, was standing just the other side of her. And so it turned out.

About fifty paces further on I came upon a deer lying dead with a bullet through the shoulder. It was not the hind I had aimed at, but a fine young buck. Hans and Kristen then came up with the dog.

"You have killed a young buck, I see," said Hans, a little disappointed because it was not one of the large ones which we had seen in the herd; "but it is a fine one, though," he added, somewhat mollified.

"Better than nothing, Hans," I replied. "I was compelled to shoot at any I could, the moment they

sprang up; but for all that, this is not the deer I aimed at. You and Kristen begin to flay this while I go a little further and see whether there is not another lying about somewhere. Let the dog eat as much as he pleases."

I had not gone far before I saw something rather peculiar in shape and colour, lying just beyond a piece of rock. The glass soon removed all doubts. It was the light-haired hind. I made an attempt to walk round her, so as to get her between me and my companions; however, when I got within one hundred alen she sprang up, so I gave her a bullet in the side. She ran away a few hundred alen, and then lay down again. She remained quite still and permitted me to creep up to within thirty alen, when I finished her by putting a bullet into her forehead as she turned her head in my direction. The two reports soon brought Hans and Kristen with the dog rushing towards me.

When they came up I explained to them that this was the deer I aimed at in the first instance. "See, here are the holes made by both bullets, right through the shoulder, not three inches from each other."

"You shot, though, three times!" said Hans.

"Look for the other in the forehead," I answered.

"Yes, right in the middle of it," he observed. "She is a fine hind, though, the witch; and now we have work for some time, flaying and cutting her up."

It was then about seven o'clock in the evening, and we had a walk of quite seven miles before us, back to the sæter.

Hans and Kristen set about the work of cutting up.

very willingly, as I promised them that they should each have the meat of one deer. After they had finished cutting up they were to place the meat *en cache*. I left them at their work and set out for the sæter, where I did not arrive until after dark.

The next morning Hans declared that he and Kristen, on their way home the previous night, had heard large bucks clashing their horns together up on Hiresjöhögden.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LARGE BUCK ON THE KVIENTFJELD.

Ole.—Good Luck.—An Unintentional Shot.—Bad Luck.—
Scared Reindeer.

ON the evening of the 15th August, I arranged with Hans that we would the next day, if the wind was favourable and the weather was fine, make an excursion to Graahögden and Kvien after reindeer.

Accordingly, at five o'clock the next morning, Hans came into the room where I had passed the night and lit the fire.

"There is nice weather to-day," he said; "the smoke from the chimney blows straight up through the valley, so you had better get up and set out for Kvien."

At this instant, Ragnhild entered with coffee, and, while I drank this, Hans busied himself inspecting and arranging our provision-bag, to ensure its containing a sufficiency of eatables; paying particular attention to the condition of my pocket-flask, that we should not want for "Brandevin" when on the fjeld. Hans was of opinion, with many other hunters, "that a dram is truly good on the fjeld," and is no believer in the modern theory set forth by some, "that alcohol does not heighten the temperature of the body, but, on the contrary, causes it to sink."

When Hans was ready, he stood with his back towards the fire and his hands behind him, smoking his cutty, the stem of which was so short that it entirely disappeared within his mouth, and said :

“Ole, the farmer’s boy, who came up yesterday evening from the farm to make hay, is bent on going with you to the fjeld to-day. He is sure you will see rein. He says he never goes up on the fjeld without seeing deer, and if he goes with you I will see about his hay for him.”

“Yes, he can come, then,” I answered, “since he has such a desire to do so, and perhaps, to come to the point, you would much rather remain at the sæter all day with Ragnhild, you Hans.”

“No, it is not that,” he replied, just as Ragnhild came in at the door, “but things always turn out well when one has such a feeling as Ole has to-day. You will find he will bring luck with him.”

Accordingly Ole took the provision-bag, the large telescope, and my shot-gun on his shoulders, and we set out in company. It is always advisable to take a shot-gun up on to the fjeld when after reindeer, as, in the event of being unable to fall in with any deer, ryper can, if desired, be shot upon the return journey. I took my nine-pound rifle and an alpenstock.

“Don’t shoot all the rein to-day !” said Ragnhild, who stood at the sæter-door as we left. She knew that she ought to say something when one starts off hunting, but she was also aware that it is considered unlucky for any one, and least of all a female, to wish a sportsman good luck.

"Oh, no, we will let one large buck go again to attract Hans up here," answered Ole.

"You had better leave one to attract Kristen," Ragnhild remarked, "or he will not be able to come up on the fjeld and miss any more rein."

At this moment, Ole suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I have forgotten my tobacco again. It is indoors in a glass."

"Wait a little, I will bring it out to you," Ragnhild said, as she went in after it.

For Ole himself to have taken a single step back for it, after we had once started, would have been to forfeit all good luck for the day. It was unlucky enough as it was. It is also by the milkmaids considered unlucky, should they, after the sportsman has taken his departure and closed the door, reopen it and slip out to gaze after him.

"This is the second time I have forgotten my tobacco," said Ole, as Ragnhild handed the roll to him. "Now, mind you see about the hay, Hans," he remarked to his substitute, perhaps rather doubtful whether his attraction at the sæter might not cause him to neglect to do as he had promised.

"You may depend upon me," said Hans.

"Yes, but mind you do not overdrive and injure the mare in your hurry to get back to Ragnhild," shouted Ole, as we were ascending Harbakkene.

When ascending to the fjeld I make it a rule to always go slowly at first, especially should the ascent be steep, being of opinion that to do the contrary and go quickly is as absurd as to eat all the food one

has brought at the first resting-place. One never knows, when he sets out, how far he will go in the course of the day, and must not forget that he has to return. It may be he takes a far longer journey than he intended, and has to make the return journey in the dark, and then it is as well to have a little food to eat on the way back, and also a nip in the flask.

We reached the southernmost slope of Graahögden without falling in with either deer or hunters. If one does not see the first, it is, however, some comfort not to meet any of the latter.

There is a magnificent view from this mountain looking towards Kvien, over Breijordet and Overlihögderne, likewise in a northerly direction towards the Remdal. As usual, we halted here for half-an-hour to reconnoitre; but neither Ole nor I, using alternately the large and little glass, could discover any other living things than some horses grazing down on Breijordene.

"I did not think we should have gone so far to-day without seeing rein," said Ole, as he shut the large telescope together; "we can easily go over to Kvien."

Just at the foot of Graahögden we found fresh signs of several large deer.

"See you, here have been rein to-day early," said Ole; "see, here is the dung of one, so fresh that it hangs to my staff." This was a proof that it was not many hours since the rein had been there.

"We shall be sure to find them on Kvien," Ole remarked, evidently very much animated by the sight of signs of deer.

We followed the spoor as far as possible, but lost it amongst the loose boulders of rock and stony *débris* under Kvien, where it was, of course, impossible to trace it. We accordingly ascended the highest eminence thereabouts to get a good view over the fjeld. At the summit of this—as is the case on the highest part of nearly every accessible mountain—stood a cairn. I had been there many times before, so I was well acquainted with the locality, and knew that reindeer not unfrequently went up and took their mid-day siesta on a little muir in the immediate neighbourhood of this cairn.

I have often been singularly successful when in pursuit of reindeer, and my companions insist that this success is as unmerited as immense, and that it ought to be designated by an adjective derived from an animal which is especially remarkable for its obesity.

My good luck had not deserted me upon this occasion, for we had hardly reached the cairn before—hist! and we crouched as flat as possible amongst the loose rocks which covered the place, just as the tips of the antlers belonging to the leading deer of a herd ascending the south side of the mountain appeared above the edge of the muir.

I slipped a little further down to a place where the boulders, being larger, afforded better cover, and remained quiet. It was evident the deer had ascended to take their “Middagshvile;” but we fortunately had arrived two seconds before them. I crouched down, with the barrel of my rifle projecting between and resting on two pieces of rock which sloped

against each other, and awaited the deer with bated breath.

The herd continued their ascent, and approached obliquely nearer and nearer to the spot where we lay concealed. The animals were soon all visible, and I could count them. There were seven, all large bucks, two in particular having splendid high-branching antlers. The buck with the largest was about five or six alen in advance of the others, and was probably the leader. He quickly came within range, not two hundred alen from me.

One of my sporting companions, when he has arrived within range of deer, becomes affected with the "deer-trembles," or is so excited by the situation that his hand shakes and he trembles all over. But I, for my own part, have never been afflicted with the "deer-trembles" before firing, although I have, on the contrary, been somewhat similarly affected afterwards when the excitement was over. I was upon this occasion quite calm, and even when the leading buck came within one hundred and twenty alen, I did not fire, but waited to see if he would stop and so let the other large buck, perhaps his twin-brother, come in a line with him, so that I might get both at a shot. With the sight of my rifle on the "skudflek," the hammer at full-cock, and my finger on the trigger, I followed his movements as he advanced slowly a few paces ahead of the others. At last I could not risk waiting any longer, as he had passed so far by the spot where I lay that I should have been instantly discovered had I ventured to move a limb.

A bird in hand is better than ten on the roof, I thought, and pressed the trigger. The report broke the death-like stillness, and I saw the buck spin round, but he kept on his legs, although evidently hard hit. The others, of course, disappeared. I ducked down, re-loaded, and, feeling sure of the buck, I sprang down over the loose stones as fast as I could. Sometimes one descends these stone-covered declivities faster than is desired, and, if not sure-footed, or if unaccustomed to spring from stone to stone, may easily break his neck. I hoped to be able to intercept the deer under Kvien, as I expected they would return towards Graahögden, where we first found their spoor in the morning. However, fast as I had scrambled down, they had been faster, and when I saw them they were a long way out on Breijordet, apparently on their way to Overlihögden. I could only count six, and consequently was certain I had the one I had shot at down somewhere. When I climbed up again to the summit I found Ole sitting on the buck, with a finger in the bullet-hole.

"Did the buck go far after I shot?" I inquired.

"No," Ole answered; "as soon as I heard the report he spun round, took a few steps backward, then stood still and pawed with his fore-feet, trembled all over, and fell down just as you ran down after the others. We should have had his brother too, had we had good luck to-day."

"We must be contented; we have got the finest," I

observed, "and if we do our best to follow the others, perhaps we shall come within shot of them again to-day."

The buck was a magnificent animal, as large, plump, and as full-grown as "Kongsbukken." His antlers had thirty-five tines, and were beautifully formed, though not the highest I have seen, and had, what is not often heard of, two feelers or "skjolde," that is, two palmated branches projecting forward over the nose.

While we took a little food, we kept an eye through the glass on the deer, which had halted down on the lowland. They did not go any farther away, but walked about, stopping here and there to snatch a mouthful of grass or moss from the ground. It was apparent they were quickly recovering from their fright, and, possibly, as they had neither seen nor scented anything of us, or seen their leader fall, they would soon go quietly or lie down.

But if we intended going after them again, we had no time to spare to flay and cut up the buck. We accordingly left him where he fell, placing a slate-slab, whereon I scratched my name with a sharp stone, on the carcass. We then descended Kvien, and half running over the plains, made a circuit past Breikjennet almost to Graahögden, until we got the wind blowing direct in our faces, and came to the path running from Aasdalen to Breistulen. This we followed some distance to ascertain whether the deer had crossed it. But we were unable to discover any fresh spoor, so in all probability we had outflanked them,

and they remained at rest somewhere or the other on Overlihögden.

It was therefore necessary we should proceed up wind across the large waste on this mountain, and endeavour to ascertain their whereabouts. We rambled about hither and thither for a long time without seeing any signs of the deer, and began to give up all hope of seeing them again. But just as we were about to turn back towards the Aasdal, we caught a glimpse of them lying on a mossy ridge not very far from us. Five of them were close together, and the large buck No. 2, who was now most likely the leader, was lying a short distance to the left of the others, with his back towards us.

I cautiously approached unseen until I was about two hundred alen from the group of five, and a little farther off from the large buck. This was a long range to fire at deer lying down, as it is, or, at all events, I have found it, very difficult to hit deer, unless at a very short range, when they are in that position. I lay quite still for some time with my rifle pointing towards them, the hammer at full-cock, and my finger on the trigger, endeavouring to get a clear sight at the throat or nape of the neck of one of them, and debating in my own mind whether I should chance a shot, try to creep still closer, or wait and see if they would, when they got up, come towards me. As I brought the sight once more to bear upon the nape of the neck of the large buck, I inadvertently brought my finger too near the trigger—how this happened, or what was the matter with me, I do not know, but it was not the

“deer-trembles”—and bang! off went the rifle. I was somewhat disconcerted for a moment, and the buck also, for though he jumped up in a hurry, he did not recover himself immediately and rush off, but stood still staring about, so that I half expected to see him roll over. The bullet probably had passed between his antlers, and confused him for a time. Ole handed me my shot-gun, and I was foolish enough to send a round bullet from this after the buck, but with no other result than to knock up a little of the moss at his feet. Had I had a double rifle, he would, in all probability, have been a candidate for death. Immediately upon hearing the fresh report he recovered himself, and as he at the same instant caught sight of the other deer, already some distance off, you may be sure he did not let the grass grow under his feet. I have never before nor since seen a deer travel at the rate he did. The reindeer-moss, mould, and water flew high into the air on each side of him as he crossed the moorland between him and his companions. They immediately fell in a row behind him, and off they hurried together, heedless that they were rushing straight on to a large herd of cows, who had strayed farther than usual out on the moor. These, as soon as they perceived the deer rushing towards them, stuck their tails in the air, and set off in the opposite direction.

Ole and I halted, and while gazing after the deer, we noticed six sportsmen approaching from the north, spread out in a line at some distance from each other, and running as fast as possible to intercept the deer.

There was no chance, however, of their doing so, but, foolishly enough, they kept on in pursuit as long as they could see the animals, but stopped at last on Svælhögden, beyond which the deer disappeared. We thought it very probable that it was Lars, one of our acquaintances, in company with some sportsmen from Christiania. We could see them each take a dram after their exertions, and stand pointing to the right and to the left, as though they were uncertain, or could not agree, as to which way the deer had gone.

"We should have had that other large buck, if Lars and them town-fellows had lain under cover and waited," muttered Ole as we journeyed homewards.

I internally vowed never more to place my finger on the trigger until I intended to fire, but I have not kept my vow, being frequently in the habit of doing so since, especially when snap-shooting.

When we arrived at the sæter, there were two men, who had come up to mow grass, sitting down out in the yard in company with Kristen, who had also arrived during the afternoon. Hans also was there, busy chopping wood.

"Welcome back again," said Hans.

"Oh, thanks," said Ole. "Have you seen about my hay?"

"Oh, yes," Hans replied; "we have been and raked up and carted seven loads. You have shot rein to-day?"

"Don't be so sure we have shot one," answered Ole.

"I believe you have, though," Hans observed,

placing his foot on the log and leaning on the handle of his axe.

"It may be so," we answered, and without satisfying them further as to whether it was the case or not, we went inside to get some food.

Nor did Ragnhild inquire immediately whether we had shot rein, but left it to us to inform her of the result of our day's sport. Hans, in the meantime, out in the yard, firmly maintained that we had shot rein, while Kristen swore to the contrary. We were therefore obliged to satisfy them, and Ole then related that we had "laid again," up on the highest part of Kvien, one of the finest bucks which had ever gone on the fjeld, but Kristen remained incredulous and unconvinced until the following day, when the buck was brought down to the sæter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SNOWY OWL.

Lemen.—Lemenfever.—Great Fecundity of the Snowy Owl.—
Fish in Aasdalskjennene.

THE years that lemen are found in great numbers on the high fjelds, snowy owls are observed to be also unusually numerous. They follow the lemen flocks and live nearly exclusively on these animals. A few years since, lemen appeared in countless crowds on the fjelds from Söndmore right down to Lillehammer. Wherever one went, these animals sprang up under his feet, and it was impossible to avoid treading upon them, as they rashly stood their ground and bravely piped and hissed, as though they would dispute the path of their disturber, whether dog, horse, or man.

In places where conflicts had occurred between wandering flocks, the slain lay side by side, like ranks of fallen soldiers, over which the victors had marched as they advanced.

The people complained that these animals had, by devouring the grass, greatly damaged the mountain pastures, and that the cows, in consequence, gave much less milk than usual. This, however, was not

the only evil. All through the autumn and winter of the same year, a feverish disease appeared amongst the inhabitants of several places, which, it was believed, owed its origin to the people having drunk of water wherein lemen had lain and putrefied. In the autumn there was hardly a river, lake, or brook to be found, but which contained, or in the vicinity of which lay, thousands of dead lemen, and whose water was rendered unwholesome by their putrid bodies. This disease was therefore named the "Lemenfever," and was prevalent in both Sweden and Norway.

In the meantime the snowy owls were living in paradise, and were that year prolific to a degree unheard of before.

This will be apparent by what I shall now narrate, and for the truth of which I, as an eye-witness, can vouch.

Halvor, Hans, and I were at the beginning of one July staying in Aasdalen for the purpose of conveying live fish up into two small fishless lakes, previously frequently mentioned in this work, named Aasdalskjennene, which we for that purpose had rented from the State, and which we hope in time will become abundantly stocked with fish.

We proposed getting the fish either from the Aasta river, down in Imsdalen, or from the Remma, in Brettingsdalen. In either case they would have to be conveyed a distance of about seven English miles.

On the 4th July, Hans and I started off to fish in the Remma. When we came close to a hut erected as a shelter for the cattle, a snowy owl came and

hovered above us. I did not heed it further then, having no gun with me, until it suddenly swept down after the dog, who had been permitted to accompany us. As frequently happens, when Halvor and I, the preceding day, were at the same spot with our guns but without the dog, we saw no game; now, having a dog and no gun, I had an excellent opportunity of using the latter, as the owl could have been shot with ease. Hans and I proceeded to our destination, and set our nets in the river. In a short time we, with great good fortune, secured ten very fine trout. We then went a little farther up stream, and while setting the nets again, another snowy owl swept down after the dog. That this owl meant to attack him in earnest was at once evident, for it swept down and seized him by the back with its claws with such violence that the dog howled. The dog when attacked was about two hundred alen from me, and I ran towards him directly, casting stones and sticks at the owl to frighten it off. Its object was to perch on the dog's head, when, had it succeeded in effecting a lodgment there, it would have probably picked out an eye. It is asserted that these birds destroy both lambs, reindeer fawns, and chickens, which is not improbable when it is borne in mind that their usual tactics are to claw out the eyes of their victims.

The two owls which I saw that day were male birds, being perfectly chalk-white, and I surmised they must have nests somewhere in the neighbourhood, as they were so embittered against the dog. I mentally promised myself to be prepared with some different shot

on the morrow, should they venture to come within reach while I was on my way up to the lakes with the trout we had caught. I was compelled to postpone taking them up until then, as it was impossible to catch and transport them so long a distance in one day.

On our journey homewards, when we were again close to the cattle-shed, the owl first seen again came eagerly after the dog, but did not venture to attack him, as I called him to heel.

Human beings and full-grown cattle the snowy owl never ventures to attack.

The next morning, when Hans and I, on our way up, again approached the cattle-shed, Hans, who was in advance, shouted, "Now comes the white owl!" "Yes, let it only come," I said, as I advanced with the dog ahead of my companion. The owl, when he saw the dog, first took a sweep upwards over the valley to increase his momentum, then came with whirring speed obliquely down to seize his intended prey. But this time the owl was neither too soon nor too late, and when he was about thirty alen from the dog I sent him a charge of No. 6, which stopped his flight and brought him to the ground, so hard hit that he lay quietly where he fell.

It was a very fine specimen of a male owl, entirely chalk-white, save two dark places near the wing-feathers. We could perceive the female sitting high up on the brow of a hill, and, upon ascending to the spot, we found a very rudely-constructed nest, wherein, besides an abundance of lemen, lay not less than nine

young owls and an egg. It was, however, very remarkable that while four of the young were so large that their wing-feathers had commenced to appear, and were sensible enough to snap with their beaks when we approached; there were two others, much smaller and only covered with down, and three more, so small, particularly one, that they could only have quite recently left their eggs. These last were next to quite naked, with reddish-coloured skins, and not larger than a recently-hatched chicken.

We broke open the solitary egg and found therein a living young one.

This pair of owls had, evidently, hatched several times successively in the same nest. First, four young ones, then two, and then three, or four, when the one is reckoned that we found in the egg. How great a difference existed in the ages of the young I could not determine, but between the first and second hatchings it is certain there must have been an interval of from ten to fourteen days. The egg which contained the living young one lay in the midst of the warm bloody mass which the young presented as they lay huddled together. It was clear from the position of this egg that the mother could not possibly have sat upon it, or at all events not after the first or second lot of young were hatched, but that the young, by creeping together over the egg, had forced it into the bottom of the hollow forming the nest, and had by their warmth nearly hatched it. I had heard before that these owls sometimes had two hatchings, but that they hatched three

times, and possibly still oftener, the same year, was something new.

In all probability it is only in those years when lemen are so abundant that snowy owls are so prolific that they hatch their first brood, pair, and again hatch several times. This pair which we had found would, had they been permitted to remain in peace, have produced ten living young ones in three broods, perhaps more.

The hen was much shyer than the cock, but after flying once over the nest she swept down towards us. Fortunately I had with me a concentrator cartridge, and with it broke her wing and brought her to the ground. She was a little larger than the male, and much fatter, and I judged from this that it was the male who chiefly had the foraging to do, while the mother stayed at home to protect and look after her progeny. The female, moreover, was not so chalk-white as the male, but had dark spots of dirty-white over the whole of her body. Hans destroyed the young without the least sign of compassion. On the contrary, he was highly delighted, especially when, in the course of the day, we ended, on the whole, the career of four full-grown owls and ten young ones. Hans is very much embittered against these birds, because, as he asserts, the white owls are as bad as the white foxes at stealing rye from snares.

Farther up the valley, at the place where we set the nets the day before, the male from the other pair again flew viciously down to attack the dog, but he also met with a different reception than he received

the day before, and fell to the first shot. Soon after also shot the female, but their nest we could not find.

We then resumed our ascent to the lakes, with the trout, ten in number, following the course of a stream to enable us to frequently change the water in the can in which we were conveying them, and so place them living and fresh in East Aasdalskjen.

Just as I let them depart, I bade them to pardon me that I had, partly by artifice, partly by might, forced them away from their old home, from their families and friends, and informed them that it was very much against my will if I had occasioned them any inconvenience on the way. I assured them that all had been done with the best intention, and that I hoped they would find their new world, the large lake in which they were, and wherein they would find a variety of food in the floods, a paradise compared with the old narrow brook in which they had theretofore passed a wretched existence, especially in winter, when the brook was small and the cold intense. I trusted, therefore, that they would soon reconcile themselves to their new residence, increase, and fill both lakes with countless descendants to benefit and delight Halvor, Harald, Herman, me and others, who in the future might visit the Aasdalssæters.

"There must certainly be plenty of fish, after such a lecture as you have just given," said Hans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GLUTTON.

Its Habitat.—Its Voracity.—Great Strength.—Noxious Animals.
—Poison.

THE glutton, or wolverine, is found chiefly on those fjelds where large tracts covered with loose stones and declines of *débris* abound. Amongst the rocky fragments, where no other animal hardly ever selects an abode, a resting-place, or seeks concealment, the glutton takes up its quarters. It is met with frequently on the Jotun, Lom, and Skiaker fjelds, likewise on the mountain-wastes in Söndmore and the Romsdal. But in those districts where mountain-wastes assume an open character, with rounded ridges, muirs, and tracts of comparatively level ground overgrown with dwarf birch and willow, one seldom sees or hears anything of this predatory animal.

The local reindeer-hunters in the districts mentioned have many tales to tell about the “Jærve,” “Fjeldfrasen,” “Filfrasen,” or “Fillefransen,” as the glutton is called in various parts of Norway, and it is everywhere regarded as a very noxious animal.

In winter, when the sæters, fishing and shooting-huts on the mountains are left tenantless, these animals are in the habit of making their way into the

interior through any opening inadvertently left, or by eating their way through the wood-work, sometimes even by eating through the door. An instance of this I had an opportunity of seeing at a sæter in the Sikilsdal, and I shall not easily forget how unmercifully cold the wind came whistling through the hole made by the glutton in the door, in upon me as I lay in bed not far from the aperture. When the glutton is within, it gnaws in pieces, chews, and eats up all that it finds eatable, even things which one would think were tasteless and contained no nutriment. But frequently these animals find food scarce at that season, and when the stomach craves its worst for nourishment, it has to be satisfied with what is obtainable, like an inveterate smoker, who will, when destitute of tobacco, cut up an old pipe-stem and smoke the shavings of this.

On the fjelds inhabited by the glutton, shed reindeer-horns are never found lying about whole, as is the case on other fjelds, but only the bare roots, just where the horns were formerly attached to the head of the deer, the remainder having been eaten by the voracious glutton.

The peasant hunters are much embittered against it, because they know full well, when they leave the carcase of a deer up on the fjeld until their return the next day with a horse to bring it home, that the glutton has such a good nose and excellent appetite, and such a wonderful digestion, that it will in all probability discover it, and, in a single night, devour the greater part. There is an extravagant belief still pre-

valent that this animal can digest as rapidly as it can eat, and that in twenty-four hours a single glutton can eat up a whole reindeer, with its hide and hair as well. Experienced hunters assert that the glutton is tremendously strong in proportion to its size, and is able to raise and overturn as large a slab of stone as can be lifted by a full-grown man. Therefore, to leave meat in safety on the fjelds where gluttons are numerous it is necessary to seek for or dig a round hole wherein the meat can be placed, and over this roll not a flat but a round stone, so that its convex surface sinks in the centre some depth down into the cavity. The glutton cannot then go up to this and roll it off, as to do so it is necessary first to heave or lift up the stone out of the hollow, and this the beast cannot do. One can sometimes see that an attempt has been made to get at the contents of such a *cache*, and that the animal has been compelled to abandon the job.

The greatest injury and annoyance, though, arises from gluttons pursuing and killing reindeer, especially young fawns, and the young of domestic cattle, such as lambs and young goats. As soon as the first snow in autumn has covered thinly the surface of the fjelds, it is evident to a certainty who is the destroyer. Amongst the spoor of the reindeer will be frequently noticed the footprints of a glutton that has been lurking after them.

In Skiaker and other places where gluttons abound, the peasant hunters assert that there are places on the fjelds, where reindeer were formerly very numerous, which are now shunned by deer in consequence of

their being unable to rest or graze in peace there night or day. Should a sportsman, by chance, fall in with a herd of reindeer on a fjeld where gluttons are found, he may be sure that the deer will not stay to rest there, but will either keep constantly on the move or make their way quickly to some other place amongst the mountains, where they will be less likely to meet with their dreaded enemy.

When a glutton discovers a wounded or lame deer amongst a herd, it keeps specially after this. It is, unfortunately, not a very rare occurrence now, as latterly all who go in pursuit of reindeer are armed with long-range rifles firing conical bullets, and, to their shame and to the irreparable injury of the stock of deer, but to the benefit and joy of the glutton, use these with the utmost wantonness, firing at long distances and at random into the midst of any unfortunate herd which they may chance to meet. In consequence of this unsportsman-like practice there is nearly always seen one or more maimed deer limping or hobbling on three legs after every large herd, with difficulty keeping up with its or their more fortunate companions, and frequently so severely injured as to be compelled to lie down and rest every few yards. These are certain to become the prey of the glutton or some other predatory animal.

It is not often the sportsman catches sight of a glutton, as it principally roams abroad at night in search of food, seldom moving about during the day. Should one by chance happen to be roaming over its favourite fjeld, its sense of hearing, smell, and sight is so acute

that it discovers the sportsman ere the latter catches a glimpse of it, and seeks shelter in some hollow amongst the stones in the nearest "Ur."

I have personally only seen one of these animals, and then some distance off; but an old hunter on the Lom fjelds told me he had frequently seen a glutton lurking after a herd of reindeer, and that once he was fortunate enough to shoot one that was chasing a wounded deer. My informant was in pursuit of a young buck which he had wounded, though not so severely but that the animal was able for a time to keep up with the herd. When the buck at last, through weakness, fell to the rear, the hunter suddenly saw something black steal forth from among some rocks, which he soon discovered was a glutton. Every time the buck went on with his head turned away from the glutton the latter stole cautiously over the ground like a cat, but remained perfectly still directly the deer stopped or looked round. It understood stalking as well as any hunter, indeed better, as in a short time it had approached near enough to spring upon the buck and seize him by the throat. The poor brute, after vainly struggling to shake off its assailant, fell powerless to the ground. But the old hunter quickly made his way within gun-shot, and, while the glutton clung like a leech to the buck and sucked his blood, it suddenly received a bullet from his rifle. It instantly sprang up into the air like an indiarubber ball, and, upon its return to the earth, rolled and tossed about in a way horrible to behold, until the man, fearing it would recover itself suffi-

ciently to make its escape amongst the loose boulders around, rushed in and finished it with a stone.

The buck was so exhausted that, although he rose up and scrambled off at the report of the rifle and advance of the man, he was compelled almost immediately to lie down again, and the hunter easily approached and put him out of his misery with a shot through the head.

Probably a large number of these noxious animals could be destroyed with poison, as they are very voracious, and do not roam about like wolves, but remain tolerably stationary in some wild tract of the fjelds.

To do this successfully it is quite certain that poison must not, as is usually done, be placed upon one or two small animals or little pieces of meat scattered loosely about on the ground. When this is the plan adopted, a glutton, directly it feels the least effect of the poison, crawls off to the nearest "Ur," where it conceals itself so effectually that its body cannot be found, and its skin is lost. A far better plan would be to get the carcase of a goat or a sheep, the entrails of a reindeer, or some other large bait, and bury it in the ground or cover it with stones, and scatter small pieces of poisoned meat round the spot. When a glutton had eaten the small pieces of poisoned meat lying about, he would proceed to dig up or uncover the large bait ; but, while so engaged, the effects of the poison, hastened by the animal's exertions, would in all probability be so sudden and violent, that he would be attacked with cramp, and, unable to make his escape to his lair, would die on the spot.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF TEN YEARS.

Fresh Ground.—New Dogs.—New Rifles.—John.—Kristen.—
 Easy Range and Extreme Range.—“Raamskjyttare.”—Hans.
 —Bad Weather on the Fjeld.—A New Little John.

TEN years have elapsed since the writer and his companions were sporting in company, and many changes have taken place in the interval. New tracts have been visited, and a new house erected at Gundstadsæter, twenty-one miles north of the Aasdals-sæter.

The old dogs, Chasseur, Diana, Pan the first, Flora, Don, Snap, and Gaushj are dead and buried. The old thirty-six inch muzzle-loading rifles, with their necessary adjuncts and gimcracks, hang over the chimneys in our respective homes. New dogs and new breech-loading guns and rifles have been obtained, but the number of reindeer, I am sorry to say, is becoming less and less.

There is also another milkmaid at the Aasdalssæter in the place of Ragnhild, who is now the wife of Hans. Kristen is more corpulent than ever, but still owns a “Renhund,” and stays up at the sæter the whole summer through making short excursions after rein-

deer, shooting, and bragging to the milkmaids about his wonderful feats reindeer-stalking. Hans, however, asserts that Kristen's excursions do not extend further than the nearest eminence, where he lies sleeping and dreaming the whole time.

There were two circumstances which, taken together, decided the question whether Hans or Kristen should be Ragnhild's accepted suitor. At first it was as good as settled that Kristen should have her, and Hans lived a sad, drunken, quarrelsome life down in the valley, partly on account of the unsuccessful issue of his courtship, and partly because of the non-arrival of any of our party that summer whom he could accompany to the fjelds, and in the excitement of the chase forget his disappointment.

The first circumstance which changed favourably the aspect of Hans' courtship happened as follows :— Kristen and old John, one beautiful fine day, went out together after reindeer, and fell in with a herd on Remdalshögderne. Although old John was no great sportsman, he had shot a variety of animals in his time, and when reindeer-stalking, never shot hinds. He, however, did shoot one once. The parson of the parish, requiring some fresh meat for an approaching festival, sent a message to John requesting him to shoot a deer, so John took his rifle and ascended to the fjelds. He was unable to shoot a buck the first day, and passed the night somewhere or the other under an overhanging rock, as he thought it would be odd indeed if he could not return in the evening of the following day with a joint into the "Præstegaard's"

kitchen. Deer were scarce, however, and John was very reluctantly compelled to shoot a hind. He could only bring himself to do this when the time was so short that it left him no alternative, except to return without the venison. But he was never heard to tell he had *shot* a hind; "he had *slaughtered* a hind when there was no chance to shoot a buck," he remarked when he returned. Neither could he be accused of shooting at random into herds. This was to him an abomination; and he often remarked scornfully that most of the younger sportsmen used rifles carrying conical bullets, because it enabled them to fire at unreasonably long distances, and at random into the herds. He gave them the name of Raamskjyttare, and said "that it was most dismal to go after reindeer since them 'Raamskjyttare' had begun to fly about on the fjelds."

John, like a good hunter, had only two ranges at which he would fire, viz., a nice easy range and an extreme range. The first was at a distance of about one hundred alen, or so close that he could aim and fire point-blank at "Skaatflekken." The second was about two hundred alen, or so far from the deer that it was necessary to elevate the foresight in a line with the animal's spine.

He and Kristen had, as stated, found deer, and had succeeded in stalking some distance towards them, but still they were far from being within even old John's extreme range, when Kristen inquired: "Shall we not shoot now?"

"Shoot now!" said John; "have you seen such a

sight before ? Why, you cannot even aim at a single deer yet ; wait ! ”

When they had crawled a little nearer, Kristen again whispered : “ Now let us shoot, now that the whole herd are close together in a cluster.”

“ Keep still,” John said ; “ the deer are frightened, and the most likely buck is too far yet.”

“ Shoot ! shoot ! ” said Kristen again, “ now that there are seven or eight deer close together. We should be sure to hit one if we aim in between them and shoot together.”

“ Me hold between them ! ” said old John, as he turned angrily towards Kristen. “ You never mean to say that you would shoot into the midst of a herd ! Let me tell you, you won’t do so while you are with me. If you shoot amongst them, may the Devil take me if I don’t thrash you so that you will not be able to go after reindeer again for the next eight days.”

As John appeared as though he would execute his threat, Kristen kept quiet and held his tongue, but the old fellow was very much incensed that his intended son-in-law had wished to fire at hap-hazard into the midst of a herd, and had shown himself to be merely a “ Raamskjyttar ! ” This affected him so that his hand was unsteady, and when afterwards they really got within range, he fired at and missed a large buck. This made him still angrier, and when he and Kristen returned to the sæter in the evening, Ragnhild was surprised to see them sit down and eat together, and then retire to rest, without speaking a word to each other. She would not speak to Kristen, and was

unwilling to question the old man, so she remained ignorant of the cause of this coolness for a long time, in fact, until she heard the tale from us, Old John having made us acquainted with the incident one day when we were together "tilfjelds."

The second circumstance took place the winter following. Hans was staying up at Gopolsæter snaring ryper. One night there had fallen a great deal of snow, but the following morning was clear and cold. Hans accordingly set out on snow-shoes (Ski) to the spot where his snares were buried under the snow, and dug them up and reset them. This took time, so it was getting dusk before he set out on his return to the sæter. A ryper-snarer always selects, if possible, an elevated spot whereon to set his snares, that his return journey may be down hill the whole way. While Hans was making his way back to the sæter it came on to blow, and the loose snow was blown in drifts over the hills, like billows at sea. To be out on the wild fjelds at such a time as this is as bad as being on the open sea. As Hans, in the dusk of the evening, flew like lightning down the slope, he suddenly caught a glimpse of something black, which, the instant it saw him, neighed like a horse. Hans nearly fell with fright, but he determined, though, to see what it was, so he wheeled round on his snow-shoes, and worked his way up hill again by short tacks, exactly as a sailing-ship beats to windward. Sure enough, when he reached the spot again, there stood a horse by a recently snow-covered load of hay, in the midst of a desert of snow. The poor brute was

nearly frozen to death, and no human footprints were visible.

"Perhaps there is somebody inside the load," Hans said to himself, and shouted out, "Is there anybody here?" On this something moved amongst the hay, and old John came forth. He had been to the Imsdal for a load of hay, but the horse had become quite exhausted by the deep snow clinging to its feet, and the old fellow himself was so overcome with the cold that he had been compelled to let the horse come to a standstill, and bury himself in amongst the hay to save his own life.

"Is it you, Hans?" said John.

"Yes, it is me," Hans replied. "I heard a horse neigh, so I turned round to see what it was; but in the name of Jesus, what are you out on such a journey in such weather for—you, who are so old?"

"Oh, yes, we are old, both I and the jade, and it is now all over with both of us."

"Wait a little," said Hans, "I will help you. Are you hungry? I have some food in my bag, and a dram too. You must try to eat a little. So, come, now!"

The old fellow eagerly swallowed the dram and took some food, because "empty guts give weak arms," as he afterwards said when narrating the story.

"But the nag gave in before me to-night," John said, when he had come to himself a little.

"I will look after the nag," said Hans. "You lie down in amongst the hay again, and sleep a while."

"Will you remain here with me to-night, Hans?" John anxiously asked, thinking, perhaps, that he little deserved this sacrifice from the man he had rejected as the lover of his daughter.

"Yes, you know very well that I will not desert you now," Hans observed, as he took off his snow-shoes, and seizing the horse by the bridle, he commenced to lead it in a circle round the hay, to warm it by exercise and prevent its perishing by cold.

With a blessing on his lips, the old fellow, after Hans had tucked him well in, again fell asleep inside the load of hay; and when he awoke the next morning at dawn, and emerged from his bed with his clothes covered with hay, Hans and the horse had trodden a hard road round the sledge.

The horse was then put to again. Hans went first on "Ski," John leading the horse after, and in this manner they arrived in the course of the afternoon at Gopolsæter. Thus, not only was the old man and the horse saved, but the cows at home also, for Ragnhild had no fodder left for them. It was the fact of there being no more food for the cattle that induced John to go out in such bad weather.

One fine day in the spring, the sun lit up the ice on the window-panes of a farmhouse in the valley, and its rays streamed in upon Ragnhild sitting dressed in her bridal robes. The bridegroom was Hans! Ragnhild had always had "more eye for the man than for the farm." Old John has since given up his small farm to Hans. Another little John has been

born to bless the declining days of the old man, and the latter one day sat the little fellow on the pack-saddle, and took him up to the sæters, because, in old John's opinion, the boy must go to the fjelds to make a man of him. That he will be no "Raamskjyttar" the old man is assured.

CHAPTER XX.

GUNDSTADSÆTER.

Two Rooms.—Trophies of the Chase.—Lake Setning.—Halvor and the “Tændnaals” Rifle.—A Lucky Day.—Ramshö and Rundhö.—The Svartaa Muirs.—Three Reindeer in Two Shots. The Svabudal.—Killing Wounded Snipe.—Twenty Ryper in Twenty-one Shots.—The Story of Seming.

WE have two head stations up on the fjelds, viz., Aasdalssæter and Gundstadsæter. The latter lies twenty-one miles due north of the former, wherefore Hans asserts that he can never lose his way going from one to the other, should he be overtaken by ever such a thick fog, because he need only “follow the needle of the compass” to keep right.

The Gundstadsæter lies at some considerable distance from any other, and is about twenty-one miles distant from the farm of the same name in Ringebo. The greater part of the way from the farm up to the sæter passes over naked high fjelds, whereon, if fortunate, one may chance to see both reindeer and ryper. One year a member of our party even shot a reindeer on his way up to the sæter.

The Gundstadsæter lies at a far greater elevation than the Aasdalssæter. Neither birch nor pine are found growing in the neighbourhood of the chalets;

only ling and willow-bushes, and, in consequence, the view is more extensive from the sæter itself, and still more so from the nearest eminence. In the north-west the jagged peaks of the Rondene mountains are visible, towering beyond Ramshö, Sauhö, and Graahö, which are in the more immediate vicinity of the sæter. To the north there are Kirkekletten and Sölkletten, the latter having the appearance of an enormous saddle. Far off in the east, beyond the river Glommen, Storsölen can be seen; and still further distant, due west, some of the highest peaks of the Jotun mountains.

At the sæter we have at our disposal two rooms, separated by a passage wherein Hans has his bed. One of the rooms is used only as a sleeping apartment, and is furnished with four bedsteads with movable covers, so that they may also serve as sofas. The other room, or "the salon," is a little the larger, and has two bay windows. It is furnished with a large table, a long fixed bench, and wooden stools; and ranged along one side are four high presses, one for each of my companions and myself, wherein our respective properties are stowed in order, or the reverse, according to our individual nature. Each member has also an allotment of a certain space on the walls, where he, and no other, may hang his guns and other shooting and fishing tackle.

In the course of years both the roof and walls have, by degrees, been decorated with various trophies of the chase. Fourteen sets of reindeer-antlers adorn the former and the upper part of the latter. A stuffed

fox and a stuffed hare, the latter evidently very dispirited at the close vicinity of its neighbour, surmount the doorway, one on each side. A northern diver (*Colymb. arct.*)—which Jehan, the fisherman, declared used to steal the fish out of his nets in Lake Setning before we, to his great satisfaction, shot it there—now hangs over one of our windows, fixed in a swimming position upon a board. A sparrow-hawk and a goshawk hang suspended from the roof, and Hans asserts that there is always good weather when the latter begins to turn on its string.

In spite of Hans' opinion that we ought to have our sitting-room painted blue, we still think the plain wood more pleasing to the eye; we therefore suffer no paint therein, but have our table, bench, presses, walls, and rafters scoured with sand and rushes, until they are as white as wood can be, and it is strictly forbidden to sully the purity of the floor by spitting thereon.

Our sleeping-apartment is divided by a small passage from the "sæl," or ordinary living-room of the sæter, and the latter is again separated from the dairy by another passage; but all the rooms are under one common roof, so there is an unbroken communication through four doors from the "salon" to the dairy.

We have frequently been visited by acquaintances and strangers, likewise by the parson from Solli and his family, and all have admitted that our rooms at the Gundstadsæter are very comfortable.

Both milkmaids here have the same name—Pauline; but Harald, who is an enthusiastic admirer of all that

is national, and, especially when "tilfjelds," has as little as possible to remind him of town-life, upon our first visit to the sæter rechristened them. Upon that occasion he called them into the "salon" and presented each with a glass of wine, addressing the one as Aagot and the other as Marit, and by these names they have since been addressed.

A little less than an English mile below the sæter, Lake Setning lies sheltered and calm in a narrow but beautiful valley. Hence come our small trout. When we are desirous of trying for large fish, that is, for trout up to eight pounds in weight, we must go to the Atnesjö, a lake over seven miles in length, distant about nine miles from the sæter. A good path through charming scenery leads to this lake, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the Rondene mountains.

Stretching far and wide around the sæter, our shooting-ground holds a variety of game, both great and small—reindeer, capercailzie, black-game, and ryper. If you disbelieve this statement, come up and see. Each of the fourteen sets of antlers has the date when and the name of the individual by whom the animal was killed. Affixed to the walls in our bed-room are the tail-feathers of eighteen capercailzie, all killed within a few days of each other while out ryper-shooting. Our shooting-ground is so well situated and suited for every description of feathered game, that when the dog stands on the tracts under Snödöla, especially in the neighbourhood of the little stream called Bubækken, one is never certain

what sort of game is going to take wing. Perchance it is a snipe or a woodcock, a covey of ryper, or at the most a blackcock; but yet one can never feel sure that a brood of capercailzie may not take wing with a loud whirr, and test the sportsman's nerve. Forewarned is forearmed; therefore, it will be no fault of mine if, unnerved at the unexpected appearance of such large game, you miss with both barrels, instead of scoring a right and left, and so lose a chance which is not likely soon to recur. By the bye, there is a diary in the table drawer wherein, amongst other matters, is recorded a bare statement without comment that an accident happened to one of our dogs. The entry runs as follows:—"Pan shot in the head with a charge of No. 6, through the carelessness of N. N." There is also a bullet-hole in one of the rafters of the roof with the superscription, "Halvor fecit, anno 1863."

The latter event happened as follows:—One Sunday morning Hans came into the "salon" and told Halvor that a "Renjæger" out in the "sæle" wished to see his (Halvor's) rifle. The man was immediately asked in and treated to a dram, whereupon Halvor took his breech-loading rifle down from the wall and sat himself down by the side of his visitor to explain to him its mechanism.

"See here; you see, when I lift this lever here," explained Halvor, "it places the hammer at half-cock, and the chamber-piece falls down so that the cartridge can be put in. Then place the hammer at full-cock, and"—

"You are certain it is not loaded?" inquired the man, a little anxiously.

"No, it is not loaded," said Halvor; "but you see the hammer strikes a needle, for which reason it is called a needle-rifle (tændnaals-rifle), and the needle strikes the percussion-cap which is in the back of the cartridge. Now it is at full-cock, and when I pull the trigger—but now it is not loaded, see you—so"—bang went the rifle! "At any rate, it was loaded then," said Halvor, evidently not in the least disconcerted, and without discontinuing his conversation with the man, who made no remark. I was sitting by the other window cleaning my rifle, and also abstained from passing any observation; but got a stool to enable me, by standing thereon, to reach the inside of the roof, and make a note of the date and the perpetrator's name close to the hole made by the bullet. Hans, who was up on the roof at the time hanging trout up to smoke in the chimney, and Harald, who was in our sleeping apartment, both came rushing in.

"Who shot?" inquired Hans; "the bullet nearly struck me in the foot, and, when it came through the roof, it made the turf fly around me."

Since that day Harald has always taken particular care that none of Halvor's guns ever hang loaded on the wall, by removing the charge, either with or without the knowledge of the owner, whenever his guns were brought in in that dangerous condition. Halvor has several times in consequence taken his gun down believing it to be loaded, and not found out to the contrary until, upon taking aim at rype and pulling

the trigger, the result has been a harmless "click," which has so enraged him that he has more than once angrily exclaimed: "Prudence personified has been and taken the charge out of my gun again; I will one of these times shoot at him at two hundred alen and frighten him right effectually!"

Of course, during the number of years which we have shot over the ground round Gundstadsæter, we have had our lucky and unlucky days. Some years game has been very abundant, and in others very scarce. Mention is made in our journal of an exceptionally good day's sport. On the day in question, Harald and Halvor went out after reindeer, I after ryper, and Herman to fish in the Setning, and when in the evening we were all reassembled round the hearth, each of us could boast of extraordinary success. But honour to those who honour deserve; so I will first narrate what befell Harald and Halvor on this eventful day.

In company with Hans, they first ascended Snödöla, and then proceeded to an eminence that, previous to our arrival, was nameless, but to which we have given the name of Sjaahögda, from which an extensive view can be obtained of the surrounding fjelds. Hans and Harald, after examining the neighbourhood carefully through the telescope without discovering any deer, proceeded in a northerly direction to Ramshö, from which there is an uninterrupted view across to Rundhö, Brændhö, and Gjeitsiden, right to the foot of Rondene.

After sitting on Vesleramshö some time sweeping the surrounding district with the telescope, in a vain

endeavour to catch sight of rein, Harald said to Hans that if the latter could find a herd of reindeer he would give him a new coat, which Hans, in all probability, greatly needed. Perhaps the prospect of this present sharpened his usually keen sight, for Hans had not been using the glass many minutes after the promise was made ere he exclaimed :—

“Now you will have to give me the coat, Harald, for I can now show you a ‘reinshop.’”

A herd of deer were crossing the muir in the direction of Rundhö. Harald immediately started in pursuit, but Halvor remained sitting on Vesleramshö. The latter would not go because, as the deer were going at a rapid rate, it was very doubtful whether it would be possible to overtake them, and their pursuit, successful or not, would entail a long journey. He accordingly promised to remain still, and keep an eye upon the herd through the glass, and, as Harald and Hans, when they reached the low ground, would be unable to see the deer, telegraph to them the whereabouts of the animals by means of a pocket-handkerchief attached to his alpenstock. It was arranged that so long as the deer continued to proceed quietly in the same direction, the handkerchief was to be left flying, but if the deer became alarmed and dashed off, the flag was to be struck.

The two sportsmen set off at a double-quick pace straight across the muir, which is always boggy and swampy, and at times impassable. Hans, in his haste, fell twice in the swamp, but Harald, who, as Hans said, “was as nimble that day as a farmer in spring,”

contrived to pass over dryshod. They again came in sight of the deer on the slope under Rundhö, and as the ground there was ill adapted for stalking, especially from below, they were early compelled to crawl on all fours. In this way they easily approached within about four hundred alen of the animals, but then were compelled to remain still until the deer disappeared over a ridge. As soon as the last was out of sight, our two hunters were quickly after; but when they arrived at the summit no deer were visible on the declivity on the opposite side.

"Can anything have scared them?" asked Hans.

"Look through the large telescope, and see whether the flag is still flying on Vesleramshö," said Harald.

"Yes, the handkerchief still hangs on the staff," Hans answered, and continued: "The deer must have lain down in a hollow hereabouts. You had better go carefully ahead, alone."

Harald wriggled himself forward about two hundred alen, keeping as flat as possible, so that his head was always the highest part of his body, and peering constantly on all sides. At last he saw two small antlers projected up over a ridge overgrown with moss. The deer were lying down on this, and Harald was reluctantly compelled to copy their example, and wait until they rose up. To increase his cover and form a rest for his rifle, he cautiously collected some small pieces of rock, and piled them carefully one on the other in front of him. With his rifle in readiness, he raised himself up on his elbows as high as he dared, so that he could see the most of the herd, and was able to

judge what distance they were from him, which he estimated to be barely two hundred alen. Immediately after, four of the finest deer rose up, and two stood side by side, broadside on to Harald. He elevated the barrel of his rifle a trifle, and fired. The deer paused a moment terror-struck, enabling him to take aim with the left-hand barrel—bang! and the herd were off like the wind. Whilst he reloaded, Hans came running up.

“How was it? Didn’t you hit? Were they frightened? Where have the deer gone?”

Harald made no reply to Hans’ string of questions, but set off with long strides after the deer. He could not believe otherwise than that he had hit both the two first and the single deer, but, as previously observed, deer do not always fall on the spot.

“See, there lies a deer!” shouted Hans, “and there lies another; you have shot a buck and a hind. Was it these you fired both shots at?”

“No,” answered Harald; “I believe I shot the second time at a third deer. It may be I missed—but what is that? There is something grey lying down in the ‘Ur,’ you Hans.”

“Yes, so God help me if there is not a third deer there! Now we shall have reinsteaks at Gundstad-sæter, and let us shout hallo to Halvor to come up and help us with the flaying.”

Halvor was already on his way across the muir, but, proceeding heedlessly, he fell still oftener than Hans had done, and after some time had elapsed without his rejoining them, Hans took the telescope to look for him.

"Can you see him?" Harald inquired.

"Yes, I can see him; but where in the name of Jesus has he been to? he has been in the bog in the middle of the muir, and his trousers are black with mud."

This turned out to be correct, and when Halvor rejoined them, he was as surly as possible over this trivial accident. Previous to setting out after them, he had, through the glass, seen the smoke of each discharge and the deer fall, ere he heard the reports, borne faintly towards him by the wind.

The three then unanimously agreed, firstly, to drink a brimming "dödt sup" to their success, and secondly, that Harald should return to the sæter as fast as possible after horses, while Halvor and Hans resumed their task of flaying and cutting up the three deer.

Halvor, notwithstanding he took frequent drams, and smoked his pipe the whole time he was so engaged, soon became tired of the work, and throwing his rifle across his shoulder, strolled in his wet trousers to the nearest ridge, singing, "Were I on the high fjeld, where a Fin shot"—Pst! there came a young buck trotting back, probably in search of the fallen. Halvor sank on one knee, brought his rifle in a trice from his shoulder to his cheek, and—Bang! there lay the little buck on his back, shot through the heart while running.

It was the best "Renjagt" ever had by any of the members of our party, and in all probability will be the best that either my companions or I will ever have.

The same day I was ryper-shooting in the Sva-

budal, and had not up to twelve o'clock come across a single head of game. Pan, as well as I, began to consider this absence of game rather strange, as he was well acquainted with the ground, and had been accustomed to find an abundance of ryper there. At last he ceased working, and cast an expressive glance at me, as though he would say : It is no use my trying any more ; I have sought high and low without even once finding any signs of game ; have you now any idea where ryper are to be found to-day ? if you have, you need only to beckon with your hand, and I will start off and look for them ! " No, my good Pan," I said, " I do not know either where they are all collected together, unless it is a little too late in the autumn, and the ryper have already ' packed ' in large flocks, and betaken themselves farther up the valley. But if we find any, you may be sure we shall find a goodly number."

On Maafaa, I beckoned with my hand to the dog to work more to the right, and directly he went in the direction indicated he stood set. There we have the ryper, thought I, advancing up to the dog, but only a single-snipe flew up. Although greatly disappointed, I was not so disconcerted as to miss it. I let it take its three twists in the air, and the moment it set off in a straight line it received such a number of No. 6 that it fell to the ground stone-dead.

The single-snipe, it is well known, is far more difficult to shoot than the double, and I, as an old sportsman, will venture to advise every beginner, should he possess a good gun, to do as I do, that is, let the single-snipe

fly about thirty yards and then fire. And since I have begun to give advice, permit me to offer a little more. Be neither in a hurry nor nervous when a snipe or any other bird takes wing, but take the matter calmly. Bear in mind, as Barry says, "that no one as yet has ever heard of a snipe or ryper flying up into the face of the sportsman and biting him because he has shot at it." It may appear unnecessary, or even ridiculous, to offer such an admonition; but which of us who has had any experience in the field has not seen many sportsmen (!) who, when a snipe or ryper took wing, looked as alarmed as though they expected that a bear or a mad ox would stick its head up out of the willow-bushes and attack them.

If you are so unfortunate as to wing a snipe, do not, "in the name of all noble sport," crush the poor little thing to death under the butt of your gun, when in its struggles to escape it repeatedly springs aloft, beating the air with its uninjured wing, and finally when it lies exhausted on the ground at your feet, with its tail-feathers outspread, and by an anxious glance begs of you to be kind-hearted, do not take it and hammer its head against the heel of your boot or your gun-stock, as in all likelihood, half an hour after, you will find that the unfortunate bird has partly recovered consciousness and is in convulsions in your game-bag.

To put a wounded bird out of its misery, instantly and with comparatively little pain, seize it with your thumb and finger placed respectively under the wings on each side, and then nip it as hard as possible until

you can almost feel the tips of your thumb and finger meet. Of course the best plan is to shoot the bird dead at first.

Are you fond of dainties? Then under no circumstances let snipe hang as long as ryper, but cook and eat them while comparatively fresh.

Up at the extreme end of the Svabudal, just above a dense growth of willow-bushes, Pan found ryper at last, and stood set some distance from a place where a pack of between thirty and forty were collected together. By the entry in our journal, I find that in one hour I bagged twenty ryper in twenty-one shots. I should, though, observe that I had two misses, but I made up for one of these by fortunately bagging two at one shot. I could easily have shot more, perhaps double the number, but I thought twenty would be sufficient to supply the wants of our household at the time.

Now for the adventures of Herman. He, as previously stated, went to fish in the Setning. He first visited his friend Jehans Gutu, an old fellow who had a fishing-hut charmingly situated at the south end of the lake, close to the outlet of the river, on a spot where in half a score of years some city magnate will, in all probability, erect a summer villa that he may benefit by the mountain air. This old man, when several days elapsed without either of us coming down either to catch or buy fish, used to bring a goodly bunch of trout up to the sæter and dispose of them to us for a reasonable sum and a dram. We, taken on the whole, were on a very friendly footing with the

peasants, hunters, and fishermen resident in those parts of the country which we visited on our sporting excursions, and we have never noticed otherwise than that the peasants are always civil and respectful to strangers when the latter are courteous to them.

The Setning lies in such a sheltered position that frequently, when it blows hard on the fjeld, the surface of the lake is as unruffled as in a calm. When the water is without a ripple it is useless to fish with flies, and as this was the case on the day mentioned, Herman used slugs as baits with great success. I might avail myself of this opportunity to give some valuable hints on "slugfishery," but I think it preferable to narrate a tale that, upon this occasion, Herman heard from Jehans, and which he has recorded in the journal in the following words:—

"There lived in the neighbourhood, many years since, a man named Seming. He was of a very dark complexion, tall and stoutly-built, was much liked in company, loved children, and had on the whole only one fault, but a very bad one, viz., that he never could come to the right conception between *meum* and *tuum*. This, people said, lay in his blood. (He was not of the same race as the other inhabitants of that part of the country, and they, by this remark, meant to convey their impression that he had more of the old Viking blood in his veins than they. Possibly he, as well as Hakon Jarl, could trace his descent from the illustrious Halogoland race descended from Seming, a son of Odin, by a giant female magpie.) Seming lived on the east side of Lake Setning, about equidistant from

each end, in a wretched small hut close to the water's edge of which some signs still remain, as it is not more than a century since he resided there. He was married and had several children, but his farm stock consisted of two cows only. Where was Seming to obtain food for his old woman, youngsters, and cows, not to speak of himself? There was no ground near his hut that could be cultivated, as the mountain-side rose precipitously immediately at the rear of and overhung his hut, while on each side a decline of *débris*, with a scanty growth of brushwood springing up in places amongst the rocks, ran down to the waters of the lake. It appeared one of the most unlikely places in the world to be selected as a permanent abode by a needy man. But Seming would live there. He liked the Setning, he liked to see the lake outside his door and the reflection of the mountains and trees therein, he liked rambling about on the fjelds, he liked everything but to till the earth and toil for food like others. He thought that those who had more than enough ought to assist him to lead his lonely and romantic life on the shore of Setning's lovely lake. However, these would not help him, so he helped himself to what he required, as was done by the Vikings in olden times, when such deeds redounded to the honour of the perpetrator, or, in other words, he stole! though not from his neighbours. No! Seming was far too cunning for that. He was not only as big and as strong as a bear, but also as crafty as a fox. He never stole anything in the neighbourhood of his abode, neither from the people residing in

a northerly direction, by the Atnebro, nor those southerly, in Sollien; his depredations were all committed farther afield. He had a brother who owned a small farm in the Brettingsdal, a valley running down from the Storfjeld sæters, who also stole, although he could have lived very well without. Perhaps also because it lay in the blood, or to keep his brother company. Whence or what they stole I do not know, but that they were both very great thieves is certain, and there is not much doubt that they carried on their thievish operations for a lengthened period, as a quantity of stolen property was found hidden in various places, and, according to popular belief, a far greater quantity still lies buried and concealed amongst the rocky *débris* in the neighbourhood of the place where Seming's hut formerly stood.

"One autumn evening, when Nils Brænden, from Atnesjöen, met Seming, the latter begged the former to give him a sack of hay, and promised that neither he nor his brother would touch any of Nils's property. Nils, who was alone, was afraid to say no, so he gave him the hay. Seming faithfully kept his promise not to touch anything belonging to Nils, but a short time after, Nils's neighbour, who had not on another occasion shown himself so obliging as Nils, lost two fat buck goats.

"Seming had been frequently pursued, but always managed to evade his pursuers. Once he was shot through the thigh, but escaped notwithstanding. People said 'he knew more than other folk.' Another time he was crossing the Ringebo fjelds on snow-

shoes with a tub of butter he had purloined on his back, and was discovered by three ryper-snarers, who gave chase. Seming started off as fast as he could, but the tub of butter impeded his progress uphill ; but at length, perceiving that his pursuers were gaining on him, he altered his course, and set off down hill towards a deep snow-drift, which was known to him, but not to them. He cleared this with a bound, and flew on. His pursuers came rushing after, the swiftest first, who, stopping suddenly at the sight of the snow-drift, sprained his foot, and his comrades were compelled to drag him home on his snow-shoes, instead of following Seming.

“ Finally, Seming and his brother committed an audacious theft at a Venebygd sæter, and moreover maliciously destroyed many things in sheer wantonness, so Guldbrand, in Venebygden, resolved to put an end to their depredations. He accordingly assembled the people, and surrounded Seming’s lair by the Setning, wherein, at the time of their arrival, there was nobody but the youngest child lying on a reindeer skin on the floor, bound by one leg to the bed-post to prevent its getting into mischief. They ransacked the hut, and found several valuable articles belonging to Guldbrand and others. Placing two men to guard the recovered property, the others proceeded to search round the hut. Unexpectedly, Seming, armed with an axe, stood at the door. Swinging this formidable weapon round his head, he strode into the hut, seized and marched off with his child under his left arm, axe in hand, without either of the two men daring to

interrupt him. He sprang up the declivity to a rocky ledge, overgrown with moss. Here 'he stood like a bear in his lair,' and his pursuers were afraid to attack him that evening. Throughout the night large stones came rolling down the declivity, thundering out the tidings that Seming was awake, and prepared to defend himself.

"The next day, being severely wounded by several bullets, Seming was compelled to surrender, and was conveyed down to the valley. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to slavery, but he died of his wounds before reaching his place of transportation."

An end came to our holiday, to our life at the sæter, and to our shooting and fishing excursions. We said "farvel" to the milkmaids, and ascended the nearest eminence to have one more look over the fjelds, whilst Hans adjusted the pack-saddle on the horse near the sæter door. As we went up the slope, we could hear him singing loudly the following extempore verse:—

"We have stayed here shooting fowl and eating smör,*
The pack-horse ready to depart is standing at the door,
As there is nothing more to shoot, neither ryper nor rein,
It is as well to return down to our homes again."

* Butter.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE SKIAKER FJELDS.

The People.—Nature.—Tollef, Reindeer-Hunter and Master Mariner.—The Varsimle.—The Ice Lake.—The Buck on the Glacier.—“Herberge.”—Ryper-shooting.

ONE year, three of our party resolved to go to other mountain districts which had not been previously visited by any of us. Harald proceeded to Bernuten, a farm situated amidst the mountain-wastes of the Hardanger, whereon, even at the present time, herds of reindeer a thousand strong are occasionally seen. Halvor visited Jotunfjeldene, where excellent reindeer-shooting is also to be obtained by any one able to withstand the hardship and fatigue concomitant with a sporting expedition amongst the highest, wildest, and most precipitous range of mountains in Norway. I went to Skiakerfjeldene, and wandered over these mountain-wastes as far as Nord-dalen, in Søndmore.

With reference to the choice of either of these three districts as a field for future reindeer-stalking expeditions, I must advise the selection of the Hardangervidde, which is both less difficult to traverse, and, at the present time, more abundantly stocked with these deer than any other part of the country. This moun-

tain waste—a vast plateau over two thousand English square miles in extent, at an elevation of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, with numerous mountains ascending from the plateau, two and three thousand feet higher—can be reached from Bernuten, in Rauland parish; from the shores of the Mjös vand; from Flaaten, in Nummedal; from Tufto, in Hallingdal; and from Röldal, on the new road from Christiania to Bergen, and on the west side from Odde, Eidford, and several other stopping-places for the Stavanger and Bergen steamers running up the Hardanger fjord.

However, if in your visits to the fjelds your chief object is not that you may be able upon your return to boast of having killed a large number of deer, but to see the interesting “Fjeld-nature,” with the prospect of also being able to shoot one or two deer, then accompany me to Skiaker! The journey thereto is long. The way lies up through the Guldbrandsdal to Brænden, where the road branches off to the left, and passes through Vaage and Lom to Lindseim, in Skiaker parish. From the latter place there is a parish road up to the Billingsæters, from which excursions may be made to “Höggjöimene,” and “Laaggjöimene,” in search of reindeer. If not contented to stay at these sæters, you can proceed farther *af fjeld* past the Nysæters to the termination of the roadway at Grotlien, on the Breidalsvand, a lake situate in the midst of one of the wildest mountain districts in Norway. From Grotlien, where the State has erected a large two-storey house wherein good

lodgings are to be had, there are three horse-tracks over the fjelds, one through the Kallurdal to Söndmore, the second along the shores of Djupvandene, where also a house has been erected, to Geianger, and the third through the Vasvenddal to Opstryen.

I regret to have to state that not everywhere in Skiaker is it characteristic of the inhabitants to be obliging to travellers or moderate in their charges, as is the case in the Guldbrandsdal and other much-frequented valleys. Perhaps it is in a great measure owing to their hitherto having had but few strangers amongst them that they do not understand that it is better, in the long run, to be satisfied with moderate remuneration for services rendered, and for food and lodgings, than to extort an exorbitant payment on a first visit, and, by so doing, deter strangers from visiting them.

Amongst the inhabitants of this remote valley I found only a single newspaper, and that a very poor one. From the constant perusal of this they had imbibed ill-will towards the Government and its officials, and at the same time acquired, in the highest degree, a one-sided political education. This paper had been lent from one to the other, and read as thoroughly as they gnaw their "Fenaknok" (legs of mutton dried, which the peasants eat raw, and which, by-the-bye, make excellent soup), so that hardly the least particle of the printing remained readable. I thought it a great pity that there was no public library to provide them with better intellectual food than this much-read one-sided political newspaper. That they were anxious

and willing to read was evident, as when I threw away fragments of newspapers which I had used for packing, they caught these up and eagerly read as much as could be made out by putting the fragments together.

When you have passed Lindseim do not fail to observe, as you proceed along the new road, the enormous declivity of *débris* near Öiberget farm. You may travel far and wide over Norway's wildest fields ere you will again see such a grand "Ur" as this. I have not, at any rate, seen any other which is as high, extensive, and covered with such huge rocky boulders—as large as houses—or so fearfully wild and impassable as the one here. The mountain from which it descends is named Höiberget (the High Mountain), and it must in truth have been high—perhaps one of Norway's highest—when all these enormous masses of stone formed its summit. There is nothing to repay the toil of its ascent, which is impossible without ladders and ropes, as neither reindeer nor other game are to be found on the mountain.

High above the boulder-strewn declivity the side of the mountain rises stupendously steep—a sheer wall of rock, upon which the moisture, trickling through, glistens like frosted silver. Midway up the mountain-side is a solitary spruce-fir, apparently clinging apprehensively fast to the rocky wall. Where the tree is seen not a particle of earth in which it could have taken root is visible from the road. Poor tree! I thought; thou hast passed the whole of thy life up there quite alone, whilst down in the valley a whole forest of trees bow their tops familiarly together when the storm sweeps over them; whilst thou

in thy loneliness hast only the bare mountain-side to lean towards. How camest thou thither ? Who planted thee there ? It happened in this manner. A storm raged ; a spruce-seed whirled high into the air, descended, twirling round and round on its long wings until it lodged upon a rocky ledge projecting from the mountain-side. Then came rain, and swept the seed down to a little mossy hillock, the one solitary patch of earth on the precipitous mountain-side. From the seed, which had the germ within to become a great tree, a healthy sapling shot rapidly aloft. But the patch of earth was too limited. The tree projected its roots over the ledge and down the mountain-side in search of soil, but it lay far, far below ; it stretched them upwards and laterally, but there was rock, rock everywhere ; it bored them deep into the rocky crevices, but found no nourishment. All hope of becoming a large tree must be abandoned. It grew no higher, but drew itself into a stunted crown at the top. Age came, the uppermost branches withered, and now it stands an old grey-haired hermit, whose only company is a buzzard, that has built its nest amongst the withered branches.

From Grotlien I made an excursion over to Norddalen, in Söndmore, discovering two things which I valued greatly, viz., a river wherein no one had previously fished with flies, and a "Renjæger" who was a true mountaineer, one to whom the wastes of the fjelds were as familiar when decked with their winter covering of snow, as when smiling under the summer sun. What was very remarkable, he was also a clever and experienced mariner, and in winter took

part in the great Loffoden fishery; yes, and was even captain of a boat. Who would have thought this when they saw him scrambling down a decline of *débris*? or that he was an excellent mountaineer and hunter when they saw him sitting in his fisherman's garb, tiller in hand, in the stern of a boat? But it was so, strange as it may appear. The active life of a mountaineer ensures a sharp eye and sure foot, and developes many faculties which are invaluable to a seaman, teaches him, in a high degree, foresight and presence of mind, also to take bearings and proceed in the dark. Perhaps it is owing to this that a Norwegian from any of the western districts, either from the coast or a remote mountain valley, will quickly understand and adapt himself to life afloat, overcome difficulties, have an eye for danger and unflinchingly face it.

Accustomed on his native mountains to find his way in the dark, in a fog, or in a snow-storm, guided alone by the recollection of some mountain peak, a ravine, a brook, or a boulder, he will also quickly learn to find his way through a narrow channel after he has passed through a few times. The same retentive memory or power of recognition which helps him on the mountains will not fail him afloat.

His only safeguard from destruction when descending on snow-shoes with lightning speed steep hills covered with snow is his ever-watchful eye, which will serve him in good stead when he has exchanged his alpenstock for a tiller, and all depends upon him whether the vessel shall rise over or be

engulfed in the surging foam. He will quickly understand that he must "luff up," not "fall off" from, but keep his boat "bows on" to a threatening billow; that at times, when running before a heavy sea, sail must not be reduced, but more piled on, and that only by so doing can he escape being pooped by the seas chasing him, one of which every now and then breaks into foam astern of his boat and sends its snow-white froth driving along on each side. Something resembling this he has seen before, he has seen a huge snow-drift, loosened from the mountain-side, come thundering down, its embrace fraught with more certain death than any surge.

Accustomed with a sure foot to climb the steep mountain-sides, and to gaze without giddiness upon roaring waterfalls dashing into spray hundreds of feet below, and down precipices a thousand feet deep, he will not be afraid to climb aloft and look down on the heaving sea. When afloat, he will soon learn to set his foot cautiously and handle things in a ship-shape way, and as he knows full well that a trifling defect in the fastenings of his snow-shoes, a bad withe, an untrustworthy rope, a sprung alpenstock, might, when on his native mountains, have cost him his life, he will, when on shipboard, soon perceive the necessity of having all things trustworthy and in order. Should an alpenstock snap, or a tiller break, the fastening of a snow-shoe give, or a mast carry away, the mountaineer is ever readier in an emergency than the lowlander whose life has been passed in sluggish inactivity on the seat of a waggon behind a pair of oxen.

But to my narrative. The man's name was Tollef; he was of middle height, strongly built, and in his prime. Accompanied by him I roamed over the fjelds from Söndmore down to Vaage, a stretch in a straight line of about seventy miles.

We ascended Feteeggen and Svarteggen, and thence descended to the Grönvand, a lake at such a great elevation that even in August large masses of ice were floating about therein. We rambled the whole of one day over the large glaciers on Breidalseggen, and I shall never forget the narrow escape I had from losing my life upon that occasion. I had slidden quickly some distance down the slope of one of the glaciers, when I thought it would be as well to stop and see how much farther I might venture to go. It was fortunate I did so, as a little ahead the ice abruptly descended like a wall into a deep and extensive pool of water lying far below. The pool was hemmed in on the opposite side by a rocky cliff, and in the grassy green water were numerous dissolving blocks of ice which had become disconnected from the sides and fallen in. A few alen further, and I should have descended plump down into the water, never to come up again, and kept the ice-blocks company, as even if Tollef had had a line with him, it would have been as easy for him to cast it up to the moon, as down to me. A cold shiver, I admit, passed like an icicle down my back at the sight of this pool, several hundred feet below, and you may be sure that I stuck the point of my alpenstock and dug the heels of my boots deep in the ice as, with the cold

sweat on my forehead, I scrambled up the declivity. Neither can I deny that I trembled a little in the knees when I halted at a safe distance from the "Iskjen."

We also visited Kroshö and Vasvendeggen. The latter, as well as the Vasvandal, derive their names from a most remarkable watershed which exists here. The Amtkart, though, is incorrect, as upon it two rivers are shown flowing from the same lake, one eastward and the other westward. The real fact is that a stream running down from Raudeggen is divided by a sand-hill at the foot of the declivity into two arms, one of which runs westward to the Opstrynvand and the other eastward into the Otta river.

We crossed the Heggebot muirs, passed by the Aursjö, in which lake the fish are so large, said Tollef, "that they can seize a man." Thence over the Roko muirs, which are ten and a half miles in length, "or so long," said Tollef, "that one becomes dejected and cheerful, and dejected again before he has crossed them." The muirs in Ringebo are but a "cock's-stride" in extent compared to these and other muirs in this district.

We ascended Bænkehö, and had a brilliant outlook over the mountains for miles around. A narrow valley was visible right under our feet, wherein, deep, deep, down, lay houses and green cultivated fields, environed with woodland, with a small river flowing through the midst, glistening in the sunshine like a vein of silver. How pitiable little and impotent one feels himself to be up in view of all this wild grand nature. Not the smallest pebble would fall down

from the mountain, not a blade of grass bow itself to the earth; nor a single leaf fall from a tree or wither with pity, should one be dashed into pieces by falling from the summit of Bænkehö into the valley below. I involuntarily wished myself home again, at least to the sæter, where many things were to be found to remind me that I also could command and had some influence. But here! No; here was nothing to speak of man's superiority; here one felt completely his insignificance, and I advise every one who in his narrow-mindedness is inclined to consider himself infallible to ascend Bænkehö and gaze around. If he does not descend in a more humble frame of mind, I can only hope that on his way back, he will be overtaken by such wet stormy weather as I in my unpresuming mood met with.

In mountain districts the weather is always uncertain. The heavens may be cloudless one hour, and the next a storm will be raging, with rain in torrents, hail and snow. When we set out on our return a sharp cold wind blew dead against us, and ere we had descended far, our faces became fiery red from exposure to the chilly blast. Suddenly we noticed a solitary snow-flake flutter to the earth, this was soon followed at intervals by others, then they fell faster and thicker, until at last all the surrounding objects became invisible, and we were enveloped by such a thick curtain of snow-flakes that we could only see a few feet in advance. We had two glaciers to cross, which is no joke when one is unable to see where he is going to. It is easy to go astray or fall into

a crevasse, therefore we crept under an overhanging rock, and waited awhile to see if the weather would clear up.

"Have you heard of 'Havamal,' Tollef?" I inquired.

"No," he answered. "Is it some 'Reinfjell?'"

"No, neither Rensfjeld nor Fiskegrund," said I; "but an old book wherein is written, 'At evening shall one praise the day,' the wisdom of which we must admit."

It was very warm in the morning when we started, and now it was so cold that although I had on a leather-jacket under, and a macintosh over, my hunting-coat, and had tightened the belt round my waist, I was compelled to move quickly about, and frequently rub my ears with my hands to keep myself warm.

Therefore, never ascend to the fjelds in thin clothing!

The next day I fished in the Otta river, and as the water was very turbid on account of the melted snow, flies were next to useless, except in very shallow water, where the fish were able to see them. Therefore, I chiefly made use of worms as bait, and had a very fair day's sport, obtaining thirty-two fine trout, twenty-nine of which I was able to preserve alive, and place the following day in Thorsvandet, a fishless lake five miles in length, nine miles distant from Billingsæter. I hope they have increased and multiplied, and abundantly stocked with their descendants both the lake itself and the river flowing therefrom down to the sæters.

See! this was my first excursion to the Skiaker fjelds. I had very indifferent sport, seeing but few reindeer, and shooting none. Southerly winds had prevailed early in summer, and the reindeer, said Tollef, had, in consequence, betaken themselves in that direction to Jotunfjeldene, and it was unlikely they would return before late in the autumn.

Another year I was more fortunate. Tollef met me at Grothien, on the 30th July, and, well provided with bedding and provisions for some days, we ascended to "Hamshytta," a tolerably large stone house, erected by the State as a shelter for travellers on the way to Söndmöre. It lies about five miles from Grothien, close to the Hamsbæk, a stream on the north side of the Breidalsvand, but as it is nearly buried in a sand-hill, one needs to be well acquainted with the locality to find it. It was our original intention not to have gone to any other place than Breidalseggen, because at the commencement of the shooting-season, according to Tollef, the reindeer, when disturbed on the adjacent fjelds by hunters from Nordfjord, Geiranger, and Söndmöre, made for that mountain, and took refuge on the large glaciers, where they were safe from surprise.

On the second of August, while Tollef and I were ascending the declivity on the east side of Eggen, he narrated that a few years since, when a well-known sportsman, the "fiddler's son," from Lessje, in company with an Englishman, were up there after reindeer, they met another well-known sportsman from Skiaker, Knut Lien, who, with a companion, was also

upon a similar errand. Both parties had discovered a large buck lying alone far out on a glacier, apparently unapproachable. After patiently waiting a long time to see if the animal would rise and quit the ice, Knut said to his rival, who had boasted greatly of his skill:

"Now, you have boasted long enough about rein-shooting, but I will bet you that I stalk the buck, and shoot it on the ice where it lies."

"If you do," said the "fiddler's boy," "I will admit that you are a better man than me, and what is more, than any other I have ever heard tell of."

"If you shoot the buck on the ice, I will give you five dollars," the Englishman said to Knut.

Knut went to the edge of the ice, and broke off a piece large enough to conceal him, when he lay flat on his stomach. This he placed upon the ice, and began to crawl towards the buck, pushing the ice-block before him. Progression in this manner was tedious work, but he gradually approached nearer and nearer to the buck. Ultimately, when distant about two hundred alen, the animal rose to his feet. Knut was ready, and fired. The buck galloped off a short distance, and then suddenly pitched head-foremost on to the ice, the carcass sliding down over the slippery surface until it finally brought up amongst the rocky *débris*, close to where the spectators sat.

"Hurra! a devilish good shot," exclaimed the Englishman in his native tongue, and then added in Norwegian to Knut, "You shall have the five dollars from me."

Tollef and I, after carefully, but vainly, examining

the mountains around for reindeer, went in a westerly direction over the fjeld. After going some distance, we caught sight of a herd of deer on Helstueggen, on the opposite side of the valley. However, it was useless to think of descending into the valley and climbing up the mountain the other side that day. The herd, numbering about thirty deer, was quietly ascending over a snow-field. Through the telescope, I could also see a single deer lower down on the snow, and on looking more closely it was evident that it was lame, and followed the others with difficulty. When a little higher up the herd stopped, evidently to enable the lame one to rejoin them, but when this also stopped, two deer left the herd, and came down and stood close to it, one on each side. I dare not assert that they, when all three set out together on their way upwards, propped up their lame companion, but at all events they appeared to do so from where I stood. It is certain that the deer pitied their injured comrade and would not desert him, that two went back to accompany him up, and that the whole herd would not proceed further until they were all together.

About noon, we unexpectedly caught sight of fifteen deer lying down on Kvitbræen, one of the smallest glaciers on Breidalseggen. It was, however, so extensive, that it was impossible to get within range of the deer under cover, except on the north side, from which quarter, unfortunately, the wind blew. The animals had lain down near to a bare, isolated rock, projecting up through the ice, satisfied that they were safe from surprise.

We searched round the glacier as far as we dared venture without coming between them and the wind, to see if we could discover which way they had come, but were unable to find their spoor.

"They must have come from the north," said Tollef, "and we had better lie here at the south side. It is probable that the deer, when they rise, will continue their course to the southward, as they began to go that way." This, in all likelihood, would not be before three o'clock at the earliest.

Accordingly, we had plenty of time to get dinner, take a pipe, and have a chat on reindeer-hunting. Tollef, at the commencement, expressed an opinion that there was little new to me he could tell. However, ultimately he inquired:—

"But have you seen how a new 'Varsimle' is selected?"

"No, I must confess I have not," I answered. "I shot a 'Varsimle' once, but I have never seen the selection of a new."

Tollef then narrated how he had once had an opportunity of seeing the proceedings distinctly. "I was fortunate enough once to shoot a 'Varsimle' leading a large herd, and later on in the day I fell in with the same herd again. The deer had got over their fright, and were quietly grazing. It was evident that no individual had, up to that time, assumed the leadership of the herd. As I lay watching them, I presently saw a little deer go up to, but against, and drive away a light-coloured, rough-haired old hind. Directly after, another young deer attacked her in the same manner,

then others followed, until the hind, unable to remain in peace with the herd, left the other deer and went alone by herself. Thus was she butted out and doomed in the future never to have a moment's peace, but to be ever on the watch, or, in other words, to be the 'Varsimle' and leader of the herd. She then submitted to her fate, and assumed the leadership, the other deer ranged themselves in a row behind her, and they all set off at a gallop, so I saw no more of them that day."

Five o'clock came, and still the deer remained in the same position.

"They will not quit the ice before dusk," I observed.

"They must certainly have been frightened and have come a long way to-day, since they lie so long," said Tollef.

"Yes; but what shall we do? We cannot remain lying here all night."

"Oh, we could easily do that too," said Tollef; "but if you like I will try and frighten them down to you. - It is not often it succeeds; but it may happen they will come driving this way if I go round the ice to windward of them, and let them get scent of me. You keep a sharp look-out, and be ready and fire at the likeliest buck."

"How long will it be before you get round the ice?"

"In about half-an-hour you may be sure you will see them get on their legs in a hurry," said Tollef, as he departed.

I looked out a good place, and sat down in a crouch-

ing position behind a stone, with both hammers at full-cock, and two cartridges handy as a reserve.

Before the half-an-hour had elapsed, the deer scrambled up as though bitten by snakes, and sprang about two hundred alen down-wind over the ice, where they paused an instant, but, catching scent again of Tollef, who had advanced out on the glacier, they came towards me at a gallop. Nearer and nearer came the deer, and with a throbbing heart I aimed at the shoulder of the foremost buck, and fired. He rolled over, making the snowy crust on the top of the ice fly in all directions, and the others, hearing the report resound amongst the rocks on the opposite side of the glacier, came in my direction, and passed close by me. As they scrambled over the boulders, I fired at another deer with the left barrel. It also fell on the spot; but when I turned round to look after the first buck, I had the mortification to see him scramble on to his feet again, and start off down the valley between us and Vasvendeggen.

Tollef then came sliding down the glacier, using his rifle as an alpenstock.

"The buck fell, but got up again," I shouted to him, so he stopped and examined the place where the animal had fallen.

"You have only grazed the nape of his neck," said Tollef, as he sat himself down near me, "that is why he fell so sharp. There are only two drops of blood to be seen on the snow. This was d—— bad," he observed, as he got up again, visibly dissatisfied, to go further.

"Wait now! wait now!" said I; "we may as well flay the buck before we go."

"Flay it?" said Tollef, and he looked at me as though doubtful if I was in my right senses. "Oh, no, that buck is not likely to lose his skin. You have let slip the chance both to shoot and flay it to-day."

"Yes; but the other buck."

"The other buck?"

"Yes, which lies away there amongst the stones in the 'Ur,'" said I, taking some steps towards the animal.

"Have you really shot one then? It is a fine two-year-old buck," he remarked, becoming better tempered, as he turned the animal over on its back, drew his knife, and began to strip off the skin. This was soon done, the carcass cleaned and cut up, and the meat, wrapped in the skin, buried well down in the snow and ice. Meat left in this manner will keep good for a fortnight.

When we had accomplished this to our satisfaction, we descended some frightful ugly-looking declivities of *débris* to the Breidalsvand, where we had a boat. It was my intention to have rowed down the lake to the Hamsbæk, and passed the night at the Hamshytte; but Tollef had decided otherwise, so he rowed across the lake, and landed under Vasvendeggen.

"Where shall we go to now?" I inquired. "You surely do not intend to go after the other buck to-night?"

"No," answered Tollef, "not to-night; but early in the morning, before the sun lights up the mountain-peaks, we must be on our legs."

"Is there any hut here, then, where we can pass the night?"

"No, there is no hut here; but up on Vasvendeggen there is a 'Herberg,' where we can 'lie out' the night. We shall only be able to lie down for a couple of hours, as, by starting early, we may find the buck either on this mountain or Skridulaupen."

What he meant by "Herberg," I had not the least idea, but when, after a stiff climb, we reached at dusk a spot just below the first glacier, I learnt what it was.

"We will lie here," said Tollef, pointing to a hollow in an overhanging rock where there was room for two men to lie side by side.

"Is this your 'Herberg'?"

"Yes, and this is an excellent 'Herberg' too, both in wet weather and in a snow-storm; some are only open spots."

"You have lain out all night in such places before," I remarked, "but I have never done so, and I shall be frozen stiff here to-night."

"Far from it! far from it!" said Tollef; "you shall see. I will arrange it so well for you, that you will have nothing to complain of. It is not damp to-day, so the moss will be quite dry, and you shall lie as warm as in a bed. When there has been rain, and only wet moss is obtainable, you may be sure it is very uncomfortable to pass the night in a 'Herberg,' but even then, if one has shot a deer, it is not so bad either, as the hide of a recently-killed deer, with the hair next to one, is warm to lie under."

Tollef then formed a hollow by clearing away the earth, and filled it up with dry reindeer-moss, to form a bed.

"You lie there, now," he said, "while I go down to the 'Ur' and get a coverlet for you."

Perhaps he has an old rag of a skin-rug hidden somewhere, I thought, but I beg to be excused from making use of it.

Tollef went down to some large stones overgrown with a thin turf so thoroughly bound together by the interweaving of the roots that it could be stripped off in large flakes with ease. Those strips which he brought up and laid over me were so dry, owing to the fine weather, that I must admit I lay as warm under them as I should have done under a skin rug. He lay down in his clothes, beside me, with his head resting on the provision-bag as a pillow, without any other bedding whatever.

I fell quickly asleep and dreamt that I saw immense reindeer bucks prancing around me, pausing and butting each other. But it is ever the case in these kind of dreams that there is some obstacle in the way of success. Upon this occasion the rifle could not be used; the breech would not re-close, and the hammers would not stay at full-cock. Finally, I hammered the cartridge off with a stone, but the bullet was propelled with so little force that I could see it roll over the snow. Fortunately, Tollef woke me up out of my torments, and as our toilettes did not occupy much time we were soon on our way up the side of the mountain.

At the same instant that we reached the summit, from which there is a remarkably extensive and charming view, the sun rose and the glaciers around blushed in its returning light. Who does not feel devout at such a sight, and disposed to sing with the Psalmist—

“The sun is rising in the east,
Gilding rocky peak and mountain breast.”

“See, here is spoor on the glacier,” said Tollef; “the buck passed over here yesterday evening.”

“How do you know it was the same buck? There are more bucks on the fjeld than that one, I know.”

“Yes, but I will tell you one thing, and that is, I noticed yesterday that the buck you grazed had a faulty hoof on his left fore-foot; here you can see plain enough in the snow that a piece of the hoof is wanting. It is well we are up here so early to-day, before the warmth of the sun melted the snow and rendered the spoor invisible. The buck has gone over to Skridulaupen.”

To get there, it was necessary to first descend into a deep valley with a swift stream running through the bottom.

When we reached the water's edge, I inquired of Tollef, “How shall we get over here?”

“Yes, I will show you,” he answered, and without more ado entered the water, totally unlike our old acquaintance Hans, who maintained that it was far preferable to make a lengthy circuit than wade a brook. Perhaps this indifference to water on the

part of Tollef was owing to the fact of his also being a seaman.

When in the middle, he stopped and inquired, "Shall I bear you over?"

This offer I declined, and followed him, steadying myself with my alpenstock. Never wade a mountain-stream barefooted, as the water is bitterly cold and the stones sharp.*

We wrung the water out of our stockings, put them on again and commenced the ascent. Huf! how it takes it out of one, ascending and descending these rugged precipitous mountain-sides two and three thousand feet high. Alas! my dear Ringebo-fjelds; there are, beyond all doubt, but few reindeer there now, and many hunters after them; but you were easy and pleasant to traverse; yes, one could there even sport on horseback. If he wished he could ride until he saw a herd of reindeer, or his dog stood to a covey of ryper; but here, reindeer and the hunter can alone find foothold.

The glacier which we had now reached, on Skridulaupen, is somewhat erroneously delineated on the

* The translator takes the liberty to advise, should you ever have to cross such a stream—if you sport in Norway it is certain you will frequently have to do so—to let your guide carry you over; but, if alone, or in company with a boy, and compelled to wade, to remove your stockings, then replace your boots on your stockingless feet, roll your trousers well up the thigh, like a Thames mudlark, and get to the other side as quickly as possible; then take off your boots, empty the water out, dry them and your feet with moss, grass, &c., put on your stockings and boots again, and take a sharp run.

Amtkart. It does not on the north side extend so far down as is there represented. A large part of the tract shown on the map as ice, is bare ground interspersed with lakes, muirs, and patches of *débris*. The largest of the lakes, Huguvarðskjennet, has an outlet into the Glittervand, but besides this I saw five smaller ones with outlets, some flowing into the Helstuguvand, and some into the Polvand through Blankaa.

We advanced cautiously, carefully examining the soft ground and the patches of sand near the ice for spoor. We halted just before reaching the highest part of every swell and ridge on the slope, and peered over. Every fresh tract that opened up was examined with both the large and small glass ere we advanced further. I called Tollef's attention to the stem from which a flower had been recently plucked, but we were unable to find any spoor in the vicinity.

As yet we had seen no spoor or signs of deer this side of the valley, but just as we were about to quit a ridge close to the largest of the lakes, from which we had been reconnoitring some time, I caught sight through the small glass of something suspicious.

"Look through the large telescope at the slope just there by the little pool. Do you see anything?" I said to Tollef.

"Yes, it is the buck there," he exclaimed. "He is lying down. You are a sharp fellow to find it first."

To get within shot, I should be compelled to make a circuit round an eminence, then descend into a valley, and from the latter crawl up as near as I could

to the animal. The first thing I did was to satisfy myself that there were no more deer, and then I made myself thoroughly acquainted, by careful examination through the telescope, with the lay of the land and the position of various objects near the buck. This is absolutely necessary when deer are seen from an eminence, not only for the purpose of selecting the best stalking-ground, but to enable one to recognize various objects when one has descended some distance, and their appearance and position with regard to each other have changed. I set out alone, Tollef remaining behind to keep an eye on the deer, in case it moved. The wind was favourable, and I easily made my way to a ridge, which I had taken the bearings of. Here I judged I should again be able to catch sight of the buck. Peering cautiously over the summit, so that I could just see the tips of his antlers, I examined the ground between me and a little mossy knoll, under cover of which I thought it possible I might be able to crawl within range. This, however, being very flat and low, afforded but little cover, and just as I reached it, the buck rose to his feet. Perceiving instantly that he was well within shot, I fired as I lay with my elbow on the ground. As the animal sprang away, I could easily have sent another bullet after him, but I thought it unnecessary, as he halted with one of his forelegs, and bump!—over he suddenly went head first amongst the stones.

“Hurra!” shouted Tollef, as he came running up. We found that the bullet had passed through both lungs, and we could also see where I had hit him the

previous day, but that bullet had not injured him much, having only raised the skin. "The buck must be very old," Tollef observed, "because he has such thick horns with so few branches."

In the neighbourhood of Grotlien there is excellent ryper-ground, though of the kind peculiar to the western fjelds and Bergen's-stift. There is but a sparse growth of the dwarf-willows, the ridges and knolls amid the muirland being overgrown chiefly with low, scrubby birch, which affords the birds good cover in summer. Ryper are to be found quite close to the house at Grotlien, and along both sides of the Breidalsvand. The coppices and ridges are separated from each other by cloudberry (*multebær*, Norw.) muirs, which the ryper visit late at night and early in the morning, to feed on the sedge (*carex*).

A few days after I had shot the last reindeer, I was joined by one of my acquaintances from Christiania, and we had two very pleasant days' shooting together. This year the ryper had migrated to the western fjelds, and they were, therefore, found in unusual numbers around Grotlien. I will venture to assert that a good shot, armed with a breechloader and accompanied by a good dog, could in one day have shot fifty. I did not, however, shoot so many, neither did I try to do so! because for my part the number killed is by no means the chief consideration. I set more value in having a charming ramble with an agreeable companion in fine weather. I find my chief delight in watching the dogs do their work well, and in shooting my birds clean, so that one has not the un-

pleasant sight of seeing them fly away with their legs hanging helplessly down, and, while I do not mind undergoing considerable hardships when reindeer-stalking, I like to shoot ryper in comfort, with a man and a horse, or at least a man, to bring up a plentiful supply of provisions for consumption "tilfjelds," and to carry home the game. I would rather shoot twenty ryper with agreeable companions, than sixty alone. Who does not wish for a "chum" to observe and praise his successful, long, and difficult shots, and to whom one can fly for consolation when unlucky !

To the best of my recollection, my friend and I shot forty-five ryper in one day on the short stretch of ground from Grotlien down to the stream known as Kjærringbækken. We started at seven in the morning, halted at noon beside the Breidalsvand, wherein we bathed, the weather being unusually warm, had luncheon, made up a fire and boiled some coffee, took a cup thereof, and indulged in a siesta in a warm, sunny spot until three o'clock, when we resumed our sport, and shot our way home, where we arrived about seven p.m., after a very pleasant day. I will conclude this chapter by informing the reader

HOW TO TEACH A DOG TO REPORT.

My last dog, Pan the third, is a pure setter of an old English strain, descended in the seventh degree from Diana ; and, amongst his other virtues, he will also report, which I, for my part, regard as a most essential qualification in a sporting dog, especially if one shoots much in woods, or other thick cover,

wherein a wide-ranging dog is constantly lost sight of. With Pan I can go out in such places, sit down if I wish, and let him range about at will far out of sight. Should he find no game in his circuit, he will return and sit beside me ; but, on the contrary, should he have discovered any, he will return, and by wagging his tail invite me to accompany him back to the spot where he has found game. Of course, on open ground, he will range closer when I order him to do so. I taught him to report in the following manner. Perhaps others adopt the same plan, perhaps not. I will, moreover, premise, that it is not all dogs who can be trained to this. After Pan's training had so far advanced that he would remain lying down until told to rise, I got a nice tempting meat-bone, which I permitted him to smell, and then took and placed it in the next room, leaving him couchant in the same room where I had let him smell the bone. I then commanded him to seek, and when he found the bone, I made him lie down before it. I then taught him to leave it, and come back to me when I whistled. When he returned, I spoke kindly to and patted him, and accompanied him back to the bone, near which I again made him lie down, and then gave it to him to gnaw. Later on, when he would do this satisfactorily, I used to call him into a third room, or even a greater distance, and placed bones and eatables in various places, high and low, where it was possible and where it was impossible for him to get at them ; and soon it was unnecessary to call him back from a bone, as directly he discovered its whereabouts, he

would come to me dancing and wagging his tail to induce me to accompany him back, because he knew he would not be permitted to have it unless I went. When he was staunch on game, I hid myself unobserved in the vicinity, and called him off from the birds, as I had formerly done from the bones at home; and when he returned to me, I accompanied him back to the spot, and he stood again. When the birds rose, I fired, compelling him to drop to shot; and while he lay still, I retrieved the bird, and let him smell and see that it came to the game-bag. Now he quits his game of his own free will when he does not see me approaching, returns to me, and leads me to the spot. I prefer shooting to two dogs, one of whom works close, say ranging from forty to sixty yards; whilst the other, who must report, like Pan, ranges at will.

To teach a dog to "ring" winged game, or go round a covey until all the birds pack close together, I have found to be undesirable, for this reason, that when a number of birds are packed close together, they all take wing at once, and one only gets two shots; whereas, when a dog, in the ordinary way, points at once at a covey, the birds frequently rise singly, or two or three at a time, so that one is able to have several shots. I have shot five ryper from the same point and on one spot. However, if a dog could be taught to "ring" running birds only, without also "ringing" stationary coveys, it would be very desirable to do so; but, as yet, I have not seen any who would do the first and abstain from the latter.

CHAPTER XXII.

WILD REINDEER.

Where found.—Numbers.—Diminution.—Rifles.—Huts.—
Cattle-grazing.

ONE Sunday in August, 187—, Halvor took possession of the raised chair at the head of the table in the “salon” at Gundstadsæter, and delivered the following discourse on wild reindeer for the information of his auditors—Harald, Herman, and the writer, who were permitted to express a difference of opinion or utter supplementary remarks. Our president, of course, had pipes, tobacco, and matches within reach on the table.

HALVOR.—Wild reindeer at the present time are found chiefly in the south part of this country, on the mountain-wastes from Röros southward to Rauland, or between latitudes $62^{\circ} 50'$ and $59^{\circ} 48' N$. They are also found from Röros northward right up to the North Cape——

HARALD.—Northward of Röros there are but few wild deer, as the mountain-wastes are the grazing-grounds of herds of tame reindeer, and wherever these are found in any numbers the wild disappear. This is chiefly owing to the latter mingling with the for-

mer in the rutting-season, when, of course, the wild deer can be killed without difficulty.

HALVOR.—A full-grown reindeer is five feet in length from the roots of its horns to the root of its tail, three and a half feet high, and one and a half feet through from belly to spine. The wild reindeer which are found on the tracts round Lake Enare, in Russian Finland, and the Siberian deer, are a trifle larger. A full-grown animal weighs from 250 to 300 lb., minus its entrails. The handsomest part of a reindeer is its large antlers. A large pair of these will weigh thirty pounds; but Fjellner and Von Düben assert that a pair has reached a weight of over forty-eight English pounds. The number of tines varies between thirty and forty.

HARALD.—I am the possessor of a pair which has forty-two tines.

“That is not so many,” I remarked; “because I have a pair from Sydvaranger hanging on my wall at home which has sixty-two tines.”

HALVOR.—The antlers of the buck attain their greatest size when the animal is five years, and the hinds when three years of age. The former sheds his in the middle of November, and the latter sheds hers in May, about ten days after calving. The antlers of both sexes are again full-grown by the end of August. The average age attained by reindeer is from fifteen to sixteen years.

HARALD.—We have instances of tame reindeer attaining an age of twenty, and even thirty years.

HALVOR.—The reindeer is full-grown when five years

old. Its age cannot be ascertained by the number of tines on its antlers, as they diminish in number after the animal reaches an age of seven or eight years. When running quickly the reindeer carries its tail in the air like a goat——

HERMAN.—Yes, we saw that yesterday when you missed one on Ramshögden !

HALVOR.—Hum ! Its nose projected well forward, horns laid back over its shoulders, and tongue hanging out like a dog's. They can travel at a great rate.

I here observed that Leem states that he once drove eight Norwegian miles (fifty-six English) in six hours with the same reindeer ; and Stockfleth, that he had travelled six Norwegian miles (forty-two English) in six hours, and the following day, with the same deer, double that distance. Pictett endeavoured to ascertain the speed of the reindeer, and arrived at the conclusion that it went $1,029\frac{9}{10}$ Norwegian feet in a minute.

HALVOR.—From my own personal knowledge, gained in many years' pursuit of wild reindeer on certain of the mountain-wastes in the south of Norway, and from information received from others who were better acquainted with other districts than myself, I have coloured the mountain-wastes south of Røros red on the map, and have divided them into six districts or tracts [as shown on the map at the end of this work]. These tracts cannot, however, be expected to be quite correct as to the boundaries thereof respectively being the outermost limit of the range of deer. I will give their

approximate dimensions, name, and number them, commencing with the southernmost.

1. *The Hardanger-terræn*, or *Hardanger-vidde*,* which stretches from the source of the Otter river in the south to Hallingskarvet in the north, and contains about forty-one Norwegian square miles (2,009 English square miles).

2. *The Jotunfjeld-terræn*, stretching from Hallingskarvet due north right to the valley of Lessje, containing about eighty-one Norwegian square miles (3,969 English).

3. *The Dovre-terræn*, around Dovre, containing about thirty-six Norwegian square miles (1,764 English). This tract is separated by the "Rondene" range from the Ringebo-terræn.

4. *The Kvikne-terræn*, between Kvikne and Holtaalen, containing about fifteen Norwegian square miles (735 English).

5. *The Österdals-terræn*, between Österdal and the Femundsö, containing about twelve Norwegian square miles (588 English).

6. *The Ringebo-terræn*, which stretches southeasterly from Rondene to the source of the Mesna river, and contains about twenty-two Norwegian square miles (1,078 English).

* *Vidde*, signifies in Norwegian, a desert-waste. On some maps—Walligorski's for instance—the *Hardanger-vidde* is marked "*Stor-vidde*," or great waste, it being the largest mountain plateau in Norway. The area of the *Jotunfjeld-terræn* (No. 2) is herein given as larger, but it must be borne in mind that in that terræn is included not the *Jotunfjelds* alone, but also the *Fillefjeld* and many other large mountain-wastes.—*Translator*.

A few deer may perhaps at times be found who have roamed beyond the indicated boundaries—for instance, southerly as far as “Bykle,” and easterly to the Tryssild river, and a few other places; but such an event, however, must always be looked upon as an exception.

It must also be considered so when a herd wanders from one district to another. It is possible that deer pass over from No. 1 to No. 2, and from No. 3 to No. 6. But usually the herds on No. 1 stop under Hallingskarvet and Hallingjökelen when travelling northward, and in olden times, after a long continuance of northerly winds, it frequently happened, when the herds of deer worked their way northward, that several thousands of rein were to be seen collected together in the vicinity of these mountains, which form a natural boundary to the “terræn.” On “terræn” No. 2, with a continuance of southerly winds, the wild reindeer herds assemble together in the southern part thereof, and at such times not a single herd is to be found on the Vaage, Lom, Skiaker, or Söndmöre fjelds.

I here remarked that I could vouch for the truth of that statement, as one summer I had wandered about in all directions over fjelds frequented by reindeer, from Norddalen, in Söndmöre, right down to Vaage, a distance of about seventy English miles, without setting eye on a single deer, although I had an excellent local hunter as guide. This was owing to the long continuance of southerly winds, and to the deer, in consequence, having taken themselves off to the south-

ward to the tracts round Bygdin, Gjenden, and Tyen. The local hunters in Lom said then that the herds would not return to the Skiaker fjelds before the wind changed, first to the north-west and afterwards to the north and north-east.

HALVOR.—It also happens at times that the deer from the tracts round Snehætten (terræn No. 3) pass over Rondene down to No. 6, and *vice versâ*, but usually the deer from both districts do not respectively go north or south of Rondene, but stay amongst those mountains. Nos. 3 and 4 are, as can be seen by the map, separated from each other by the Kviknedal, and from No. 2 by the deep and thickly-inhabited valley of Lessje; No. 4 being also divided from No. 5 by the Tonsætdal.

The mountain-wastes frequented by reindeer, which are coloured red on the map, have an area on the whole of about two hundred and seven Norwegian square miles (10,143 English square miles). A large part thereof, however, consists of glaciers and inaccessible mountain-peaks; especially No. 2, wherein are the Justedal and other glaciers. Add to this that many square Norwegian miles are large lakes, fields of perpetual snow, and tracts covered with rocky *débris*, where even reindeer cannot find food, and then it is evident that a considerable allowance must be made for these in estimating the area on which it is possible for reindeer to find pasturage, especially on Nos. 2 and 3. After careful consideration, I am of opinion that the whole area where wild reindeer can now find grazing-ground is barely one hundred and

twenty Norwegian square miles (5,880 English square miles).

HARALD.—These one hundred and twenty square miles, it is as well to observe, are not exclusively the grazing-grounds of wild reindeer, but large portions thereof are used as summer-pastures for large herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and even horses.

HALVOR.—The “terraen” on which there is found the largest, continuous, and best pasture-land is No. 1, and here the largest herds of deer are to be found. Thereafter come Nos. 2 and 3. On Nos. 4 and 6, during the last few years, no large herds have been seen, hardly any containing more than one hundred head. And on No. 5, it has been found necessary to reduce the time for hunting to two months, that the reindeer in that district may not be utterly exterminated. To ascertain the exact number of reindeer that at present exist in the whole of the six districts, or the number annually killed in each, is well nigh impossible.

From my own personal knowledge of several of the districts, and from information received from trustworthy individuals, who are better acquainted than myself with certain of them, I will endeavour approximately to give an estimate of the number of deer which are annually shot or otherwise killed, bearing in mind the fact that there are some persons who increase the quantity of game killed by them tenfold, and that as a general rule sportsmen’s totals should be reduced ten per cent. I will begin with the district with which I and the members of our party are best ac-

quainted, viz., No. 6. On this there are annually shot or otherwise killed at the most twenty-five deer. Some years I am certain that there are not as many killed, even inclusive of the wounded deer that ultimately die without being recovered by the hunter or afterwards found. It is possible that in addition to these there are five destroyed annually by gluttons and other predatory animals. However, on No. 4, which is a less extensive district, I calculate that there is a larger number by ten annually killed than on No. 6. My estimate for the whole of the six districts is as follows:—

	Norwegian square miles.	Shot and killed.	Total found.
No. 1	... 41 ...	about 300 ...	from 3 to 4,000
„ 2	... 81 ...	„ 200 ...	about 2,000
„ 3	... 36 ...	„ 100 ...	„ 1,000
„ 4	... 15 ...	„ 40 ...	„ 400
„ 5	... 12 ...	„ 10 ...	„ 100
„ 6	... 22 ...	„ 30 ...	„ 300
Totals	207	680	6 to 7,800

This is, in my opinion, rather a high estimate both as to the number of reindeer now existing and the number killed, but I dare not go lower, or there would be too great a discrepancy between my computations and those given by previous writers; besides, I must not ignore the not uncommon supposition among tourists, that at the present time the number of wild reindeer in the south of Norway is enormous.

HARALD.—I have heard people from Telemarken state that even now it is possible on the Hardanger-vidde to meet with herds 3,000 strong, and I believe that on terræn No. 1 alone there are to be found ten thousand wild reindeer.

HALVOR.—It is a difficult matter to count a herd, and people are very prone to exaggerate the number seen. A herd of two hundred is increased to four and five hundred, &c. Was it not so with Kristen the year before last, when he told us of the large herd of five hundred deer which he had seen? He very soon reduced the number to two hundred, and when we saw the same herd afterwards there were barely one hundred and fifty in it. I really cannot increase my estimate, that at the present time there are annually killed about six hundred deer, and also that there are not more than six to eight thousand existing on the tracts mentioned. But even that there are so many I am inclined to doubt, and also whether, as has been said, there are eighty to ninety deer to every square mile (Norw.) of the Hardanger-vidde, and fifty to sixty to every square mile of the other districts. If this were the case, it could hardly happen, that one can now go on the Jotunfjelds, Lomfjelds, and other places frequented by reindeer, for several, yes, even for six or eight days, without falling in with a single herd.

HARALD.—Asbjørnsen wrote in 1852: "That it is not improbable that there are annually killed two thousand reindeer, and that the gluttons, wolves, and flies (*sic!*) destroy half as many more, and that, there-

fore, there must be a stock of from twenty to thirty thousand to withstand this annual slaughter without any apparent diminution in numbers."

HERMAN.—I agree with Halvor, and beg to state that Asbjørnsen in 1852 based his estimate upon the fact, as he stated, "that the Lapp inhabitants of Norway possessed twenty-eight thousand tame reindeer," and, "therefore, that it was more than probable" that upon an equally extensive tract of country in the south as that utilized as grazing-ground for tame deer in the north, there was found an equal number of wild reindeer.

The first statement that there were twenty-eight thousand tame reindeer is incorrect, as it is quite certain that in 1852 there were one hundred thousand tame reindeer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the owners of herds of tame deer in Finmarken do not kill a larger number out of a herd than it can well bear, and at the same time do all they can to increase their stock of deer, while here in the south for a long time the wild reindeer have been hunted down in the most reckless manner, as though the human hunters were vieing with the predatory animals to kill as many as possible. Therefore the computations of Asbjørnsen are of no value.

HALVOR.—On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the wild reindeer were far more numerous years back than now, and therefore it is not impossible that twenty years since there were double the number that is to be found at the present time. That there existed enormous herds in olden times is evident by the large

collections of horns which have been found on the Hardanger-vidde, and also by the numerous "Rensdyrgrave," which are found everywhere amongst the mountains, even in places where now it would be an interesting phenomenon to see a deer.

HERMAN.—That it was so is confirmed by various old records. It has been previously mentioned that in the Heimdal, at the end of the eighteenth century, herds of wild reindeer numbering four thousand head were to be met with, and that a single hunter in one day had been known to kill twenty deer or more. By some laws made in the sixteenth century, it is evident that not only were there many deer found on the fjelds, but also that the privilege to hunt the same was abused. So early as 1562, Frederick III. issued an order forbidding certain forms of hunting in the district of Bergenhus, wherein it says: "Should the German merchants, with their people, presume to range over the fjelds and shoot deer (rein or red-deer), then shall our sheriff, should he detect them in the act, bring them before the sessions, and on conviction their eyes shall be struck out." In a Royal Order, dated 1579, is stated: "As it has come to our knowledge that many go out in the spring of the year and with dogs worry and kill a large number of reindeer fawns that they may obtain four or six skillings (2d. or 3d.) for the skin, and that the flesh is left on the ground, we will that hereafter this shall be abolished."

HARALD.—It is not necessary to go so far back. Old hunters still living assert that, in their youth, or

“first hunting years,” they have seen far larger herds than are now to be met with. It is stated by several persons, and amongst them by Professor Sexe, that about thirty years since, when the latter was a young man and went hunting on the Hardangervidde, large herds which he computed to contain not less than five or six thousand deer were to be met with there, and Asbjørnsen asserts that one hunter has been known to shoot fifty rein in the course of the year on the Jotunfjelds. I myself have heard of hunters who, individually, twenty or thirty years since, on both the Hardangervidde and the Jotunfjelds, yearly shot twenty to thirty deer, viz., Anders Pynten and John Gjende.

HALVOR.—It is willingly granted that in olden times wild reindeer were far more numerous than now, but ask any one whether more than three hundred deer are now annually killed in the first-named district, or thirty here in Ringebo. No one really acquainted with the subject, or an experienced hunter, will give a higher estimate than what I have given, and it will be well hereafter to disregard the random statements of individuals. I regret I am unable to arrive at any other conclusion than that the wild reindeer have decreased greatly in numbers during the last twenty or thirty years. The annual procreation cannot by any means be proportionate to the destruction. This, unfortunately, is beyond doubt, as is also the fact that the diminution is not owing to any known disease among the deer, nor from an increase in the number of predatory animals, as the wolves during the last fifteen years have hardly shown themselves, but from

several other co-operating causes which I will now mention.

During the last twenty years the number of hunters has largely increased, the means of communication have been improved, and excursions are more frequently made among the mountains. The number of reindeer shot by tourists from the towns, and by Norwegian sportsmen of the educated class, is, however, disproportionately small—not more than twenty to thirty annually. Far more are shot by foreigners, principally Englishmen. What is most detrimental to the maintenance of a stock of deer is that, owing to a feeling of competition amongst the hunters, nearly every one now shoots deer regardless of sex, and probably more hinds than bucks; whilst most of the old-fashioned hunters only shot bucks, or, at all events, rarely shot the hinds. There is also another very important circumstance, namely, that many sportsmen, during the last few years, have had huts erected in the most remote and wildest tracts of the fjelds, where the wild reindeer had been accustomed to fly for refuge and remain undisturbed. This has been hitherto chiefly the work of Englishmen, but Norwegian sportsmen have now begun to do likewise. The herds, in consequence of the diminution in number of their old peaceful haunts, thrive badly; the herds fly from one remote spot to another still more so, where the deer still believe they can repose in security, until some fine day even there they are saluted with a brace of bullets fired from the door of a hut, and the terrified herd gallop swiftly away. It is said

that latterly reindeer have been seen on fjelds where these animals were never seen before—for instance, to the south of terræn No. 1—and some have fancied that this was owing to their becoming more numerous. But it is quite the reverse. It is owing to proscription from their favourite haunts, and to a falling-off in the stock.

The erection of shooting-huts has, I believe, contributed largely to the diminution of the stock of reindeer.

It is not only that the animals are shot from and close to these huts that scares the deer, but the constant residence of men there, the smoke from the fire, &c., finally causes them to avoid the neighbourhood altogether.

It is quite certain that Lord Garvagh, by erecting several huts in the midst of the wildest parts of Rondene, had excellent sport during the earlier part of his time; but ultimately the reindeer-hunting there was utterly ruined, and now the sight of a reindeer in that part of the country is a rarity. After a few years, he discovered it was not worth his while to hunt there longer, and shifted to the Hardanger-vidde, and began hut-building there.

HERMAN (in English).—*He is dead now.**

HALVOR.—Yes; but his son has followed the example of his father, and employs the same ignoble (?) method of hunting. There is also a Baronet P——

* In the original this sentence is printed precisely as in the translation, emphasized in italics and small capitals, as though the death of one of the most successful reindeer-stalkers that ever visited Norway was a matter for congratulation.

who has had huts erected around Snehætten ; a Mr. M—— is now doing the same thing on the Lom fjelds ; a Herr L—— on the Hallingdal fjelds ; a Herr N—— on the mountains in Telemarken ; and others. After a few years the gentlemen who have these huts erected cease hunting in the neighbourhood around ; but the huts are permitted to remain to afford shelter to the local peasant hunters, who naturally find it far more comfortable to occupy these a week or so at a time than to seek shelter, as formerly, for a night or two under the lee of an overhanging crag, when at a considerable distance from the nearest sæter.

However, the members of our party cannot be accused of ruining sport in this manner. It is true we have erected two shooting-lodges, but these stand wall to wall with sæters, and therefore are some distance from tracts frequented by reindeer.

If all who have had shooting-lodges erected had done likewise, and had them built, as might easily have been done, close either to sæters, or fishing-stations adjacent to the mountain-lakes, the hunting would not have been injured. But to conceal oneself in a hut right in the track of the deer, and shoot them therefrom, or only a few paces distant, is an ungentlemanly mode of encompassing the death of these animals which does not deserve the name of sport or hunting.

Those who determine to stay for a lengthened period amongst the wildest mountain-tracts for the purpose of killing a large number of deer, should use a tent, which, in all cases, is struck and taken away when the

sportsmen leave; or do as was done in olden times, lie at nights under an overhanging crag in their clothes.

Contemporary with the increase in the number of hunters, and the erection of numerous huts, long-range "spidskugle" (conical bullets) rifles have come into use, and are used in a very destructive manner. I believe that, as a rule, English and Norwegian sportsmen of the upper class scorn to fire a bullet haphazard into the midst of a herd; but this is by no means the case with the younger generation of peasant hunters, who are mostly armed with Remington rifles, and, to their shame, use them in a most discreditable manner. The old, honest "round-bullet shooters" would doubtless arise from their graves with vexation could they see how the peasant hunters, armed with long-range rifles, in large parties, now scour the fjelds, and fire at ranges varying from two hundred to one thousand alen, or even further if there is the least chance of their bullets breaking a leg or otherwise wounding a deer. Day after day the herd is followed and shot at in this manner, the hunters not even stopping to put the wounded deer that fall out from the herd out of their misery, but follow the flying animals as though they were beasts of prey that it was desirable to exterminate in as short a time as possible. This destruction is carried on to even a greater extent in winter than in summer, as, favoured by the snow, it is easy for the peasants on snow-shoes (ski) to overtake the herds and discharge bullets into the midst of the deer as they crowd, terror-stricken, together, and, later on, hunt up and kill the wounded.

It is very evident that many which are wounded at such times become the prey of the glutton and the raven, and are of no benefit to those who shot them. Consequently, skeletons of deer are frequently found on the mountain-wastes, where such wanton destruction takes place. And now, when a herd of fifty or more is met with, one is quite certain to see some deer that are lame, or otherwise injured, by bullets discharged at random, hobbling after the herd.

To this long and somewhat bitter speech his hearers made no remark, but when Halvor had recovered his breath and filled himself a pipe, Harald observed :—

The principal cause of the falling-off of the stock of reindeer remains to be stated, namely, that no considerable portion of the proper habitat of these deer, during the last generation, has been utilized as cattle-pastures, and new sæters have been erected. Likewise the system of grazing cattle and flocks of sheep out on the fjelds, without house-shelter for the animals at night, is on the increase, and doubtless there is double the quantity of cattle and sheep pastured on the mountains now in summer than was the case twenty years since.

We well know that several places on the Ringebo fjelds, which were formerly certain finds for reindeer—for instance, Breijordet and Remsdalen—have, during the last few years, been thus invaded by herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and, in consequence, reindeer no longer come there.

HALVOR.—*Summa summarum.* All these causes together have produced, and will continue to produce, a

decrease in the number of wild reindeer, so that about twenty years hence, unless some preventive measures are taken, it will be a rare sight to see a herd of fifty deer, where, within the memory of man, herds containing four to five hundred were to be seen.

HERMAN.—It is certainly to be regretted that the hunting of these animals, especially during the last ten years, has been carried on in such a destructive manner by Norwegians and foreigners; but the most eager sportsman cannot regret that cattle are increasing at the cost of the reindeer, and no sensible man can well wish otherwise, or that a limit should be placed to the pasturage of herds of cattle on the mountains for the sake of preserving a few thousand reindeer.

HALVOR.—Neither is it desired, but I maintain that there is room enough for both the domesticated animals and the reindeer, and that the latter could exist without injury to the former. There are many large wastes which will always be useless as pasture-land for cows, horses, or sheep, and which will lie utterly waste if the wild reindeer are exterminated. It is probable that double the quantity of wild reindeer which I compute to be now existing, viz., six to eight thousand, could live without interference with the further extension of the present system of pasturing cattle on the fjelds in summer, and although the prevention of the pending extermination of these deer is not a matter of great national importance, yet surely it is as great a desideratum and equally a matter for national congratulation that this noble game should be found on our mountains as the elk in our forests.

What ought, therefore, to be done to save them from extermination? permit me to ask. It is not possible to prohibit the use of "spidskugle" rifles, or prevent the firing of chance shots into the herds, the killing of the hinds, or the erection of shooting-huts, and it would be unreasonable to forbid the pasturage of outlying cattle and sheep on the fjelds.

HALVOR.—The close-time might be extended, and every person who desires to hunt reindeer should be compelled to pay five dollars for a licence for the season. In the Österdal and terræn No. 5, it is only permitted to shoot these deer in August and September, and thus it should be everywhere.

HARALD.—Then it would be said that the bread was being taken out of the mouths of the poor.

HALVOR.—But without reason. In hardly any place now is reindeer-hunting looked upon as a paying business, but quite the reverse, and nearly everywhere you hear the farmers, who are hunters, say that they look upon it as a pastime, not as a source of gain. Good remuneration is, in our days, obtained with far greater certainty by daily labour in the inhabited districts. Therefore, it would be illogical to say that the shortening of the hunting-season would take the bread out of the mouths of the poor cottagers, as the reverse would be the case; the stock of deer would be increased by doing so, and the pursuit of them would again become remunerative. As it is, two or three deer in eight or fourteen days is but poor payment for a man's time, and he is now a fortunate man if he kill even them. Therefore, I contend that the

curtailment of the hunting-season would be neither unjust nor injurious, and further, that those who hunt for pleasure ought to pay for pleasure. Foreigners should be compelled to pay for permission to sport on land, the property of the State, in addition to the annual five-dollar licence which should empower the native sportsmen to hunt reindeer.

At all events, it is imperative to increase the close-time, which would put an end to the hunting down of deer on snow-shoes in winter, and also their destruction in the rutting-season, when the flesh of both sexes is out of condition. At the present time more deer are killed during the rutting-season than at any other time during the year, which is not the case in any other part of the globe where hunting is carried on rationally.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REINDEER, THE RUTTING-SEASON.

(HALLSTIDEN.)

THE rutting-season, or as it is called by hunters "hallstid," commences at the end of September and continues during the month of October.

Reindeer do not pair before they are two years old, seldom before they are three, but afterwards regularly every year. Hinds which calve every year are called by the Finns "Aldo." Those which calve every other or third year, "Rodno." Some never calve, and are called "Stainak;" in Norwegian, "Gjeldsimle."

It happens frequently that the hinds have twins. They usually calve at the end of May, at which period there is often stormy weather with snow, and the superstitious assert that reindeer must have such weather when calving. Accordingly, in several parts of the country, stormy weather at this time of the year is called "reinkalveria."

The hind suckles her fawn till the middle of September, occasionally till the middle of October, but afterwards drives it from her. The fawns sustain themselves afterwards without difficulty by feeding on the moss, which at that time is usually softened by newly-fallen snow.

The bucks, as previously mentioned, during summer

wander about alone in remote places, or in small herds of five or six, but on the approach of the rutting-season they begin to roam farther afield in search of hinds. At this roving period they do not, as stated by a previous writer, "dash with incredible speed to and fro over the extensive mountain-wastes, accomplishing distances which appear impossible. When seen under such circumstances they appear and vanish like a grey streak. They likewise travel at the same headlong speed down precipitous inclines of *débris*, where the needy hunter dare hardly follow; over glaciers and declivities, waste and muirland."

They by no means travel so fast; but let it pass. When the bucks fall in with a herd of hinds, the former supersede the latter sex as leaders. They go several days peaceably together, rest and graze in company; but the friendly and brotherly relations which have existed during the summer between the bucks soon come to an end. They begin to scowl at each other, advance and retire, stamping with their forefeet, and strike their antlers together. Constant hostile meetings take place, and the younger bucks are driven out from the herd, only the harmless two-year-olds being permitted to stay amongst the hinds, until there remain only two large bucks, who, as yet, have not tried each other's strength, when a serious duel ensues for supremacy. The weakest, of course, has finally to yield and beat a retreat towards the other bucks, who hover round the female herd at a respectful distance. The conqueror is now absolute monarch, and the hinds have to keep together near him. He is called

by the Finns "Ainovaldo," by the Norwegians "Hallar." Covered with foam, he ranges furiously round the females to keep his rivals away, and should a hind venture to fall ever so little out from the herd, either to graze or court one of the outlying bucks or "Rækare," as these are called, she is instantly driven into the herd again, and not always in the gentlest manner, frequently being hoisted up by the insertion of the Hallar's antlers under her hind-quarters, and compelled on her fore-legs to trip back again to his other concubines.

Should she venture to repeat the offence, it is probable she would be punished far more severely.

Old John said that he once saw a Hallar take a hind on his horns and cast her some distance on to the ground, and while she lay half-dead, the Hallar, with the sharp points of his antlers, ripped her belly up, so that her entrails protruded. Old John swore that the buck should pay with his life for his tyrannical conduct, and the old fellow kept his vow.

The sway of the conqueror is not always undisputed. Some fine day it may happen that, far away towards the horizon, a pair of enormous antlers unexpectedly appear. A large buck, who has either been defeated elsewhere or as yet has not had an opportunity to test his strength, advances with elastic steps and distended nostrils towards the herd. The Hallar knows full well that a fight will now ensue for life or death, victory or defeat, all or nothing. Flight with the harem is impossible—his wives would become scattered and rove off with the outlying bucks. The tournament takes

place before the whole female herd, who dare not move from the spot, but must await the upshot, which may be that the newly-arrived knight is victorious, and all the hinds are then compelled to transfer their affections to and obey him. The former sultan, defeated in the combat, beats a retreat, and, in a desperate frame of mind, ranges over fjeld and moor in search of a new herd of hinds, whose Hallar he may hope to overcome. In the rutting-season, such a deer (Rækar) is frequently seen, sometimes two together, and usually, when in this irritated state, they are easily approached within shot. Should a hunter fall in with two "Hallare" engaged in battle, both frequently fall to his bullets. When fighting, they interlock their antlers together, and when one falls to the hunter's bullet, the other cannot immediately free himself. Thus, even in olden times, with muzzle-loading rifles, the hunter, while the uninjured deer was tugging and twisting to escape, usually had time to reload.

Old John said he once shot three "Hallare" in a day. First, he shot two while they lay on the ground with their antlers interlocked. The female herd had not proceeded far before the strongest of the outlying bucks caused the hinds to stop, assumed the command, and appropriated them to himself. John was quickly after the herd, and, with a bullet, put an end to his life and his reign. On this the deer took flight, and John saw them no more.

Occasionally it happens that two bucks interlock their horns inextricably, and in consequence finally perish miserably of hunger. The skeletons of bucks

have been found with their antlers thus interlocked, who have perished in this pitiable way.

"It is highly interesting," says Fjellner, "in the rutting-season to see two herds, each with its Hallar and swarm of Rækare, encounter each other. The bucks, on catching sight of the other herd, advance and range themselves in battle array, and challenge the opposite party to the fray. After sundry engagements between individuals of the advanced guard, the bucks of one herd ultimately attack those belonging to the other, and a general *mêlée* ensues, wherein each buck exerts himself to the utmost, and performs the most brilliant exploits. Neither of the leaders at first engages in the otherwise universal strife, but each leads and encourages the assaults of his herd. Though should some bold hostile buck, ignorant of the superiority of the Hallar, venture to attack him, the former is quickly punished for his temerity. But when the issue of the contest is doubtful, or defeat threatened, the chiefs advance with lowered antlers, and engage in mortal combat."

Sometimes there exists a bond of sworn brotherhood between bucks who were formerly rivals. They keep constantly together, advance in company against other bucks, or predatory animals, and the one's sorrows and pleasures are the other's also.

At the commencement of the rutting-season, the older bucks are often so fat that they have a "sok" or hollow along the back, formed by ridges of fat, frequently four inches thick, on each side of, and the whole length of the spine; but during this period they

eat little or nothing, which, with their incessant racing about and fighting, causes this fatness to disappear in three or four days.

Eight to fourteen days after pairing the old bucks quit the hinds, become good friends again, and assemble in small herds.

The hind evinces much affection for her young, and should it stray away seeks it anxiously, giving utterance to a grunting sound. Two days after birth the fawn is strong enough to follow its mother, and will not forsake her should she be shot. Of this the peasant hunters are well aware, and should they shoot a hind accompanied by a fawn, they know full well that the latter, although it may at the moment go off with the other deer, is sure to return to seek its mother, and if not shot, that it will remain on the spot where it lost her for several days.

By the beginning of August, the fawns are usually large enough to take care of themselves; thus the death of a hind with a fawn does not necessarily cause the decease of the latter, but when a peasant hunter shoots the hind, he, in general, lies up and shoots the fawn when it returns. Upon the whole, most sportsmen now pitilessly shoot all they fall in with, utterly regardless of sex or age, and of the maintenance of a stock of this noble game.

PART II.

JOTTINGS ON SPORT IN
NORWAY.

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CHAPTER I.

HINTS TO ENGLISH SPORTSMEN VISITING NORWAY.

IT will be seen by the synopsis of the Norwegian Game Laws at the end of this work, that the sporting privileges of foreign visitors to Norway are greatly restricted to what they were formerly; English sportsmen must, therefore, cease to look upon that country as a kind of happy hunting-ground, where they are free, gun, rifle, or rod in hand, to roam at will over all unenclosed land, whether owned by private individuals or the State, and shoot and catch all they come across without regard to season or private rights.

Notwithstanding these restrictions, Norway has still many advantages as a sporting-ground, the chief of which is its accessibility. The best reindeer tracts in the country, and some excellent ryper-ground (reindeer and ryper are the chief game sought by English sportsmen), can be reached from England, *viâ* Bergen, in three days. Norway, moreover, is a pleasant, and what is of more importance, a safe country to travel in, there not being a single instance on record of a traveller

having been robbed or assaulted. There are steamers running upon every navigable inland lake, and up all the fjords ; the posting arrangements are perfection, and the main roads are kept in good repair.

The inhabitants of the country districts are extremely hospitable and obliging to travellers, especially English tourists and sportsmen, and the latter, if courteous and affable, are welcome guests at the farms and stations in the vicinity of the fjelds abounding in game. Moreover, the farmers more willingly receive English than Norwegian sportsmen at their sæters, except when the latter are relatives or acquaintances. Englishmen, as a rule, pay more liberally—in many instances too liberally—and give the game not required for their own consumption to the residents at the farms and sæters where they stay, while their Norwegian contemporaries, on the contrary, take the game they are fortunate enough to bag back to town to exhibit to, and as presents for, their friends.

The Act of 1877 imposing a tax on foreign sportsmen would never have been passed could the peasantry and farmers have prevented it. It is viewed by them with great dissatisfaction, as likely to cause a decrease in the number of English sportsmen visiting Norway, and divert from the pockets of a large number of them the money that they would otherwise have received for providing English sportsmen with lodging, for the hire of horses, &c., and their services as guides.

The Norwegian sportsmen, a class resident almost exclusively in the towns, have, year after year, become more and more jealous of the foreign sportsmen, who, in annually increasing numbers, visited their shores, or

rather fjelds, in search of sport. This jealousy ultimately led to a number of Norwegian sportsmen enrolling themselves into a society called "The Jæger og Fisker Forening," and it is owing entirely to this society that the Act of 1877 was passed. One of the avowed objects of the society was to get an Act passed by the Storthing limiting the right of sporting on the fjelds owned by the State to Norwegian subjects only, and thus secure to the sportsmen from the towns the almost exclusive right of shooting over these fjelds—nearly three-fourths of the whole area of the country. I say secure to the sportsmen from the towns advisedly, inasmuch as, owing to the farmers and peasants being busily engaged harvesting in the months of August and September, the only two months of the shooting season that the sæters on the fjelds are occupied, and it is possible to sport with any degree of comfort in those elevated regions, it is evident that had foreigners been shut out entirely, the sportsmen from the towns would have almost had the fjelds to themselves. With this view the society, in 1872, drafted a Bill to consolidate and amend the Norwegian Game Laws, and forwarded it to the Norwegian Home Office. This Bill was a most cunningly-worded measure, and, in my opinion, was intended to oust foreigners altogether. However, luckily, it was thrown out. Last year (1877) in its place, the Act entitled "An Act Enabling Foreigners to Sport in Norway" was introduced and, as before stated, became law.

Although English sportsmen hitherto have been permitted to shoot over land owned by the State, it

was doubtful whether they really had any legal right to do so. The Jæger og Fisker Forening consulted a celebrated Norwegian lawyer, and his opinion was that aliens had no such right. The society thereupon caused it to be published, "that foreigners are not entitled, without permission, to carry on any hunting or fishing whatever in the territory of the realm" (see "Tonsberg's Norway"); and further, the members of the society talked very loudly of taking the guns carried by foreigners from them, should they fall in with the latter sporting on the fjelds. I am informed that one Norwegian sportsman, a doctor residing in the Romsdal, did go so far as to interfere with some English sportsmen on the Dovre fjeld.

Therefore, on the whole, it is a matter for congratulation that the Norwegian Storting has at last settled the question. Englishmen will now shoot with more pleasure over the Norwegian fjelds, knowing that they have a legal right to do so, and that they can no longer be looked upon as interlopers, or as being permitted to sport on sufferance. They, on payment of £11. 2s.—a small sum to most who are likely to visit Norway on a lengthy sporting excursion—for an annual licence, are placed on the same footing as native sportsmen, with reference to the mountain wastes and other land owned by the State. The Norwegian sportsmen, it is true, have their sport without direct payment for the privilege; but it must be borne in mind that they contribute to the revenue of their country in other ways, and that they are liable, if resident south of Nordland, to compulsory military service.

It will be seen by the following statistics that the possession of the £11. 2s. licence confers the right of sporting over the greater part of the country. Secretary Mohn, in a statistical statement furnished by him to "Tonsberg's Norway" before-mentioned, which was published in Christiania in 1875, stated: "That not above 20 Norwegian square miles (980 Eng. sq. miles) of the whole area of the country were under the plough; that the pasture-land was estimated at about 70 Norw. sq. miles (3,430 Eng. sq. miles); and that the extent of the forests of Norway had been roughly calculated at 500 Norw. sq. miles (24,500 Eng. sq. miles)." As the total area of the country is given as 121,800 Eng. sq. miles, it is evident by the above figures that only 28,910 Eng. sq. miles are useful land, and that the remaining 92,890 Eng. sq. miles are waste.

It will be seen that Professor Friis, in his last chapter, estimates that there are at the present time seven to eight thousand wild reindeer in the south of Norway, scattered over a terrain 10,143 Eng. sq. miles in extent. This immense hunting-ground is mountain-waste almost wholly the property of the State, and, of course, foreigners, by taking out a licence, acquire the right to shoot over it. In addition to reindeer, ptarmigan (*fjeld ryster*, Norw.; *Tetrao alpinus*, Nils.) are abundant on many of the higher mountain-ranges, and wherever there is a growth of subalpine vegetation, such as the dwarf-birch (*Betula nana*), and the grey willows (*Salix lanata*, *S. Lapponum*, *S. glauca*, &c.) on the plateaux, in the

mountain-valleys, and on the slopes of the fjelds above the pine-growth; willow-grouse (*dal* or *scovryper*, Norw.; *Lagopus subalpina*, Nils.) are sure to be found more or less plentiful in proportion to the extent of subalpine vegetation, and the distance separating the tracts so overgrown from the inhabited districts. Forest-Inspector Barth, a well-known Norwegian sportsman, says in his work, "*Erfaringer fra Jagten paa det mindre Vildt in Norge*," that dalryper are found spread over three-fifths of the superficial area of the whole country. He further says, "That every Norwegian square mile of fairly good ryper-ground ought, in an average year, to carry a stock of 1,500 birds, and that there is but little ryper-ground so poor that it does not produce from 200 to 300 head to the square mile."

It is evident from the statistics of Secretary Mohn, given above, that the major part of this three-fifths of the whole area of the country must be ground at present unutilized, and it is only reasonable to assume, the property of the State. Professor Friis, in the foregoing pages, has given several instances of the abundance of these birds in some parts of the country, notably in the Foldal, a valley a few miles south of the Dovre fjeld, where he states that not less than 36,000 scovryper were snared in the three months ending Christmas, 1875.

Sportsmen can form a good idea of what sport may be had on the Norwegian fjelds from the body of this work. I venture to assert that a good shot, willing and able to rough it, with a proper outfit, would, if favoured

with fine weather, in a six weeks' tour, half spent on the Hardanger fjelds reindeer-stalking, and half on the north-eastern fjelds near the Swedish frontier, ryper-shooting, be exceedingly unfortunate if he did not bag at least two reindeer, one hundred to one hundred and fifty brace of ryper, and about fifty brace of duck, snipe, plover, &c. In addition, some good trout-fishing would be had in the lakes and rivers on off days.

Furthermore, I entertain no doubt in my own mind that sportsmen of the "Old Shekarry" type would, in the Hardanger and Jotun districts, kill a dozen deer in the time.

The bag above mentioned cannot be considered a bad return for the £11. 2s. paid for a licence conferring the right to shoot over the Norwegian mountain-wastes, and I hope that they will long remain open to English sportsmen upon such reasonable terms.

It will be seen that neither capercailzie, blackcock, nor hazel-grouse are included in the list of game that is to be bagged on the fjelds. I have excluded them because they are inhabitants of the forest, not the mountain, and as forest land is chiefly private property, it is but rarely that sportsmen find them on Government ground; now and then one or two may be put up by the dogs when ryper-shooting on the lower border of the birch belt, just at the limit of the pine growth, "where the pine forest begins to break up into patches and belts of birch and willow," but, as a rule, these birds are found only where there is considerable forest growth.

Having mentioned the game the sportsman may

expect to fall in with, and the terms upon which he may shoot over the Norwegian fjelds, I will now make a few remarks respecting the means of communication, the people and country generally, guides, outfit, and other matters interesting to future Anglo-Norwegian sportsmen.

Christiansand on the south coast, and Christiania the capital, can be reached direct from London in two and a half and three days respectively, by the steamer *Albion*, which leaves the Millwall Dock every alternate, and returns each intermediate, Thursday from Christiania. Fare £6. 6s. return, first class, exclusive of provisions. Steamers also run weekly to and from Hull and those Norwegian ports. Fares the same as from London. There is also a fortnightly steamer to and from Hull, and Stavanger and Bergen; average passage thirty-six hours to Stavanger and forty-eight hours to Bergen. Fares the same, £6. 6s. return, exclusive of provisions. There is also a steamer once a fortnight during the summer, up to the end of September, to and from Dronthiem (usually called Throndjem), the northern capital. Fares eleven guineas first class return, inclusive of provisions; average passage three days.

Norway can also be reached *viâ* Calais and the Continent by those who are bad sailors, and to whom expense is no object. Those selecting this route would do well to send their heavy luggage, ammunition, guns, &c., direct by steamer to Christiania, writing to the proprietor of the hotel in that city at which it is proposed to stay, requesting him to pay all charges,

pass the luggage through the custom-house, and convey it to the hotel to await the owner's arrival.

On the Norwegian coast, and up the fjords, there are now a large number of steamers running in summer and autumn; therefore sportsmen can, in the coastal region, get from place to place without delay. By the bye, I was nearly forgetting to mention that Messrs. Wilson, the owners of the steamers above mentioned running between England and Norway, will, upon request, when passengers take their tickets, give them the last issue of the "Norges Kommunikationsblad," *i.e.* the Norwegian Steamer and Railway Time-table. It is far easier for an Englishman, without any knowledge of Norwegian, to understand the "Kommunikationsblad," than it is for him to understand "Bradshaw," printed in his mother tongue. Upon the front sheet thereof will be seen, at the upper part, an alphabetical list of steamers' names with numbers affixed, and below will be seen a second alphabetical list. In this second list will be found the names of every place at which the steamers call, and the numbers prefixed to the places are the numbers of the steamers calling there. Thus, suppose a person is at Bergen, and wishes to proceed to some place on the Hardanger fjord—say Odde. Look for Odde in the alphabetical list of places; the numbers following the word Odde signify the numbers of the steamers on the succeeding pages calling there, and under these numbers will be seen on what days and at what time Odde is called at. The "Norges Kommunikationsblad" is, I believe, published fortnightly, price

12 skillings (less than 6d. Eng.), and the sportsman should, if passing through any of the Norwegian towns, avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded to procure a copy of the latest issue.

The Norwegian towns are expensive and very unattractive places ; therefore sportsmen will do well to get clear of them as quickly as possible. The only place in Christiania worth a visit from a sportsman is the zoological collection at the University. At Bergen and Tromsø there are also museums worth a visit on account of their ornithological collections. It is cheapest for sportsmen, on account of the weight of their luggage and ammunition, to proceed direct to the locality it is proposed to shoot over, of course availing oneself of the steamers running up the coast and fjords, and on the inland lakes, and the railways *en route*, as much as possible ; as when these are left travelling becomes comparatively expensive, it being necessary for one person to hire two horses, one for himself and one for his luggage. On the main roads post-horses are kept in readiness at posting-stations, usually from six to fourteen English miles apart. The charge for each horse at most stations is now two marks per Norwegian mile (seven English). Six skillings per Norwegian mile extra is charged for a carriol (the carriage peculiar to the country) or a cart for the luggage, and it is usual also to give six skillings per Norwegian mile to the boy who accompanies the traveller to take back the horse and vehicle. Thus the cost of travelling on the main road may be calculated at half a dollar (2s. 3d.) per Norwegian mile. Two

sportsmen travelling together could travel far cheaper than each alone, as they would be able with three horses to take $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of luggage. On each carriol on which they rode they could take 64 lb. of luggage (Law of the 25th September, 1851, Sec. 11), and in a cart with one horse 352 lb. (Law of the 16th June, 1816, Sec. 10). Off the main roads travelling is by saddle and pack-horses, and rude, springless, country carts where practicable. The station-masters are not allowed to let the posting-horses for journeys to be made off the main roads; therefore their private horses, or horses owned by the neighbouring farmers, must be hired to transport sportsmen and their luggage to the mountain farms and sæters. The hire of these horses is a matter of arrangement, and the sum to be paid should always be agreed upon previous to starting. It will have been seen in the foregoing pages that charges for horse-hire have greatly increased of late years. A fair price now for a man and a horse is one and a half dollar per day and three kroner for each additional horse. A pack-horse will carry from one and a half to two cwt., according to the steepness of the mountain paths.

The posting-stations are the hotels or inns of the country, and at the majority of them, considering their situations, the accommodation is first-class. Although at times there is a dearth of white bread and fresh meat, excellent coffee, an unlimited supply of splendid milk and cream, oatmeal porridge, eggs, butter, and "fladbröd" (thin oatmeal cake), are always to be had, and usually wines and Norwegian bottled ale. The

charges at the stations for food and lodging are reasonable, and fixed by the Amtmand, the chief magistrate of the county. At most of the stopping-places for the steamers on the coast and fjords south of Nordland, there are posting-stations either for horses or boats, or both. The hotel accommodation of these is, as a rule, equal to that of the stations in the interior, though rather dearer, thanks in a great measure to rich and lavish English yachtsmen.

At the head of most of the valleys there are farms lying at a considerable elevation, and consequently well situated as head-quarters for those wishing to make sporting excursions to the adjacent fjelds. The owners of these farms are invariably willing to provide English sportsmen with quarters for a stay of several days, or even weeks, on moderate terms. The accommodation is not so good as at the stations, but good coffee, milk, butter, fladbröd, and porridge are to be had. A room to oneself is usually obtainable, as at every farm in Norway of any size there is always a "Gjæsterum" (chamber for guests), which however is usually also a receptacle for the family wardrobe ; and the sportsman will find very frequently the walls of the room placed at his disposal almost concealed behind a drapery of female dresses. In many of the fjeld districts there are isolated mountain-valleys, with one or two farms, separated from the world by more or less extensive and elevated mountain-wastes. The owners of such farms are, as a rule, willing to provide English sportsmen with accommodation—it is true it is rather rough—either at the farm itself, or at their sæter or "fiske-bod" (fishing-hut) on the

fjelds. The first-named of these, as will have been seen by reading the body of this work, are huts, occasionally large and comfortable, usually the reverse, built wherever there exists a grass-run amongst the mountains where a few head of cattle can be pastured during the summer months, and nearly every farmer in the country owns one or more. The "fiske-bode" are similar huts erected on the shores of the mountain-lakes, which abound in fish. There are a great number of both classes of huts scattered about over the fjelds, whereat tourists and sportsmen are never refused shelter for a night. For a lengthened stay at one of them, it is necessary to make arrangements with the owner, seldom a difficult or expensive matter.

The cost of board and lodging at the hotels in the towns will average two dollars a day; three in Christiania; at the stations one dollar; at the farms from half a dollar to three kroner; at the sæters about half a dollar. Food on the Norwegian steamers will cost about two dollars a day, inclusive of coffee and tea, which are on many vessels charged as extras, but exclusive of beer and wines. It is not true, as stated in some guide-books, that a fixed charge is made per diem for food on board the Norwegian coasting steamers, and that a pint of claret is included; a separate charge is made for each meal.

Now for a few words as to the Norwegian language, money, and guides.

Hardly one tourist or sportsman in a hundred visiting Norway for the first time knows a word of Norwegian. I did not myself, and I have never, in my six visits to

the country, met with one making his maiden trip that was able to frame and pronounce a short sentence in Norwegian. I bought a Norwegian-English dictionary, and with the help of the chapter on the language in Murray's "Guide to Norway," I picked up enough to carry me through my first trip, and I suppose others do likewise. However, I am not prepared to say, with the author of a guide-book published two or three years ago, that tourists experience "no difficulty whatever" through being unacquainted with the language. Such a statement is simply absurd. On the contrary, I say that a sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to compose simple questions and answers, and to understand short sentences when spoken slowly and plainly, is absolutely necessary to a sportsman if he does not wish to be saddled with an interpreter (Tolk). A "Tolk" is a very expensive companion, as in addition to his pay and board, his fares by steamer and railway have to be paid, and, when travelling on the main roads, an additional horse and carriol hired. They are also, as a class, great rogues. Instead of protecting their employers from extortion, they are frequently the cause of it, saying, when the peasants and farmers demand a moderate sum for their services, for the hire of horses, lodging, &c., "Oh, he is a rich Englishman, he can afford to pay much more."

The language is not a difficult one to acquire, and I earnestly advise every intending visitor, whether sportsman or tourist, to send a couple of paper dollars (obtainable at any *Bureau de Change* in London for 9s.) to Mr. Bennett, an Englishman residing in Store

Strandgaden, Christiania, who is said to be "the tutelary god of all benighted Englishmen when first unshipped in that town," and request him to forward by post a copy of his handy little work entitled, "A Selection of Phrases for Tourists travelling in Norway," and also the "English-Norwegian and Norwegian-English Dictionary," bound in one volume, published in Christiania. Mr. Bennett's work is very useful, as it contains not only a very comprehensive collection of phrases, but gives much useful and intelligible advice on acquiring the pronunciation. I consider it an indispensable item of the outfit of all visitors to Norway unacquainted with the language. I am certain any one, by devoting a couple of hours daily for a month to the study of Norwegian can, with the aid of this phrase-book and dictionary, acquire, without a master, a sufficient knowledge of the language to carry him through a sporting excursion.

MONEY.—There are two kinds of money now current in Norway: the old and new currencies. The old consists of skillings, marks, and dollars (commonly called *species*, the word dollar being seldom used). 24 skillings=1 mark, also called an "ort" in some parts of the country; 5 marks=1 dollar. In exchange for English gold, $4\frac{1}{2}$ spd. = £1 sterling; thus the value of a dollar is a trifle over 4s. 5d., a mark $10\frac{1}{2}$ d., and a skilling less than one halfpenny. The new currency is very simple, consisting of öre and kroner: 100 öres=1 kroner (a quarter-dollar), 18 kroner = £1 sterling. The new bronze coins are 5-öre, 2-öre, and 1-öre pieces. The silver, 10 öre (= 3 skillings), 25 öre (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ skillings),

40 öre (= 12 skillings), 50 öre (= 15 skillings), 1 kroner ($=\frac{1}{4}$ spd.), 2 kroner ($=\frac{1}{2}$ spd.). There are also two gold coins, but as not many are, as yet, in circulation, they are seldom seen. 20 kroner (= 5 spd.), and 10 kroner ($=2\frac{1}{2}$ spd.). The new notes, which are rapidly superseding the old dollar notes, are of the value of 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000 kroner. The old notes are, one (een) dollar on variegated coloured paper; five (fem) on blue paper; ten (ti) on yellow; fifty (femti) on green; and a hundred (hundrede) on pink. Sportsmen and tourists for the future will do well, when they exchange their English money, to insist upon having the new currency, and no Danish or Swedish coins must now be taken on any terms, as they are no longer current, as formerly, in Norway.

GUIDES.—A little information respecting the men usually engaged to act as such by Anglo-Norwegian sportsmen will prove useful. In the neighbourhood of those fjelds where reindeer are found in any numbers, there live a class of men, half-farmers, half-hunters, frequently owning pasture-farms at a considerable elevation above the sea-level, often two to three thousand feet. These men are the best guides sportsmen can have. Iver, Old John, and Tollef are fair samples of this class. These men invariably own a sæter on the fjeld, and frequently a fishing-hut too. They are, besides, well known and welcome at every sæter for fifty miles around their own, and the sportsman will be equally welcome as the friend of his guide. There is seldom much difficulty in engaging one of these men. The best plan is to ascertain from the station-

master or farmer, as soon as one arrives at the station or farm from which it is proposed to ascend to the fjelds, the names and addresses of the men residing in that neighbourhood who bear the name of being the best hunters, and then walk or hire a horse and ride, accompanied by a boy to show the way, to the abode of the one who bears the best name, and try and engage him; should the negotiation fail, which, however, it will seldom do, the man who bears the next best reputation must be visited, and so on. Should all refuse—I do not believe that ever such a thing has happened as an Englishman failing to get a guide—the sportsman must make his way to some other inhabited district bordering on the fjeld, and try there. It is a far better plan, for many reasons, for the sportsman to visit these men personally, instead of sending a messenger to bring them to the station or farm. I will mention one: the farmer feels honoured by being sought personally by the sportsman.

These men know every nook of the fjelds for miles around their homes. In the summer their herds are driven up to their sæter pasturage, that the grass on the home farm may be saved for winter fodder. When it is made into hay, these farmers generally betake themselves and their rifles up to their sæters, where they live a pleasantish sort of life until the autumn snows drive them down again to their homesteads, tending their generally scanty flocks and herds, and rambling over the fjelds in search of reindeer. They are, as a class, honest, hard-working, obliging men, moderate in their charges, and, owing to their mode of

life, experienced mountaineers. The usual remuneration expected is one and a half dollar a day for the guide, and one pack-horse for the luggage. If the sportsman rides up to the sæter, of course two horses will be necessary, and if he resolves to keep the two horses at the sæter, which it is advisable to do, to transport himself and his impedimenta to and from other sæters, another dollar to five kroner will have to be paid for a second horse and a boy to look after the horses. I have known instances, when good sport has been had and several reindeer bagged in two or three days, of the farmer acting as guide, upon being given the meat of the animals killed, refusing to accept any further payment for his services and the use of his horse. These farmers frequently own several horses, which in August are generally grazing in idleness up at their respective sæters, so that as a rule there is no difficulty about hiring horses. If expense is an object, one sportsman can easily do with one horse, and two sportsmen in company, with two. It is almost unnecessary to remark that these guides speak no other language but their own.

The sons of the farmers and the grown-up farm labourers, who, when boys, tended the cattle, and lived a great deal at the sæters, are also fair guides on the fjelds. Our friend Hans is a good type of this class. They are usually well acquainted with the mountain-wastes, are civil and obliging, and are to be hired for half a dollar to three kroner a day. They are not equal to the half-hunter, half-farmer class first mentioned, as they have one great fault—they are too hasty ; and

must upon no account be permitted to bring their rifles with them. Otherwise, should a herd of deer be fallen in with on unfavourable stalking-ground, it is probable that the sportsman, while waiting for the deer to make their way to more favourable ground, may be suddenly startled, and considerably annoyed, by hearing the report of his guide's rifle, fired at a distance of 600 or 700 yards haphazard into the herd. There is no fear of this happening if the older farmers are permitted to bring their rifles when employed as guides—these men seldom fire at a longer range than 100 to 150 yards; therefore it is as well to let them bring their rifles. The permission to do so will invariably make your guide your friend at once. It will, in his opinion, raise him from the position of a servant to that of a companion, and one will lose nothing by the concession. Guides always find their own provisions. An occasional dram from the sportsman's store, and permission to cook some of the game killed for their own use, is all they will expect from their employers. I and my guides, however, have always shared and shared alike, and eaten together—sometimes on rather short commons.

No sport worth the name is to be had on the Norwegian fjelds, unless a man is hired to act as guide, resident adjacent to and well acquainted with the particular fjelds the sportsman proposes to shoot over. The three sorts of men mentioned make good guides, as they know where reindeer are likely to be found when the wind has been for a long time from any particular quarter, and likewise the whereabouts of every stream

and lake on the fjelds abounding in fish common to all ; and also those whose owners are likely to give permission to fish, and provide Englishmen with house-room at the "fiske-bod." All Norwegian peasants have one fault when acting as guides to sportsmen ; they invariably take the latter, when after ryper, exclusively to those slopes where those birds are numerous in winter. Ryper in the autumn are still on their breeding-ground—the remote sheltered subalpine valleys and comparatively level tracts of the fjelds, overgrown with birch and willow, two to three thousand feet above the sea. These birds do not take flight to the more sheltered slopes of the larger and inhabited valleys until after the subalpine regions are covered with snow. Large numbers even remain in the more sheltered subalpine valleys and in the birch and willow belts of the southern slopes of the mountains all the winter through, sheltered from the keen northern blast by the mountains, whose southerly slopes they have selected as their abodes.

The ornithological knowledge of one's guide will usually be found to be limited to the knowledge that ryper are abundant in certain places in winter ; that a few are occasionally seen on the fjelds ; and that a few "cailzie" and blackcock may be potted during the pairing season in open spots in or near the pine forests. When a man is engaged as guide who has not before been similarly employed by an Englishman, disappointment must not be felt should a day or two be lost, and many a weary mile of mountain-waste tramped over, ere a tract abundantly stocked with ryper is fallen in

with. Reliable information as to the best spots for ryper within four or five miles of the sæter is frequently to be obtained from the half-wild boy or girl tending the herds. These hardy little Norsk folk are day after day—and long days too, from 4 a.m. to 8 or 9 p.m.—on the fjeld in company with numerous cows, sheep, and goats, an efficient array of beaters, who, as they go crashing through the bushes on their way to and from the outlying patches of grass, are sure to compel some of the ryper, if any are there, to take wing. Consequently, if there are ryper in the neighbourhood of the sæter, these young herdsmen are sure to know where they are to be found. This knowledge is readily, on request, often without, imparted to the sportsman without hope or expectation of reward for the information.

This concludes what I have to say on guides hired to accompany sportsmen "tilfjelds." Information respecting the hire of guides for elk and bear-hunting will be found in the second chapter of this appendix, on the rental of shootings.

SHOOTING-QUARTERS.—The sportsman who is courteous and affable to the farmers and others with whom he comes in contact will, wherever he may go, be treated with every respect and obliged in every way; but one who is haughty and exacting will quickly find that Norway is no country for him. Hospitality is the characteristic trait of the Norwegian country people, and wherever farms are wide apart in thinly-inhabited and, at the farms, in little-frequented districts, the sportsman who treats the inmates with respect may

depend upon having the best accommodation the house affords placed at his disposal, as long as he pleases to stay, on moderate terms. Permission to shoot over the woodland owned by the farmer, frequently a good-sized tract likely to afford a brace or two of blackcock and capercailzie, is, in such situations, invariably given without payment.

As before said, the country people like English sportsmen to come among them. The sporting inhabitants of the towns are the only class who dislike English sporting visitors, and, as has been shown, this dislike is owing in a great measure to the fact that the country people and farmers prefer to receive the latter at their farms, "sæters," and "fiske-bode." It is only natural that the farmers should do so, as the pecuniary benefit they derive is usually considerably in excess of what would be derived from the visits of native citizen sportsmen, or, in the absence of sporting visitors, by the farmers killing the game themselves. To illustrate this, suppose an Englishman made the bag I have mentioned, viz., two reindeer and 150 brace of ryper. The value of the edible meat, say 3 cwt., of the two deer, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.—a fair price—would be £3. 10s.; the two skins would fetch four dollars—17s. 8d.; a ryper is worth 6 skillings in the country, so the 300 birds, if snared in winter, would fetch on the spot £3. 6s. 9d. Total value of game, £7. 14s. 5d. Now what would the sum be, *at the least*, that the sportsman would spend *in the district* where he bagged his game, during a stay of six weeks?—

A man and horse, 40 days at $1\frac{1}{2}$ spd. a day..	£13	6	9
Lodgings and food, 40 days at $\frac{1}{2}$ spd. a day..	4	9	0
	<hr/>		
	£17	15	9

The guide, and the people at the farms and sæters visited, would, besides, be further remunerated by receiving *at least* three-fourths of the meat and half the birds, as not so much as what I have deducted would be required for the sportsman's own consumption.

It would be well if the Norwegian legislature looked more to the well-being of the country people, and to the loss they would sustain by shutting out English sportsmen from Norway, and pay less attention to the not over-honest or straightforward representations of the "Norsk Jæger og Fisker Forening."

By no means such a large quantity of game is annually destroyed by Anglo-Norwegian sportsmen as people, and as the "Forening" would have them, believe. Exclusive of those who visit the northern islands and rent ryper-shootings, and Hitteren, red-deer-stalking, I do not believe there are annually fifty English sportsmen who make a lengthy stay in the country and make a bag equal to what I have mentioned. By far the larger number of Englishmen who visit Norway may be termed sporting tourists, and I venture to assert that nine out of every ten of this class return to England without bagging ten brace of ryper, or having seen a wild reindeer. In fact, the game (!) principally shot by sporting tourists are magpies; and in some of the much-visited parts of the country these birds have, in consequence, received the

name of "Englishmen's ryper." The Norwegians believe these birds to be under the special protection of his Satanic majesty, and never molest them ; therefore they are plentiful, exceedingly tame, and very easily bagged by indifferent shots.

While legitimate sportsmen who propose to make a stay of six weeks or two months on the fjelds, reindeer-stalking and ryper-shooting, cannot reasonably object to pay £11. 2s. for the privilege ; the sporting tourist class—who have hitherto "done Murray" by hastily driving over the beaten tracks, stopping for a few days, shooting here and there at places that for a quarter of a century have been praised and recommended in guide-books as good sporting localities—will find it a large sum to pay for a few days' indifferent shooting. The new law will stamp out this class entirely, and, I had almost said, a good job too. The majority were but indifferent sportsmen. Their want of success bred discontent ; they became dissatisfied with and found fault with everything, and otherwise acted in a manner calculated to bring their countrymen into disrepute. Upon their return to England they complained that sport in Norway was a myth, because but little game was to be found on certain fjelds that they so sapiently visited, knowing full well, owing to the existence of posting-stations in the subalpine regions, that the ground around had for a great many years been shot over by tourists of many nationalities, and, the stations being occupied all the year round, that snaring would go on in winter as long as there was any game left to snare.

That feathered game is abundant, and that splendid

shooting may be had in Norway by those who know where to seek it, is proved by the countless thousands of willow-grouse and other game snared there in winter and exported to England and other countries.

Before proceeding to describe the outfit I consider best suited for a sporting trip to the Norwegian fjelds, I will briefly observe that I consider two sportsmen as many as should, in company, make a sporting tour in Norway. Two are likely to be better friends with each other, if their tastes assimilate, than three; three horses are as many as two would require, whereas one by himself would probably require two. Moreover, one guide will do for two, as they would invariably go out together; and last, though not least, at most sæters it is possible to make room for the two sportsmen, their guide, and the boy to look after their horses, while it might be difficult, and in some cases impossible, to make room for more. There are, however, two more companions the sportsmen will require—a brace of dogs. For ryper-shooting, I think that the only dogs that should be taken are setters. I prefer the lemon-and-white English myself; they are more conspicuous when amongst the birch and willow bushes than darker-coloured dogs. They should be thoroughly well trained and drop to shot, as it is but seldom the whole of a covey of ryper takes wing at once. They should also retrieve when told; and it is, moreover, essential that one at least should also retrieve from water, to recover ducks and other waterfowl. Should a brace of non-retrieving setters be taken, a good tender-mouthed retriever, that will work like a spaniel well within shot

where the cover is thick, and yet not leave heel till told and spoil the set of the setters on open ground, should be taken as well. With reference to deerhounds, I believe, with Professor Friis, that a sportsman will do quite as well without as with one.

The fare by the Wilson Line of steamers is 5s. single and 7s. 6d. return for each dog. It is customary to give the cook going and returning half a crown or so for looking after each animal. On the Norwegian steamers the fare for each dog is one kroner for any distance less than 25 Norwegian sea miles (a sea mile is four English); two kroner under 50; three kroner under 75; a dollar under 100; and beyond that distance six kroner. It is usual to arrange with the cook on board to provide the dogs with food. The sum per diem should be agreed upon beforehand, and ought not to exceed one mark for each dog. The majority of the Norwegian steamers are covered in their whole length with a hurricane deck, for the convenience of the large number of deck passengers they carry; therefore no kennels are necessary.

OUTFIT.—I will give the battery first place. A double-barrel 500-gauge Express rifle and a 12-gauge double, one barrel full choke for wild fowl and long shots, and the other an ordinary cylinder. Both rifle and gun should be double-grip with lever under the trigger-guard. I do not believe in snap-action guns for hard work. Both gun and rifle should be of the same length and bend of stock. They should be fitted in a double gun-case, the barrels in separate partitions, and the stocks firmly strapped down, so that no one part can come in contact with another, otherwise they

will assuredly be seriously damaged by the jolting and rough usage every item of one's luggage is certain to be subjected to when travelling in Norway. The gun-case can be stowed away in the bottom of the lower box hereafter described. A stout waterproof flax gun-cover, to carry the gun or rifle in when out on the fjeld, is also necessary. It should be fitted with a small padlock, as it is unsafe to leave one's weapons for an instant out of sight, unless under lock and key, the bump of curiosity being largely developed in Norwegians of every grade and age. The gun-case, of course, must contain the necessary cleaning apparatus, with a plentiful supply of oil, the recapper, cartridge turnover, measures for shot and powder, &c.

Before leaving England, sportsmen will do well to remove the locks from their rifle and gun, oil them with a little Rangoon oil, lay them on the hob of the fire-place until they are quite hot, and then wipe them as dry as possible with a little "cotton-waste," so that there will be no superfluous oil left to clog the works. While the locks are getting hot, get a little beeswax and melt it in a cup, and with the tip of a penknife carefully pay—as though you were using putty to place in a pane of glass, though more sparingly—the wooden ledges, where the lock-plates rest when in their places, in such a manner that none of the wax gets into the places hollowed out to receive the works of the locks. When the warm locks are put back in their places, and screwed up tight, the wax will adhere to the edges of the lock-plates and the wood wherein they bed, and effectually render them impervious to wet. The sports-

man can afterwards, when reindeer-stalking, push his rifle through wet grass, and use his fowling-piece when the water, after a shower, drops from the trees upon him, as he forces his way between the wet branches, without fear of the wet making its way into the locks.

AMMUNITION.—For a sporting excursion “tilfjelds,” the following supply should be taken:—200 Eley’s green gas-tight cartridge-cases, loaded with powder only, and 100 fully loaded with shot, half No. 6 and half No. 8 for snipe; 3 lb. No. 6 powder, Curtis and Harvey’s (1 lb. will load 85 cartridges with a charge of 3 drams); a box of 500 caps for recapping; 500 felt wads for over powder; and 1,000 thin wads for over shot. This supply will give 555 shots, or thirty shots a day for a period of three weeks, and will prove ample, as there will be some wads and caps to spare. A bag of shot (28 lb.) will be required, and this can be obtained at the port of debarkation or taken from England. It is as well to state that large shot only are obtainable at the country stores in Norway.* A word or two as to

* Messrs. Watson & Son, Holborn, recently made me a double 577 Express rifle, with a pair of 12-gauge choked shot-barrels to fit the same stock. The latter are bored in such a manner that they give extraordinarily close patterns with large shot, while they do not shoot small shot closer than good cylinders. I must, in justice to the above firm, add that the shooting of the rifle-barrels is wonderfully accurate for a 577 Express, loaded with five drams of powder. A friend of mine at 100 yards made one *three-inch* bull’s-eye with a right and left, and I made two, out of four shots, firing, standing, without a rest, the first time of using the rifle.

powder. Never use fine grain ; it gets into the small cup at the base of the cartridge, where the cap and anvils alone should be, and when the cartridge is fired, explodes and blows away the inside of the cup, so that the cartridge-case cannot again be recapped. Besides, a gun "kicks" more, and does not shoot so strong, regular, or close with fine as with coarse powder, and the latter is far less susceptible to damp than the former. One hundred cartridges for the rifle will be required, which, with the ammunition mentioned (except the bag of shot) should be packed by themselves—as duty will have to be paid on them, and also on the shot—in a water-proof tin box, encased in wood, with a lock and key. This quantity of ammunition is as much as any one should be encumbered with who proposes to make excursions from place to place in the interior of Norway, as it will weigh at least 60 lb. exclusive of box. One's rifle and gun will weigh seventeen or eighteen pounds, and these, deducted from $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., a good load for a horse, leaves only 90 lb. for the remainder of one's luggage, if it is not wished to have to hire a second horse. A sportsman going to an island in the North, direct by steamer, for ryper-shooting, cannot do better than bring the cartridges he thinks he will require out from England with him, ready loaded, as no charge is made for passengers' luggage, either by the Wilson or Norwegian lines of steamers.

The angler will, of course, bring his salmon and trout rod with him, together with a good supply of flies, spoon, and other artificial baits. A word or two as to the latter kind of baits. All spoon-baits, artificial,

gudgeon, minnows, &c., should be made without the gut or gimp traces being permanently attached. They should have a split ring, so that the traces, which should terminate with a swivel, can be attached when required. The traces could then be coiled away by themselves in a compartment of the fly-book, where they are far less likely to be chafed or worn than in the tin spinning-tackle case in company with sharp-edged "spoons" and other metal baits when jolting over a rough road in a "carriol" or rude country cart. The landing-net ring and gaff-hook should be galvanized to prevent rust. A good field-glass and pocket-compass are indispensable.

CLOTHING.—All clothing should be strong and new. Two suits will be required. One a light-coloured stout tweed suit of a greyish hue. The coat should be double-breasted, and in shape like a short reefing-jacket, lined with warm flannel, and the shoulders outside should have strips of cloth (of course, of the same pattern), four inches wide, sewn on, reaching from the collar to the sleeve-seam, to take the chafe and wear occasioned by the gun. The linings of the pockets should be of leather or canvas, and the button-holes should be bound with leather, so that they will not be torn away by the weight of the cartridges carried in the pockets. The vest should also be double-breasted, and the collar-flaps made so that they can be buttoned up close round the throat in cold weather. Ordinary trousers, and a hat of the same material as the suit. Suit No. 2 should be made either of stout pilot or dark tweed, lined throughout with flannel, and the vest to button close

round the throat when required. The coat to be an ordinary full-length reefing-jacket, fitting loosely, so that it can be worn over a woollen Cardigan jacket, or better still, over one of the light Norwegian leather coats. This suit will be found at all times useful when travelling by boat or steamer, and a great comfort during the return journey late in autumn. Under-clothing.—The following will suffice, if every opportunity that offers to get those soiled, washed, is availed of:—three pairs of flannel drawers; three flannel undershirts; three Crimean, or outer woollen shirts; four pairs of stout Shetland wool socks or stockings; six white linen shirts, and a dozen collars for wear on odd occasions, such as a Sunday at a station; a few pocket-handkerchiefs; a thick woollen scarf; a pair of knitted woollen gloves, and a pair of stout leather driving-gloves, large enough to go over the woollen ones; a fur cap with lappets to tie down over the ears; a Macintosh waterproof-coat, and overall-leggings of the same material; the latter to be worn when reindeer-stalking, to keep the trousers dry, under a pair of leather leggings buttoning well up above the knees and fitting close, but not tight, to the legs (similar to what gamekeepers usually wear). These, with the leggings, will be all that is required, except two pairs of comfortable, watertight, light, broad-soled shooting-boots. The “Old Shekarry” says, “that a pair of proper-fitting boots is as necessary to a sportsman as a good rifle.” I will go farther and say, more so in a country like Norway, where one must climb and descend slippery rocky slopes, and scramble over declines of loose *débris* at the

risk of his neck. Now, a really comfortable pair of shooting-boots is nearly as difficult to get as a good shooting 577-gauge Express rifle. The shooting-boots I venture to recommend are of the ordinary "Balmoral" or lace-up shape, made with thin soles, not more than a quarter of an inch thick, very broad, projecting out beyond the leather uppers a full half-inch, and double-sewn to the welt all round, low broad heels with iron tips, to prevent the heels wearing round by being constantly dug into the earth when descending precipitous grassy slopes. The whole of the uppers should be made of porpoise hide, soft and well seasoned, that it shall not draw the feet, with stout leather toe-caps to protect the toes of the boots from being quickly worn through, and a watertight tongue the whole height of the open lace-up front. The uppers should be made with as few seams as possible, without *any back seam and any lining whatever*, a little stiffening round the heels excepted. Shoemakers are very reluctant to make boots without a back seam, as they cut into more leather. All shooting-boots should, however, be made so, as there is then no seam to gall the upper part of the heel of the foot or the "tendon Achillis." All "navvies' ankle-jacks" are made without a back seam, and bootmakers will make shooting-boots so, if it is insisted upon. Moreover, boots made without linings of any kind are less likely to gall the foot than those with; linen or thin canvas soon wears through in places, and afterwards rucks up in creases, while the leather linings usually put in get very hard in a short time if the boots are laid by, it being easy to "rub in

dubbin" as far as the outer leather is concerned, and keep it soft, but impossible to serve the linings in a similar way. Such a pair of boots as I have recommended can, when the original soles are nearly worn through, have thin clumps of good sound leather screwed on. Even when so clumped the soles will be thinner, give to the feet better, and not be so heavy as the ordinary so-called clumped boots. I say so-called advisedly, as in reality they are not clumped; they are not boots with the sole sewn to the welt, and an additional sole "clumped" on outside the sole; but are boots with the sole to which the clump should be attached *outside* forced out from the welt by a lot of packing, such as leather cuttings and brown paper, which appear to be inserted to increase the weight of the boots, as they soak up water like a sponge. My apology for taking up so much space is the importance of the subject, as in a long tramp the pain caused by a pair of boots that gall or otherwise hurt the feet will affect one's whole nervous system, and, of course, the aim of one's weapons.

I will now proceed to describe a box, or, strictly speaking, two, which, with the aid of a fishingrod-case constructed as hereafter mentioned, forms a capital travelling bedstead, besides an excellent strong travelling trunk, without adding more than three pounds to the weight of one's luggage, over and beyond what it would be were a plain box and fishingrod-case taken. Several Norwegian Government officials who travel much, surveying, saw the one I had with me last year, and expressed their unqualified approval

thereof, and also their determination to have similar ones made. Any gentleman desirous of having one constructed can see mine—it is rather rough, as I made it myself—by making an appointment to call at my residence. I trust, however, to be able to describe both the box and rod-case, so that any carpenter can construct them. The box is made in two halves, each forming a separate box of the following dimensions :— 2 ft. 8 in. long, inside measurement, or so long that a gun-case, or a tray made to hold both the gun and rifle, will just go in ; 16 in. wide, and 8 in. deep. The material well-seasoned pine, $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick. Each half has a separate lid, forming a complete box in itself. Lengthways, along the top of one lid, three mahogany battens $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick, are screwed, while the other box has three similar battens screwed along the bottom ; one batten is in both cases close to the edges on both sides, with the third in the centre. Each batten has two slots cut the depth of half the thickness and 2 in. long nearest to the bottom and lid respectively, to reeve two straps through and protect them from chafing. Have handles affixed to the end of each box to carry them with, and the boxes bound outside with hoop-iron at the corners, and lined inside with waterproof cloth. These two boxes, when placed on top of one another, with the box whose lid has battens uppermost, will, when bound together by the two straps passing through the slots in the battens, and round the boxes, present the appearance of one box, 1 ft. 4 in. high, 1 ft. 4 in. wide, and 2 ft. 10 in. long—a nice handy size to ride on the back seat of a

carriol, and yet large enough to hold all one will require, except blankets, ammunition, and rods. When unstrapped, the two halves can be slung one on each side of a pack-saddle for conveyance on horseback, and when together, the things likely to be required first should be packed in the top half. The blankets or rugs taken as bedding can be placed in a waterproof canvas bag, and strapped on the top of the box. Each lid will have its own lock, but the two locks should take one key. Now for the rod-case. This only differs from an ordinary rod-case in also being made in two halves, lengthways, with projecting ends to the top and bottom at both ends. The following are the dimensions of my rod-case, which is just large enough to hold a salmon-rod, a trout-rod, landing-net, or gaff-handle, and spare tops. Of course, if wished, the rod-case can be made larger, so as to hold more rods. The material is $\frac{5}{8}$ in. well-seasoned pine. The strips of wood forming the top and bottom are each 6 ft. 6 in. long, and 3 in. wide; the sides are made with four strips of wood the same thickness, 2 in. wide, and only 6 ft. long; two of these strips are firmly nailed one on each side of the top and bottom strips, with the ends of both the latter extending three inches beyond the ends of the sides. Four end-pieces, each $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 3 in. long, and 1 in. thick, are firmly nailed between the extreme ends of the sides. These two trough-like articles, when placed on top of each other, will form a long box, opening down the middle. Through each of the four projecting ends a hole must be bored, and a small brass plate with a hole to admit the passage of a bolt, screwed on.

When the rods are in the case, it can be securely fastened by passing a bolt with a knob at one end and a round hole at the other—through which the loop of a small padlock can be fastened—through the two holes in both the projecting ends of the rod-case, an ordinary pair of rug-straps with a leather handle round the centre of the rod-case to carry it with, and it will be complete. Before we can put our bedstead together it will be necessary to complete our travelling-trunk. Stand the two halves of the trunk, six feet apart from each other, on their sides; then lay the two halves of the rod-case from box to box, the 3 in. projecting pieces lapping over, and resting on the upper sides of the two boxes. Previous to doing this, purchase four 2-in. brass thumbscrew bolts with two brass plates attached to each, one threaded in a boss to receive the screw of the bolt, and the other a small flat brass plate. The four latter plates are those screwed on the projecting ends of the rod-case. The cost of these bolts and plates will only be 1s. the four. Now, it is evident that, by screwing the four brass plates with bosses to receive the screw-bolts on to the corners of the uppermost sides of the two boxes forming the trunk, and by screwing the projecting ends of the rod-case thereto with the thumb-bolts, we should have the frame of a bedstead 6 ft. long, 2 ft. 10 in. broad, and 16 in. from the ground or floor—a very comfortable size. A piece of duck 2 yds. 4 in. long, and 3 ft. 6 in. wide, made that width by sewing two widths of duck together down the centre, will be required. To attach the duck to the halves of the rod-case forming

the sides of the bedstead, both sides of the duck must be turned over and sewn strongly the whole length, so that the halves of the rod-case can be slid therein, one on each side. The dimensions of duck given will allow of this being done. When the halves of the rod-case are slid into the duck and screwed to the corners of the boxes, the bedstead is complete. No mattress will be required, as, owing to the absence of cross-bars, one can lie soft enough without; neither are any centre supports needed, as the sides of the rod-case are strong enough to support the weight of any ordinary-sized individual. The bedstead can be taken to pieces or put together in five minutes. It can be made very cheaply; the whole cost of travelling-trunk, rod-case, and duck should not exceed £1. 5s. This form of camp bedstead has one great advantage over all others that I have seen—there is no extra weight but the additional bottom and lid in the division of the travelling-trunk, and the four 3-in. ends to the rod-case. The only bedding required therewith is a bundle of travelling rugs or, for preference, an extra stout pair of grey blankets. A pillow-case may also be taken, as by packing one's clean woollen shirts and Cardigan jacket therein, it forms an excellent pillow, while the case itself only weighs an ounce or so and takes up but little room.

MAPS.—The most useful general map of Norway is “Walligorski's.” It is very clear, and the traveller can easily thereon trace the roads from place to place, ascertain the boundaries of the amts, &c. The best tourist's guide-book is Tonsberg's “Norway Illustrated,”

which, with the map, is obtainable at Stanford's, Charing Cross. District or county maps ("amtkarts") on a large scale are published by the Norwegian Geographical Society, price per sheet 36 skillings (about 1s. 3d.). The amtkarts of the district wherein the fjelds are situated that it is proposed to visit reindeer-stalking, are *indispensable* to the sportsman, as they show the formation of the ground and the position of every hut and sæter, glacier, lake, and stream. Should a sporting locality be decided upon some time previous to leaving England, it can easily be seen by Walligorski's map in which amt or amts it is situated, and Mr. Bennett, Christiania, will forward any amtkarts required upon receipt of a remittance proportionate in value to the number of sheets ordered. I mention the amtkarts required for each of the three principal sporting terrains in Southern Norway.

HARDANGER district: four sheets, viz., the northern sheet of Bratsbergs amt, the northern sheet of Buskeruds amt, and the two sheets of Søndre Bergenhus amt.

JOTUN district: three sheets, viz., the south-eastern sheet of Nordre Bergenhus amt, and the two northern sheets of Christians amt. In the latter, the places mentioned by Professor Friis in the chapter entitled "Skiaker Fjelds" will be found.

ÖSTERDAL district: the elk and reindeer hunter will require the three sheets of Hedemarken amt.

I will conclude with a few remarks on food. Sportsmen will do well to take with them a pound or so of compressed tea (Goundry's is the best), a few pots of

Liebig's Extract; the former must be brought from England, but the latter can be bought far cheaper at the port of debarkation. Good sausages and dried tongues can also be obtained in the Norwegian towns. Therefore, about ten pounds weight of the latter should be taken, as well as the Liebig's Extract and tea. These, with the produce of the gun and rod, the milk, coffee, fladbröd, porridge, &c., obtainable at the sæters, and several loaves of bread obtained from the last station before ascending "tilfjelds," will be as much as a sportsman is likely to require for a stay of six weeks, even in the keen, appetizing air of the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

THE RENTAL OF SHOOTINGS IN NORWAY.

IN this chapter I propose to briefly treat of the pursuit of those two noble animals, the elk and red deer, which in Norway may be legally killed only on land the property of private individuals, and the acquisition of the right to shoot ryper and other feathered game on private property.

The elk, of course, claims first place. These animals, I am happy to say, are on the increase in the Norwegian forests, owing to the strictness of the Game Law of 1863.

The best tracts in the country for elk lie east of the Glommen river, in the neighbourhood of the Osen vand and Trysild fjeld, and south of the Faemundsö, all in Hedemarken amt. Elk are pretty numerous also in the tracts around North and South Rigden lakes, in the bailiwick of Solor, also in Hedemarken amt. These lakes are on the Swedish frontier, and can be easily reached from the town of Kongsvinger. In the upper part of the valley of the Namsen elv, and in the immense tracts of forest land lying between that river and the Snaasen vand in Nordre Thronbjems amt, elk have been frequently seen of late years. An English gentleman, three autumns ago, shot three in the latter

neighbourhood. The forests on each side of Numedal, in Buskeruds amt, are likely to afford a sportsman a shot at an elk. Reindeer-stalking is also to be had on the fjelds west of Numedal. The above are believed to be the best tracts in the country, but elk are found in many other places: these, with the above, are coloured yellow on the map at the end of the book.

It will be seen by the Game Laws, that, although it is illegal to kill elk on Government ground, the owner of a landed estate may, during certain months in the year, shoot one elk on his property. It is legal for him to transfer his right to do so to another, but in that case he must refrain himself. The sportsman, therefore, does not require a Government license to hunt elk, but must in all cases obtain the permission of the owner of the forest before starting in pursuit of one of these animals. He may, however, follow an elk started on ground where he has obtained permission to kill the one the owner is entitled to, over, and kill it on, ground whose owner had not been spoken with for permission to hunt, or who may even have refused permission to do so.

The sportsman who intends trying for elk should have plenty of time at his disposal, as he will be a fortunate man if he bags one in a month. Having decided upon a tract of forest to be the scene of his operations, he should, upon reaching the posting-station nearest thereto, make friends with the station-master by inviting him to have a glass of wine, and get into conversation as to the likelihood of getting permission from the owners of the neighbouring forest-

land to kill the elk they are each entitled to. He should also be requested to point out on the sportsman's amtkart those places in the vicinity where he believes elk are most likely to be fallen in with. The names of the farmers to whom the forest tracts belong, which the station-master considers the surest finds, must be ascertained, and also the name and abode of the best local elk-hunter, who will in all probability be one of the farmers who own the tract of land it is wished to hunt over. The sportsman should, as soon as possible, go and see this man, and try to engage him as guide, agreeing upon what terms an elk may, if fallen in with, be killed upon his land. Should he, however, be unwilling or unable to accompany the sportsman, the latter must ascertain the name and abode of some other local "Jæger," well acquainted with the adjacent forest-tracts, who is likely to be able and willing to come, and visit and arrange with him. There is seldom, however, any difficulty in obtaining a local hunter as guide. When one is engaged, the remainder of the day, and possibly the one following, will be spent visiting and negotiating with the farmers owning the forest bordering the inhabited district. The terms I advise every Englishman to offer each owner for the transfer of his right to kill one elk are—that the owner of the land where an elk is first found and afterwards killed, whether on his land or on that owned by another, shall receive the whole of the meat and a gratuity of, say, from five to ten dollars—the sportsman, of course, being allowed to retain the head and skin. I believe that ninety-nine out of every

hundred owners of forest-land in the remote districts will transfer their right to kill an elk upon those terms. A good elk-hound is absolutely necessary when elk-hunting in autumn. The sportsman should, therefore, ascertain from the station-master, previous to visiting the local hunters whose addresses have been given, if either of them owns a *really good* elk-hound. Should the answer be an affirmative, it will be as well to visit the owner of the dog first, as nine times out of ten the owner of a good dog is also a good hunter, and every effort should be made to secure the services of both. Should none of the local hunters own a dog, it is probable the guide engaged will know of the existence of a really good one owned by some person residing within ten or twelve miles, who would be willing to lend it to him. The sportsman should start him off at once to borrow it, and agree, if necessary, to pay a few dollars for its loan. The guide should be given distinctly to understand that if no dog is obtained, his engagement will be at an end, and that the sportsman will seek some other district. This has generally the effect of producing a dog.

Having engaged a guide, procured a dog trained to the sport, and obtained the permission of the owners of the likeliest forest-land for elk in the district, the sportsman is at liberty, after engaging a strapping young fellow to assist his guide in carrying a few indispensable articles for camping out, food, &c., to set out at once, should the weather appear settled.

Here, perhaps, it will be as well to say a few words as to the outfit of the elk-hunter, as it differs some-

what from that of the reindeer-stalker. The latter seldom camps out, as there is generally a sæter within reach, and the nights are too cold in the elevated regions of the fjelds for one to pass them with any degree of comfort under canvas. With the elk-hunter it is different; he can, night after night, camp out in the woods, if the weather is fine. I recommend the elk-hunter to bring with him, in addition to the outfit mentioned in the preceding chapter, two sheets of the light waterproof material known as ground sheeting, one about twelve feet square and the other half that size. The larger of these should have brass eyelet-holes, about four inches apart, all round each of its four sides, and a strip of canvas, about six inches broad, sewn down the centre, so that when a cord or a pole—cut when required—is fastened between two trees, and the sheet thrown over it to form a tent to sleep under, the canvas will protect the waterproof material from chafing. When it is necessary to camp out, a tent like a triangular-shaped tunnel, open at both ends, with the ground for a base, will be formed by stretching the larger sheet between two trees in this manner. The lower edges of the sides should next be lashed by small cord passed through the eyelet-holes to the trunks of two small pine-trees felled for the purpose, laid on the ground parallel with each other, one on each side of the space which is to form the interior of the tent. When the open end to windward is blocked up with leafy branches of trees, similar branches of juniper and birch and a quantity of dry grass gathered and strewn over the whole of the ground within the tent to form a couch

for the sportsman and his men, the portion allotted to the former covered with the smaller ground sheet, a roaring fire made up close to the open end of the tent to leeward, it will be confessed that, with two waterproof sheets, weighing only a few pounds, both a first-class tent and couch to pass a few nights in the forest can be arranged.*

As the elk-hunter is seldom absent more than two or three days at a time, all his heavy luggage should be left at the station until his return, and he should take only the following articles with him:—one change of woollen underclothing, a spare pair of stockings, and a light pair of shoes for evening wear. These, with the clothes he stands up in, will be all, in the shape of clothing, he will require. Besides these and the two waterproof sheets, he will want his pair of blankets, rifle, a dozen rounds of ball-cartridge, a bottle of brandy, a loaf or two of bread or a few pounds of biscuit, some Liebig's extract, a cooked tongue or a sausage, a half-pound of his compressed tea, some butter, sugar, salt, and pepper, the latter to season a steak, should he be fortunate enough to bring an elk low. The articles of food should be packed by themselves in the large waterproof sheet, so as to form a square compact package, and the blankets and underclothing in a similar manner in the smaller sheet. These packages will be strapped knapsack-wise, one on the back of each of his men, as no horse can be taken when elk-hunting. Should one purpose not to return to the station or farm from which he starts, of course he can have his heavy luggage forwarded by cart or on horseback to the place

where it is intended to proceed. The guide and man will bring their own food, and one of them must also be requested to bring a frying-pan and a small kettle, to make a cup of tea or a glass of grog. Every peasant in Norway owns a small copper kettle for use when out in the woods or on the fjelds, as will have been seen by the perusal of "Tilfjelds." The Norwegian peasant is a hardy biped, who is in the frequent habit of passing night after night in the forest, his only covering the clothes he has on, and his only protection from the weather a rude shelter of branches of trees placed in a sloping position to windward of a roaring fire.

While the light grey suit of the reindeer-hunter cannot be too light in hue, that it may match the grey colour of the rocks and the light-coloured reindeer moss, the grey suit of the elk-hunter should be of a somewhat darker and browner tint—as an artist would say, warmer in tone.

The elk in August must be sought for in the shady recesses of the forest. It can easily be seen when an animal has been for some time in one place, as heaps of ordure will be found; this is, at that period of the year, somewhat loose, resembling in degree that of cattle; but it is sometimes found presenting a different appearance, being hard, and in size and shape not unlike so many huge cob-nuts. The rutting season, as with others of the deer tribe, is in the months of September and October, and at this period the males rove about very much in search of a female, and fierce combats frequently take place between rival stags. I

cannot do better than conclude my observations on elk-hunting by giving the following graphic description of the method employed, from the pen of the late Mr. Lloyd:—

“With his well-trained dog in a long leash, the sportsman proceeds during the autumnal months to places which there is reason to suppose are frequented by the elk. Whilst traversing the forest he halts occasionally, more especially on eminences, to give the dog the wind. This the intelligent animal seems perfectly to understand, for, raising his head in the air, he sniffs the passing breeze. When, therefore, the dog has got scent of the elk—which I have seen him do from a very long distance—the man allows him, though still in the leash, to draw upon the animal, and follows after as quickly as he is able. When the dog has approached to within a short distance of the elk, he evinces by his anxiety that the deer is not far off. The man now proceeds with every deliberation and caution. That his movements may be effected with greater silence, he generally ties the dog—who is too well broke to give tongue in the absence of his master—to a tree or bush, and alone reconnoitres the surrounding country. Thus the man not unfrequently succeeds in getting a view of the elk, either whilst lying down or feeding, and of slaughtering him with his rifle; but much more frequently the elk, from his exquisite sense of smelling and of hearing, takes the alarm and goes off at the top of his speed. The sportsman has now the same game to play over again, and thus he may some-

times go on for days without succeeding in obtaining even a shot. This does not arise so much from the scarcity of elks, as from their extreme shyness.

“It is not difficult to follow the same elk, even during the summer time, for a day or two together; for at that season he for the most part holds to the morasses and low grounds, where his track is in general perceptible. At times, however, one is thrown out; but on such occasions a good dog will generally enable the sportsman to retrieve the lost track.

“Hard-blowing weather is the best for the purpose, as the noise made among the trees by the wind prevents the elk from hearing the approach of the hunter; the scent is then breast-high, and the dog, in consequence, is enabled to take a man in a direct line up to the game. If it be calm, on the contrary, the dog cannot wind the elk from any considerable distance, and the latter, besides, is then able to hear the slightest noise.”

RED-DEER.—These animals at the present time are not found on the mainland in any great numbers; they abound, however, on several of the islands, and a few are found on several of the wooded promontories on the west coast between Stavanger and Namsos. These islands, save one, and promontories are coloured brown on the map herewith.

Like elk, it is illegal to kill red-deer on ground the property of the State; therefore, the Government licence is not required. The owner of each separate property on these islands and on the mainland (as regards the latter there are exceptions, see the Synopsis of the Game Laws), has the right to kill two deer each

season. He may, like the owner of land where elk are found, transfer his right to do so to another, but must in that case refrain himself. The sportsman desirous of having a shot at a red-deer had better visit one of the islands, as it is possible that the land on the mainland where these deer are found is chiefly the property of the Norwegian Government. The greater part, if not the whole, of the land on the islands is, on the contrary, the property of resident farmers, the majority of whom are not unwilling to transfer their right to kill two deer to another for moderate payment. English sportsmen having obtained the necessary permission from a farmer owning a tract of land, must be careful not to overstep his boundaries and go on to the land of another, as he will be liable to a penalty, even if he has not killed game of any kind.

Red-deer are probably more numerous on the island of Hitteren, at the mouth of the Throndjem fjord, than elsewhere in Norway at the present time. It is estimated there are at least eight hundred there. There are said to be one hundred and forty-five landed estates on this island, therefore as large a number as two hundred and ninety deer may be annually killed. I venture to express a hope that not more than one-half that number will fall each season, as it is impossible that the procreativeness of the deer believed to be on the island can maintain the stock if more are killed. It is not permitted to kill deer on Hitteren before the 1st of September; therefore sportsmen have ample time to visit the fields for reindeer, and yet be in time for the red-deer-stalking on this island. Hitteren has been frequently visited by English sportsmen. Two or

three who come every year have, I am informed, purchased the exclusive right for a term of years to kill deer on several properties in the north-east part of the island. There are, however, many farms whose owners are willing to dispose of their sporting rights. The names of these can be ascertained at Havn, the steamers' stopping-place on the island. A sportsman up to his work is pretty certain, owing to the large stock of deer, to bag his two on each estate rented, and also a few blackcock, hazel-hens, and ryper, as the island holds a fair sprinkling of feathered game. I was told by a gentleman who was on the island last year, that the farmers now ask the sum of twenty dollars for their right to kill two deer, and expect the meat besides, the sportsman keeping a little for food and the head and skin. A few years ago a farmer was well satisfied if he received ten dollars; but the Norwegian peasants on the western coast are being rapidly spoilt; rich English yachtsmen willingly pay any sum asked by the owners of ground abounding in game, or lakes and rivers with fish, within a few miles of the sea-board, for permission to shoot and fish, so that the sportsmen can return at night to their comfortable floating homes. Englishmen whose autumn vacation is limited to a short space of time, but to whom a few pounds more or less is no great object, desirous of having a shot at a red-deer, cannot do better than visit Hitteren, as the *Tasso*, both on her outward and return journey from and to Hull, calls at Havn, on the south side of the island, where comfortable quarters and every information about the shooting can be obtained.

On the island of Smölen, lying south-west of Hitteren, and separated therefrom by a narrow sound, red-deer are occasionally seen and dal-ryper are very plentiful. It is believed that during south-west winds the former swim across from Hitteren. Smölen is believed to be the southernmost of the islands upon which dal-ryper are found. Sportsmen visiting Smölen for ryper-shooting must make arrangements with the farmers, as the whole of the island is, I am informed, private property. It is far from improbable that a sportsman making a lengthened stay would get a shot at a red-deer. The island is not very hilly, and therefore there is no difficulty in making one's way from farm to farm with horses.

Red-deer are also found on Tusteren, an island about seven English miles from Christiansund. The *Tasso* calls at that town both on the outward and homeward voyage between Hull and Throndjem, and Tusteren can be easily visited therefrom by boat.

I was told last year by the present "Sorenscriver" (Judge) in Tromsö, who is well acquainted with Tusteren, that not only is there a considerable number of deer there, but that he believed there would be no difficulty in purchasing for a small sum from most of the farmers the right to kill the two deer each is entitled to. He also believed that no Englishman had as yet secured by lease the right to kill deer on any of the farms on this island. A sportsman coming out by the *Tasso*, having a couple of days to spare to hunt up a place where a shot at red-deer might be had on reasonable terms, might do worse than leave the

steamer at Christiansund, row across to the island, and see for himself what red-deer-stalking is to be had. To do this would not take more than two days, and he could afterwards go on to Havn or to Throndjem by one of the steamers which run four or five times weekly between Christiansund and those places.

Mention was made of there being red-deer on an island that is not shown on the map at the end of this work. It is Oteröen, on the north-west side of the Namsenfjord (see Walligorski's map). It is a large island, very hilly, with extensive forests. There are, however, several very fine farms, surrounded with large tracts of cleared land. But little is known of this island. Last year when I came south from Tromsö, there was a merchant from Namsos on board the steamer, and he informed me that it was believed there were a great many red-deer on Oteröen. He said he had never heard of any English or Norwegian sportsman visiting the island, but he knew that a few years since a party of Lapps went there in winter and killed several deer before the farmers became aware of their proceedings, and that the poachers succeeded in making their escape by boat to the mainland. My informant added that the people from Oteröen occasionally brought red-deer venison to Namsos for sale.

This island is doubtless worth a visit. There are steamers to and from Throndjem and Foslandsosen (a trading-station on the north side of the island) three times weekly, or one can go by boat from Namsos to Sandviken, on the south-east end of the island. From

both Sandviken and Foslandsosen there are roads, or at least horse-tracks, to all the farms on Oteröen.

On the western side of Stordöen, an island between Stavanger and Bergen, there are also red-deer. But I am informed that the parson at Fitje, the stopping-place for steamers on the west side of the island, is averse to their being killed. Therefore it is doubtful whether the farmers would be willing to transfer their right to kill deer to Englishmen, as it would probably give offence to their pastor.

BEARS.—It appears strange to include the pursuit of an animal, upon whose head a price is set, in a chapter on the rental of shootings. But when it is borne in mind that in Norway bears are chiefly killed in the forests and partly-cleared woodlands and pastures near the farms, which are private property, and that it is illegal for Englishmen and other foreigners to kill even a thrush or a lemming in such places without the permission of the owner, it will be evident that this chapter is the most appropriate place to allude to the subject.

Bears are, even now, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, still pretty common in Norway, especially in Senjen and Tromsö amt, Throndjem amt, and Nordre Bergenhus amt. In the first-named a large number are annually killed, chiefly by the Lapps, although several every year now fall to the rifles of our countrymen. From 150 to 200 are annually killed in the whole of the country. The writer feels confident that a sportsman willing to devote the month of October to the pursuit of bruin would, by proceeding

to the first-named district—especially in some of the more remote and thinly-inhabited valleys—be certain to kill a bear. October is by far the best month for bear-hunting in the extreme north, as the frosts at night have then cleared away the mosquitoes, and one can with comfort traverse the northern forests. Besides, the ground in the district mentioned will then, in all probability, be at times covered with a thin crust of snow, which will greatly facilitate the finding and following up of spoor. Moreover, bruin at this period gets tired of his summer diet of wild berries, and longs for a hearty gorge or two of animal food before taking up his winter quarters, therefore a sportsman staying in any of the remoter valleys at this period of the year is almost certain shortly to hear of a sheep, goat, or cow coming to grief if a bear is in the neighbourhood. When an Englishman is staying at any place in Norway, the fact soon becomes generally known for miles around, and within a few hours after the discovery of the remains of a defunct domestic animal, the sportsman will doubtless receive a visit or a message from its owner, and a request to come and try to kill the depredator. The sportsman cannot do better than proceed at once to the spot, and watch the carcass pretty closely, especially at night, as the bear, if undisturbed, seldom fails to return for a second meal. Should he, however, have been disturbed, the best plan is at once to get a guide and a dog trained as a bear-hound, and endeavour to follow the spoor. A good dog is as necessary to the bear- as to the elk-hunter. In Tromsø amt the sportsman can generally engage a

Lapp owning a well-trained dog as guide, while in all parts of the country where bears are frequently seen, some of the farmers are sure to own trained dogs. Therefore there will seldom be any difficulty when a bear is heard of for the man hired as guide, should he not own a "björnhund" himself, to borrow one.

The Lapps are by far the best hunters; they kill more bears in Northern Norway in one year than the Norwegian inhabitants in ten. Should there be reason to believe that a bear is in the neighbourhood of where the sportsman is staying, and there is a family of Lapps near, he cannot do better than get the best hunter amongst them and his dog, and try to hunt up bruin. Whenever a bear pays a visit to a herd of tame reindeer, and makes a meal on venison, it is nearly the last meal he is likely to make. Two or three of the hardy little owners of the herd will, with their sagacious dogs, follow the spoor of their visitor for several days, sleeping out at night, until they, as is invariably the case, come up with and destroy him.

The sportsman who proposes to try and get a shot at a bear will need to be prepared to pass several nights, if necessary, in the woods. I therefore recommend his providing himself with a similar camping-out equipment to that previously mentioned as a necessary part of the outfit of an elk-hunter, and the taking of sufficient food to last several days.

Although most farmers would be only too glad to hear of the death of a bear, it will be as well for Englishmen to always ask the consent of the owner of a tract of land in the vicinity of an inhabited district, where a

bear is believed to be, before going in pursuit. I do not think it will ever be refused. When following up the spoor for days it is a different thing. I should follow this wherever it led, as the worst that could happen under the existing game-laws, should the owner of the land be a churl, would be a fine not exceeding *spd.* 5 if I had not killed, and the forfeiture of the animal if I had. In the latter case the landowner would, in all probability, sell me the skin for a dollar or so more than its market value, and I, in common with most sportsmen, would not begrudge fifteen to twenty dollars to bag a bear and secure his skin, though I should regret that a single "skilling" should go, as purchase-money for the latter, into the pocket of a man who would demand payment for it under such circumstances.

FEATHERED GAME.—Sportsmen who are unable or unwilling to undergo the fatigue inseparable from a sporting excursion to the mountainous regions of the fjelds, or who propose to confine themselves exclusively to the pursuit of feathered game, can, on private property on many of the islands on the Norwegian coast north of the Vefsen fjord in Nordland, obtain first-class willow-grouse (*dal-ryper*), shooting on comparatively low and level ground, at a cost but slightly exceeding the sum that now has to be paid for a licence to shoot over common land.

On the fjelds in the more northern amts of Nordland, Tromsö and Senjen, and the southern part of Finmarken, owing to their situation so far north, there is not such a prolific growth of vegetation in the sub-

alpine regions as on those farther south, and dal-ryper in consequence are not found in such large numbers. Owing, however, to the rawness of the climate, extensive tracts close to and but little above the level of the sea, both on the mainland and islands, are overgrown with the dwarf birch and grey willows, the cloudberry, and other plants, which south of the Throncjem fjord are but rarely found growing except in the subalpine regions. In such places dal-ryper are invariably far more plentiful than in the tracts so overgrown on the southern fjelds, and the best ryper-ground in Norway is found on the islands in these amts.

It is only in the three northern provinces mentioned that it is worth a sportsman's while to rent the right of shooting over private ground. In the south part of the country, save on a few fjelds bordering some of the valleys in Nordre Throncjem amt, which have been purchased from the State by the resident farmers, and some tracts of cleared forest-land on the margin of the Glommen river, there is no ryper-ground to be rented, because, as before said, these birds are confined during the autumnal months almost exclusively to the fjelds, which are chiefly common ground, over which all native-born subjects have the right to shoot to dogs.

Under the existing game-laws, all Norwegians may legally, providing they use no dogs, shoot and snare hares and feathered game, without the permission of the owner or occupier, on all private land, save when enclosed or closely adjacent to a dwelling-house. Therefore but few shootings have hitherto been rented by English sportsmen, owing to its being impossible,

except on a small island wholly the property of one, or at the most half a dozen, individuals, to secure the *exclusive* right to kill game.

But few even of these islands are rented by Englishmen—not near the number that those who are in the habit of visiting the far north for ryper-shooting would, for obvious reasons, have others believe. From what I have been able to gather, in three autumn visits, not more than half a dozen are wholly or partly rented by our countrymen. The names of those where the right of shooting is taken up, are Loppen, on the south part of the Finmarken coast ; Carlsö, a few miles north of Tromsö ; Tranö, south of the large island of Senjen ; and a tract of land on the latter, known as Tranöbotn ; the shooting over the outlying land attached to several of the farms on Ulfö, or, as it is commonly called, Hadselö, in Vesteraalen ; and, probably, the shooting over some of the farms on the south-west part of Langö. I am informed that the annual rental of Carlsö, where over a hundred brace of ryper have been killed in a day, is Spd. 100 = £22. 4s. The right of shooting over Tranö and Tranöbotn, which go together, was to let the year before last for £30 per annum ; this, moreover, included the right of fishing in an excellent trout-stream. I believe that the rental of Loppen is also Spd. 100, but I do not know what arrangements have been made with the farmers on the two larger islands mentioned.

On large islands, where there are a large number of farms, it does not appear to be the custom of sportsmen to take the right of shooting over the outlying

land attached to the farms on lease, or even secure it for a future visit by written agreement, probably because, even if this were done, though the owners of the land rented might themselves abstain from snaring, they could not prevent the other inhabitants of the island or native strangers from doing so. Sportsmen, when they have ascertained that a particular tract of land on a certain island abounds in ryper, simply go to the farmers owning the ground and make a verbal agreement on the spot, for the right of shooting during their stay. To obtain an adequate extent of ground, it is generally necessary to arrange with several farmers whose "Udmark" abuts; though it is not invariably the case, as a farmer will occasionally own, both on the islands and mainland, from one-fourth to half a Norwegian square mile (twelve to twenty-four Eng. sq. miles) of outlying land well stocked with ryper. On the smaller islands, owned wholly by two or three farmers, it is usual to get them to agree among themselves, and fix the sum that the visitors are to pay for the right of shooting over the whole island during their stay.

Until late years, one might ramble where he liked over these islands, and shoot as many ryper to dogs as he pleased, by simply paying the landowners the compliment of asking their permission. But now, as steamers run up the coast all the winter through, the farmers find a ready market for the game they snare, and therefore it is idle for sportsmen to expect free permission to shoot over their land. Fortunately, game is of but trifling value a hundred miles or so north of the Arctic circle, and therefore it is by no

means a difficult or expensive matter to get first-class ryper-shooting. The sum paid by the stewards on board the steamers, last winter, for snared birds, was six skillings (about 3d.), while four skillings was the price three years ago. On the islands between Bodö and Hammerfest, except those lying immediately adjacent to the islands rented by our countrymen, and to the town of Tromsö, most of the farmers will readily give permission to shoot over their land upon being paid six skillings for each ryper bagged.

I have during the last three years ('75, '76, '77) shot over several tracts of land on Hindö and two smaller islands, by paying six skillings for each bird. I have on each occasion given the farmers a dollar or so "drikkepenge," besides most of the birds not required for my own consumption, and we have always parted the best of friends. My bag last year by this arrangement was two hundred and forty-three brace.

It would be well if sportsmen who in the future visit these islands or the mainland, were to do as I have done, and arrange with the farmers to pay them the current market value of the birds killed, with a dollar or so extra when good bags were made, instead of paying a lump sum for permission to shoot over an island or tract of land not previously shot over.

Unfortunately, in several instances lately, yachting parties cruising on the Norwegian coast have paid sums amounting to ten times the market value of the game bagged for a few days' shooting on one or two of the islands. This is a great pity, as, should our rich countrymen ignore the fact that the market value

of game in these remote regions is but small, and pay any sum that may be demanded for the right of shooting, instead of paying for the game actually bagged, ryper-shooting in Norway will be in a few years as expensive as grouse-shooting in Scotland. Moreover, it should be remembered, that although the Norwegian farmers on the north-west coast are a rather covetous lot, and, unlike their brethren of the inland districts, are somewhat extortionate, they will abate considerably in their demands, and accept any sum offered, exceeding the market value of the game killed, rather than lose an opportunity to make a few dollars, by the sportsmen going elsewhere. The payment of a lump sum for shooting rights is a bad plan for many reasons, but I have only space to mention one. News, as before said, travels quickly in Norway, and when a largish sum has been paid for the shooting over an island or a tract of land, every farmer for many miles around is sure to hear of it, and will demand, and expect to receive, a sum equal in amount for permission to shoot over his property, whether it is as easily accessible, equal in area, or abundantly stocked with game, or not.

In negotiating with a Norwegian farmer for permission to shoot over his ground, it must also be borne in mind that bargaining in Norway, as elsewhere, is a game of skill. A dram to the farmer frequently facilitates matters, and although our friend Herman, the diplomatist, once gave a dram "without heightening the thermometer of a farmer's benevolence," the author, in his six autumns' experience, has invariably

found one do so, when coupled with a conciliatory manner. A recent writer's opinion of a Norwegian bonde was, "that neither as buyer nor seller would he be satisfied to accept the price first named—it would be contrary to the traditionary practice of his country; and he would feel sure, with or without reason, that in some way or the other his interests must have suffered." This is a very graphic description of one of the most unpleasant traits in Norwegian character, and therefore English sportsmen must act accordingly when negotiating for the rental of shootings or salmon-streams.

Obviously, in the present state of the Norwegian game-laws, it is useless to attempt to arrange with the owner or owners of a tract of land, on the mainland or large islands, for a lease for a term of years at an annual rental, of the right of shooting, as the most he or they can do is to grant an exclusive right to kill game to dogs. In all probability, as the Norwegian farmers are beginning to discover that Englishmen are willing to pay for the right of shooting over a tract of ground where good sport is obtainable, a rental exceeding the market value of the game that is now snared and shot thereon, a change will be made in the game-laws within the next half-dozen years, and the right to kill game on private land restricted to the owner and his deputies.

Of course, should one fall in with an exceptionally good island wholly owned by two or three individuals, and be desirous of securing it for a future visit, it will be wise—as without doubt an influx of sportsmen would quickly send up prices—if the co-owners are willing

to let the right of shooting for a term of years, to have an agreement drawn up to pay a stipulated annual rental. The terms I advise sportsmen to offer are, firstly, an annual rental equal in amount to the value of half the birds bagged on the first visit, at the rate of six skillings per head—so as to leave a margin for years when birds are scarce—and a further payment of two dollars—that is double the present market value—for every ten brace bagged over the number allowed for in the rental. This would be an inducement for the farmers to abstain from snaring in winter. As, naturally, it is always doubtful whether one may ever again visit a part of the globe lying so remote as these Arctic islands, it should be stipulated in the agreement that the sportsman taking the shooting will, should he be coming out to the island again, not later than June in the following and every subsequent year, forward to the farmers by letter a certain sum, say ten dollars, in part payment of the annual rental, and that they, upon the receipt thereof, shall not be at liberty to let the ground to any one else; but in the event of the sportsman failing to forward the sum agreed upon, they may do so, the agreement being at an end. This would obviously be a fair arrangement for both parties.

The northern amts are now easily and quickly accessible, there being three lines of excellent steamers running between Hammerfest and Thronðjem. Steamers, I believe, leave the latter town on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; the voyage takes three days, and the saloon fare, return, exclusive of food, will be less than £5. The steamers keep “indenskaers,” *i.e.* within

the islands fringing the coast, so that even in stormy weather the water is smooth.

On the mainland, in the upper part of Maalselvda, Bardödal, and Salangsdal, and the valleys branching therefrom, particularly in one branching off from the first-named, called the Dividal, excellent ryper, "cailzie," and blackcock-shooting is to be had in the month of September, when the night frosts have banished the mosquitoes which, earlier, are very troublesome in all places a short distance from the sea. All three valleys are in Tromsö and Senjen amt, and have fair roads through them, with posting-stations where one can make sure of a good-sized room, and at least an abundance of coffee, milk, and "fladbrod." Arrangements will have to be made, as on the islands, with the farmers for permission to shoot over their ground. Some of the farmers in these districts own as much as twenty English square miles of ground, and farms are frequently seven to ten miles apart in the side valleys.

Sportsmen proposing to visit Hitteren red-deer stalking, wishing to fill up the interval between the 15th August and the 1st September shooting feathered game, can in some of the valleys lying between Rorös and Thronbjem, and also in Stordal, where the farmers own extensive tracts of partly-cleared woodland and other land, obtain very fair sport by payment. Last year a railroad was opened between Thronbjem and Christiania *viâ* Rorös, so that, by proceeding to the station in Guldalen, between Singsaas and Aalen, sportsmen can now cross over with pack-horses to the upper part of the Tydal in a day by taking the morning train from

Throndjem. The upper part of this valley was, previous to the opening of the railway, three days' journey from that town, and has been but little visited by Englishmen. Here good shooting and fishing are to be had. Both are also obtainable by leaving the train at Kjelden and making an excursion up the Budal. Fair accommodation at Præstestuen, and also at the last sæter in the valley, Vollasæter. Blackcock, capercailzie, and hazel-grouse are found in the forests in both these valleys, and wild reindeer are to be found on the fjelds between Budal and Kviknedal (Terræn No. 4 on map).

Some of our countrymen have had vrey fair blackcock, "cailzie," hazel-grouse, and ryper shooting by proceeding up the Stordal to Mæraker, at the head of the valley, a day and a half's drive only from Throndjem. In this valley, as elsewhere in this district, payment is required by the farmers for permission to shoot over their land.

The wooded slopes of the fjelds on the Swedish frontier between Rorös and Nordland are more abundantly stocked with blackcock and capercailzie than any other part of Norway. Sportsmen, by consulting their maps and "Tonsberg's Norway," will be able to strike out routes for themselves to farms lying a day or so's journey to the east of the upper part of the Throndjem fjord in Snaasen parish, where very fair sport will be obtainable for reasonable payment, and, in remote places, even without. Those with more time at their disposal would be sure to get some good shooting in the upper part of Namdal, the valley of the noted Namsen river, and perchance an elk.

CHAPTER III.

SALMON-FISHING.

AT the present time it is far easier to tell the general sportsman where good ryper-shooting is obtainable, and it is likely an elk, red-deer, or reindeer may fall to his rifle, than it is to inform the salmon-fisher where he will find a good or even fair salmon-stream. It is as difficult now to get a lease of, or wet a line in a really good salmon-stream in the south part of Norway as in Scotland. Most of the known good rivers are held on lease by our countrymen, while those of less repute are regularly every season fished by parties of two or three fishermen, who have previously visited the waters and arranged verbally with the owners of the farms adjoining for the right of fishing during a stay of a few weeks on payment of a certain stated sum for the privilege, and as compensation for taking off the nets during the stay of the anglers. It is very seldom that even one of the latter class of rivers worth fishing is unvisited even for a year, as should the members of the party who had last fished therein not intend to revisit the scene of their former piscatory exploits, they are sure to "put on" some friend who is about to visit Norway. Only in the three northern provinces of Nordland—Tromsö and Sen-

jen amt, and Finmarken—can I hold out hopes to the salmon-fisher that he will be able to get fishing worth a voyage from England. Even in these distant provinces it will have to be paid for, and in most cases pretty dearly too.

In the immense tract of country forming the three northern amts mentioned, I believe that there are not more than six rivers held on lease. I am only aware of four, viz., the Alten-elv, Pasvik-elv, Ranen-elv, and Salt-elv, possibly also Beiren-elv. From inquiries made during three visits to those districts, I am able to give a list of rivers, not yet leased, worth a trial.

THE TANA-ELV, in Finmarken.—This bears the name of being the second best salmon-river in the country; the Alten, leased by the Duke of Roxburghe, ranking first. The fishing in this river is not leased. Upon payment of Spd. 30 to the district Foged a rod may be taken on. An Englishman who fished the lower waters last year, caught 2,000 lb. weight of fish to his own rod. Two others, brothers, visiting the upper waters last year for the first time, caught about the same weight between them. The Tana is the largest river but one in Norway, and there is room for several rods. The mouth of the river can be reached by steamer from Hammerfest.

THE JAKOBS-ELV, also in Finmarken, forms the Russian frontier for about fifteen miles, and is a small but good salmon-river.

THE NEIDEN-ELV, falling into the Kjölfjord in Finmarken.—I was informed last year in Tromsö, that a good many salmon are caught in this river, I presume

with nets. I am told that this river has not, as yet, been visited by Englishmen. It would not be necessary to camp out to fish this river, as there are some Quains settled in the valley. These are a proverbially clean people, so, without doubt, tolerable rough accommodation could be obtained at one of their houses.

THE LAX-ELV, falling into the Porsanger fjord.—This is the river mentioned by Prof. Friis, in chap. 11 of Tilfjelds, where he had such excellent sport. It is not leased, and should be well worth a visit. A tent would be necessary. A steamer runs to and from Hammerfest and Alten in summer. The latter place would be the best starting-point to cross over the fjelds to the Lax-elv, the distance being not more than forty miles, while horses and guides would be readily obtainable at Alten. The Hammerfest steamer also calls at Kistrand, on the Porsanger fjord, about three Norway miles north of the mouth of the Lax-elv. One could obtain a boat and men at Kistrand and row to the river.

THE STRÖMS-ELV, or Geedniejok, falling into the Kongsfjörd in Finmarken, is said to be a good salmon-river. To get there it would be necessary to quit the coasting steamer either at Berlevaag or Makur, and proceed by boat to the mouth of the river ; or one could leave the steamer at Stangenæs, on the Tana-fjörd, and cross over to the river with a horse and man, the distance being only about twenty miles.

THE REISEN-ELV, falling into the Reisen fjörd in Tromsö amt, is a large river, said to abound in salmon. It has not, it is believed, been tried by Englishmen. Steamboat service to and from Sörkjös, at the mouth of

the river, and Tromsö weekly. There is a horse-track up the valley for about twenty English miles to Sappen farm. Fosnæs, a farm some distance from the mouth of the river, would probably be the best place for anglers to stay at. Bears are seen every year in the valley, and feathered game abounds. Sportsmen could get rough accommodation at Sappen or some of the other farms at the upper part of the valley.

THE KAAFJÖRD-ELV, falling into an arm of the Lyngen fjord in Tromsö amt, is a largish river, and should contain salmon. Believed not to have been heretofore visited by English anglers.

THE SKIBOTTEN-ELV, falling into the Lyngen fjord a few miles south of the last-mentioned river.—An English gentleman who visited this river last July only caught one fish; but Herr Henrikson, from Tromsö, a well-known angler, caught a large quantity of salmon in August. At Sulle farm, one Norwegian mile up the valley, rough quarters are obtainable, and a sportsman staying there would, in addition to feathered game, stand a good chance of finding a bear. Weekly steamboat service between Skibotten and Tromsö.

THE BADDEREN-ELV, falling into the Kvænanng fjord in Tromsö amt.—This is a good-sized river, and should hold fish. Steamboat service weekly between Badderer and Tromsö. An English gentleman, Frank W., shot a bear in the valley here a year or so ago. From Badderer a boat and man can be hired to proceed to the head of the fjord, about ten English miles distant. Four considerable streams enter the fjord here, and one at least ought to afford some fishing.

THE SALANGS-ELV, in Tromsö amt.—This river can be easily reached by leaving the coasting steamers between Thronðjem and Tromsö at Kastnæshavn, and taking the small steamer which calls at the latter place and Sovein at the mouth of the river. I have personally visited the Salangs-elv. Large quantities of salmon are caught in nets at the foot of the rapid between the two lakes into which the river expands before falling into the sea. Salmon can make their way up for about eight miles, when they are stopped by a fall distant about four miles from the head of the upper lake. This stretch of water is owned by eleven farmers, who are willing to take their nets off and let the river on lease. It would, I believe, be a tolerably good river in a few years, if taken on lease and strictly preserved.

By staying at Sovein, good quarters, but dear, at the house of Mr. Henrikson, some salmon-fishing is to be had, without renting the river, by making arrangement with the owner of the farm at Vashoved, one and a half English mile's walk from Sovein. By employing the man as boatman, and giving him the fish caught, I think it likely that no payment would be required for permission to fish, the man, of course, being paid for his services. A road runs through the upper part of the valley of the Salangs-elv to Bardo-dal. Just before reaching the latter there are two lakes, called Sæter-vandene, close to the road; the trout-fishing therein is excellent. A man residing close to the lakes owns a boat on one of them. There is also first-class trout and grayling fishing in the *upper* part of the Bardo river.

THE MAALS-ELV, in Tromsö amt.—This is not a good river, but some fishing is to be had under the falls at the junction of this river with the Bardo-elv. Good quarters at Fosmo farm, near the falls. The two brothers, who, as previously mentioned, visited the Tana last year, caught over four cwt. of salmon and salmon-trout during their stay at Fosmo in 1876. Some good trout, char, and grayling fishing is to be had by driving up Maalselvdalen to Overgaard, a farm situate at the termination of the post-road. The coasting steamers between Throndjem and Tromsö call at Maalsnæs, at the mouth of the Maals-elv.

In conclusion, the writer would point out that in some of the smaller streams falling into the lesser and seldom-visited of the western fjords between Stavanger and Christiansund, an occasional salmon and a few sea-trout may be caught. It will be remembered that within the last few years Herr Friis, during his excursion to the Skiäker fjelds, discovered a stream falling into the Nordfjord, wherein no one had previously fished with flies; and, without doubt, there are many small streams where a fisherman who would be satisfied with two or three large sea-trout a day, and, if fortunate, the same number of salmon in a week, could wet his line without payment. The writer himself has more than once, after a week or ten days' hard work on the western fjelds, consulted his amtkart, and made his way down to a farm-house in the vicinity of the likeliest-looking stream falling into the head of the nearest fjord, and had a quiet week among the sea-trout and salmon. It is true that seven salmon, of an average

weight of 8 lb., and the largest 15 lb., is the best week he ever had, and that, as a general rule, he did not catch more than two or three small salmon in that period. However, as the farmers residing on the streams, in every instance, gave him permission to fish without payment, it was as much as could be expected, and the wandering sportsman who does not rent a river, and is unacquainted with those who do, must consider himself fortunate now if he does so well in *southern* Norway.

CHAPTER IV.

SYNOPSIS OF THE NORWEGIAN GAME-LAWS.

THE Act of the last Session of the Norwegian Storthing, which came into force on the 1st January last (1878) having placed English and all other alien sportsmen upon an entirely different footing to sportsmen native born, a synopsis of the Norwegian game-laws now in force, as far as they affect aliens, will doubtless prove useful.

The earliest game-laws on record are those mentioned in the last chapter of the preceding portion of this work (by which it will be seen that prior to the Act of 1877 alien sportsmen had been subject to a special enactment), and a law which came into force in 1688, defining the rights of landowners. The former of these in course of time became obsolete, but the latter, even now, defines to some extent the rights of landowners. It is not, however, necessary to do more than allude to it, as by the Act of 1877 aliens must in all cases obtain the consent of the landowner or occupier before going on private land for the purpose of sporting. In 1842 and 1860 the Storthing passed Acts for the protection of eider duck and their breeding-grounds. And in the former year the criminal law, hereafter alluded to, was passed. Up to 1863 all game

was unprotected during the breeding season, and could be legally killed by any one on common ground at all times. The following is an abstract of the sections of the Act of the 22nd June, 1863, affecting foreign sportsmen:—

Sec. 1 provides that a premium of Spd. 5 be paid for the destruction of a bear, wolf, lynx, or glutton, regardless of age; and of half a dollar for an eagle, osprey, or goshawk, fledged young ones to be accounted as old birds.

Sec. 3. Elk, red-deer, and beavers may be killed only from 1st August to 31st October on private property. The owner of each separate estate has the right to kill one elk, one beaver, and two red-deer. (The right of the owner to transfer his right to kill the animals mentioned in this section to another, native or alien, is recognized.) These restrictions as to time and number are not to be in force when the animals are on an island or in an enclosed park belonging to *one* person only. On *common* ground it is illegal to kill the animals named in this section.

Sec. 4. Wild reindeer are protected from 1st April to 1st August.

Sec. 5. Hares are protected from 1st June to 15th August.

Sec. 6. Landowners are empowered, without restriction as to time and numbers, to catch and kill red-deer, beavers, and hares on *enclosed* properties, and where these animals injure their gardens, corn-fields, meadows, or woods in the immediate vicinity of their dwelling-houses.

Illegal to hunt, with or without dogs, or kill any of the above-named animals on *enclosed* ground, or on land immediately adjacent to the farms, without the permission of the owner.

Sec. 7. Hen capercailzie (*Roi* Norw.) and the hen of the black-cock (*Aarhøne* Norw.) may not be caught or killed from 15th March to 15th August; cock capercailzie (*Tiur* Norw.), black-cock (*Aarhane* Norw.), hazel-grouse (*Hjerpe* Norw.), willow-grouse (*Dal-ryper* Norw.), and ptarmigan (*Fjeld-ryper* Norw.) from 15th May to 15th August; eider ducks from 15th April to 15th August; partridges from 1st January to 1st September.

Sec. 8 (Penalties).—For unlawfully killing game during the close time :—An elk, Spd. 60 ; a red-deer or a beaver, Spd. 20 ; a reindeer, Spd. 10 ; a hare, Spd. 2 ; and for each of the birds mentioned in sec. 7, Spd. 1. Every participator in this unlawful catching or killing game is subject to the same fines as the principal.

Sec. 10 provides for the recovery of the penalties. The offender by paying the amount to the Foged (district police officer), when arrested, can obtain an immediate release, and save all further trouble.

Sec. 11 empowers the King by Royal Order to make alterations in and extend the close times.

The following alterations as to close time, &c., have been made by Royal Orders of various dates, and by Amendment and other Acts :—

In the circuits of Hole, Norderhov, and Røros, capercailzie, male and female, black game, and ryer must not be shot before 1st September, and in the two first-named districts hazel-grouse also are protected to the 1st September, and hares to the 15th of the same month.

In the district of Akershus, and also in Lister and Mandals amt, capercailzie, black game, hazel-grouse, and hares are protected from 1st May to 15th August.

In Tromsø and Romsdal amts, and in the shrieval districts of Fosen and Namdal, Inderøen, Stor and Værdal, it is, during the whole year, forbidden to catch, shoot, or in any other manner kill eider ducks. From the 1st April to 15th August it is illegal, without permission from the owner or occupier, to discharge a gun on or near proclaimed or preserved eider breeding-grounds.

In the shrieval district of North Österdal reindeer may be hunted on common land for two months only, from the 1st August to the 1st October.

In the circuits of Selbo, Aalen, and Holtaalen it is illegal for the owners of property or their deputies to kill elk and beavers.

In Lesje and Dovre elk are similarly protected until the 1st August, 1878, and in Vaage and North and South Frøen until 1st August, 1881.

On the island of Hitteren it is legal for the owners of property and their deputies to kill red-deer during the months of September and October only.

In Romsdal amt it is illegal for the owners of property or their deputies to kill red-deer before the 1st of August, 1880, and in the forests between the Matre and Hardanger fjords before the 1st August, 1882.

The above is a summary of the Norwegian game-laws affecting aliens that were in force up to the 1st January of the present year (1878). Up to that date it was legal for any one, alien or native, to use dogs and shoot over the vast tracts of mountain-waste and other land the property of the State, and to kill all game, except elk, red-deer, and beaver, during the legal shooting-seasons above mentioned. It was also legal for aliens or natives to shoot reindeer, hares, and all kinds of feathered game on *unenclosed* land, except that immediately adjacent to the farm-buildings, the property of private individuals, without the consent of the owner, provided no dog were used. This is the state of the law now as far as natives are concerned ; they still have the right to use dogs and kill all game during the season, except as aforesaid, on all public or common land, and also on private unenclosed land, as above mentioned, but dogs must not be used on the latter without the consent of the owner. Aliens, however, as before stated, are placed on a different footing to native-born subjects by the Act passed last year. The following is a translation :—

An Act enabling Foreigners to Sport in Norway.

Sec. 1 (Clause 1).—Foreigners who desire to “*drive jagt*” (i.e. shoot or hunt) upon Statsalminning (commons the property of the

State), Bygdealmindring (commons the property of a parish), or High-fjeld which has no private owner, must for that purpose obtain a license. (Clause 2.)—In all other cases foreigners must obtain the permission of the owners or occupiers.

Sec. 2. The license shall remain in force during the whole of the open season of that year in which it shall be issued, and shall entitle the holder to pursue all kinds of game except elk, red-deer, and beaver, upon payment to the Treasury of a duty to be hereafter fixed by the King at not less than 200 kroner, or more than 500 kroner.

Sec. 3 (Clause 1).—Offences against the present Act shall be punishable by fines, which for offences against the provisions of Sec. 1, Cl. 1, and Sec. 2, shall not be of a less amount than 200 kroner, or more than 1,000 kroner, recoverable at the suit of the Crown. (Clause 2.)—Offences against Sec. 1, Cl. 2, shall be the subject of a Crown prosecution only upon the request of the owner or occupier aggrieved. All proceedings under the present Act shall be taken in the police-court, and the informer, provided he be an officer of the police, or of the Public Department of Forests, shall be entitled to one-half of the fines recovered.

Sec. 4. The present Act shall come into force on the 1st January, 1878.

The King, by Royal Order dated 8th October, 1877, fixed the license duty, for the present, at the minimum sum mentioned in the Act, 200 kroner (about £11. 2s.), payable in the towns to the Byfoged (town magistrate), and in the country to the Foged, who on the receipt thereof will issue licenses.

It will be seen that it is now illegal for an alien to kill even a snipe upon public ground without having first taken out a license, and the doing so subjects him to a *minimum* penalty of over £11 sterling, with a *maximum* of about £55.

And, moreover, by Sec. 1, Clause 2, and Sec. 3, Clause 2, that an alien shooting even a thrush or a

snipe on land owned by a private individual, is liable to a Crown prosecution at the request of the owner or occupier aggrieved. The Act itself, however, does not specify any penalties for breaches of Clause 2, Sec. 1 ; therefore, I opine that the proceedings would be instituted under Chap. 22, Sec. 11, of the Criminal Law, which fixes a penalty in the shape of a fine of not less than Spd. 2, or more than Spd. 5, for unlawfully hunting on another man's ground, even if the offender has not there taken, killed, or wounded any game. Should he have taken, killed, or wounded any game there, he shall be fined from Spd. 10 to Spd. 20, if the animal killed be an elk, red-deer, or reindeer, and should the animal be killed in a district where they are protected during the whole year, or killed during the close time, the offender shall pay in addition the fine specified by Sec. 8 of the Law of the 22nd June, 1863 ; viz., for an elk, Spd. 60 ; a red-deer or beaver, Spd. 20 ; and a reindeer, Spd. 10.

It is legal for the owner of an estate, or his deputy, to pursue and kill on another man's ground elk, red-deer, reindeer, and hares, started on his own ground, and also reindeer and hares when started on common ground.

Summary of the Fishery Laws affecting Anglers.

Chap. 22, sec. 12 of the Criminal Law imposes a penalty up to Spd. 10 fine for any one who unlawfully fishes in another man's water, whether he has taken fish or not.

Sec. 1 of the Act of the 23rd May, 1863.—From the 14th September to the 14th February it is forbidden in rivers, estuaries,

streams, lakes, waters, fjords, or along the sea-coast, to catch or kill salmon and salmon-trout in any manner whatever.

By Sec. 7 of the same Act, the unlawfully-employed fishing-apparatus is forfeited, and the offender is liable to a fine of from half a dollar to Spd. 10 for the first offence; from Spd. 2 to Spd. 20 for the second; and from Spd. 5 to Spd. 30 for subsequent offences.

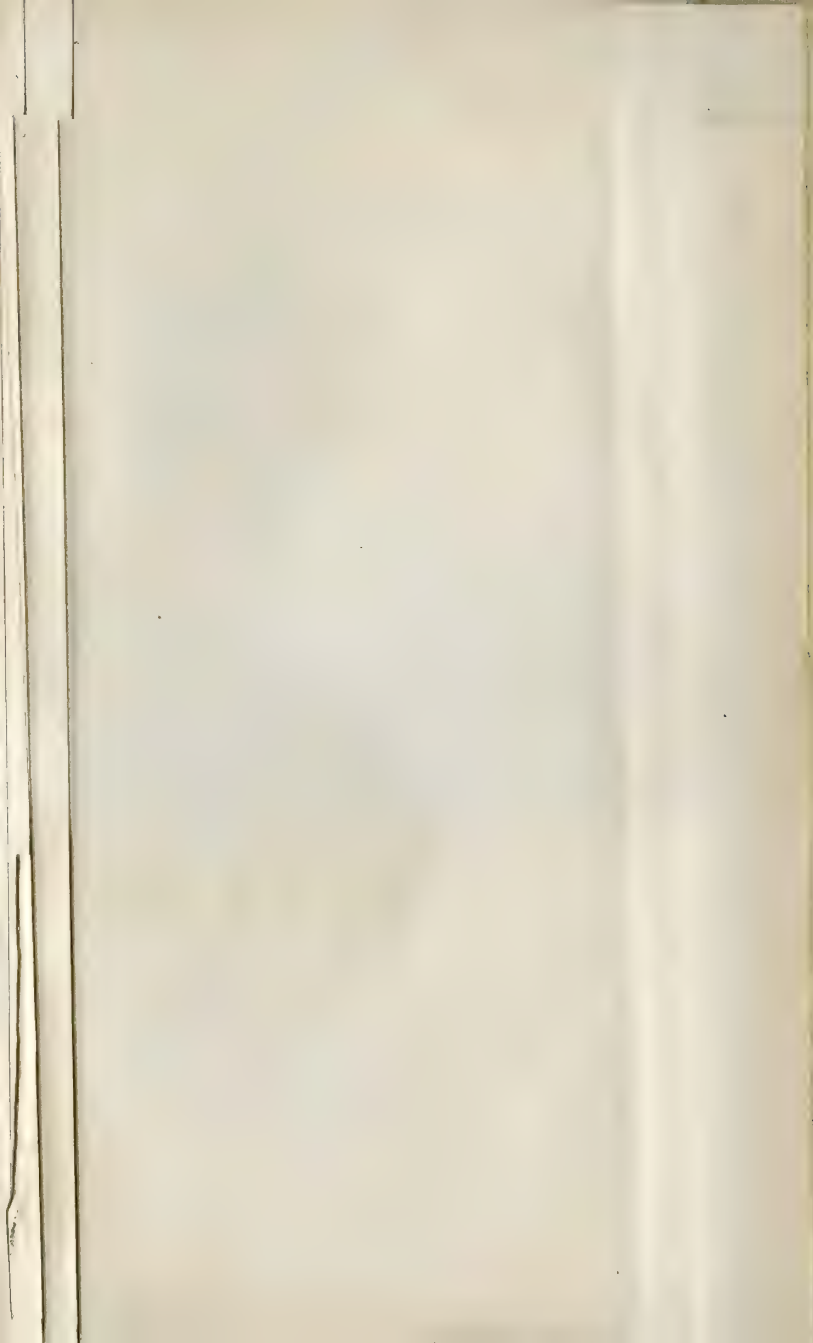
By an Act passed in 1869, the close time has been extended to the 15th April for rivers, estuaries, and lakes, and the King has power, upon request by the local authorities, to limit the time during which, in tidal waters, salmon and salmon-trout may be caught, and engines left fixed for that purpose, to three days in each week of the open season.

It is legal during the *weekly* close time to fish with rod and line.

There is no close time for lake and river trout, char, and grayling, or for pike and other coarse fish.

Any one, native or alien, may fish in the lakes and streams on the fjelds and elsewhere, where the land abutting on the water is the property of the State. In all streams where the land abutting is private property, the permission of the riparian owners is requisite before going on their ground to fish, as they own the water to midstream if they own land on one bank only, and the whole width of the water when they own land on both sides, as far as their respective properties extend, exactly the same as in England. Should the land on one side of a stream be common land, and that on the opposite private, the public have the right of fishing to midstream from the common land.









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